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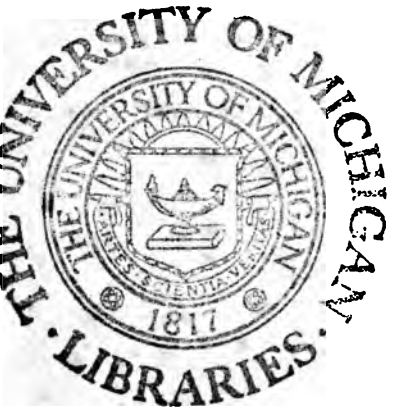
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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR JOHN HEPBURN

PRINTED BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS, EDINBURGH.

David Cowper
25th October 1911

MEMOIRS

AND

ADVENTURES

OF

SIR JOHN HEPBURN

KNIGHT, GOVERNOR OF MUNICH, MARSHAL OF FRANCE UNDER LOUIS XIII., AND COMMANDER OF THE SCOTS BRIGADE UNDER GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, ETC.

BY

JAMES GRANT,

AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF KIRKALDY OF GRANGE," ETC.

"HEPBURN WAS ONE OF THE BEST SOLDIERS IN CHRISTENDOM, AND, CONSEQUENTLY, IN THE WORLD."

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
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PREFACE

THE selection of one prominent name from among the many that usually figure in great historical events, is a more pleasant mode of illustrating the manners of an age than can be achieved in narrating the more cumbrous annals of a nation; and thus the Author of these Memoirs, in presenting them to the public, has endeavoured to delineate the career, and glean from the masses of warlike history the achievements, of a distinguished soldier of fortune.

While avoiding all disquisition on the merits of the Thirty Years' War, he has grouped around his hero all the great leaders in that long and sanguinary struggle for the liberties of Germany.

Signalised on many a hard-fought field, the conduct and bravery of Sir John Hepburn won for him

the pre-eminence of being esteemed the best of that warlike age, next to the great Swedish leader; and the episodes of these Memoirs will show how brightly the chivalry and valour of his Scottish comrades shone forth amid the brilliant exploits which distinguished, and the heartless ferocity which degraded, the long war with the Empire.

These pages contain a brief record of the services of those Scottish troops who (to use the words of the famous Major Dalgetty) served in the German wars, under "the Invincible Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North, and Bulwark of the Protestant Religion."

A proper memorial of their valour and their worth has long been wanting to complete our national history.

The Author has confined himself more immediately to achievements of Hepburn's brigade in Sweden, which afterwards became the Regiment d'Hepburn in the service of France, and is now known as the Scots Royals, or First Regiment of the British Line.

The records that survive of this old regiment, which the Hepburns, Lord Douglas, and the Earl of Dumbarton, successively commanded in France,

are preserved among the military archives of that country.

The high military commands borne by Scotsmen in all ages evince the reputation for courage which the nation has gained abroad. In every army in Europe they have risen to eminence, and by their intrepid courage, persevering spirit, and inflexible integrity, though invidiously designated by some as adventurers, have attained the highest honours that can accrue to subjects.

Though Hepburn had never a higher rank in Sweden than that of colonel, it is remarkable that he should have been appointed to command nearly forty thousand infantry in the intrenched camp at Nuremberg, when there were so many Field-Marshals and other general officers in the army.

The house in which he was born still occupies a prominent place in his native village of Athelstaneford, and was lately shown to the Author by the patriarch of the parish, a man upwards of eighty years of age, who in his youth had frequently heard his predecessors speak of Sir John Hepburn, and who many years ago assisted the late venerable incumbent to search the Hepburn Aisle and the churchyard, for any inscriptions that might remain

to the memory of the Marshal or his family: but none were found.

The property of Athelstaneford, and the sepulchre where the Hepburns lie, belong to their successors, the Kinlochs of Gilmerton.

Since these pages went to press, the Author finds he has somewhat underrated the number of Scottish soldiers who followed the banner of Gustavus. His regiments were maintained at the strength of one thousand and eight rank and file, and, as he had thirteen from Scotland, this gives us the number of thirteen thousand one hundred and four privates, all Scotsmen, and exclusive of their countrymen who led them and nearly all the other regiments, troops, and companies of the Swedish army.

EDINBURGH, *October* 1850.

CONTENTS

		PAGE
CHAP. I.	THE HEPBURNS OF ATHELSTANEFORD,	1
II.	THE SCOTTISH BANDS IN BOHEMIA, 1621,	8
III.	THE SCOTS AT THE BATTLE OF FLEURA,	17
IV.	HEPBURN TAKES SERVICE IN SWEDEN,	24
V.	THE GRAVE OF THE SINCLAIRS,	34
VI.	HEPBURN COMMANDS ON THE VISTULA,	39
VII.	INVASION OF GERMANY,	45
VIII.	MACKAY'S REGIMENT RESCUED AT RUGEN,	51
IX.	THE GREEN BRIGADE,	57
X.	SLAUGHTER OF THE SCOTS AT BRANDENBURG REVENGED AT FRANKFORT,	67
XI.	LANDSBERG,	80
XII.	THE MARQUIS OF HAMILTON'S TROOPS,	87
XIII.	THE SCOTTISH BRIGADES AT THE GREAT BATTLE OF LEIPZIG, 1631,	95
XIV.	THE FRIENDSHIP OF HEPBURN AND MUNRO,	110
XV.	STORMING OF MARIENBURG,	116
XVI.	HEPBURN DEFENDS OXENFORD,	127
XVII.	THE SCONCE ON THE RHINE,	133
XVIII.	THE SCOTS UNDER MUNRO, DOUGLAS, AND OTHERS,	146

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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR JOHN HEPBURN

stands, for he is so huntitt be the laird of Quhittingham, as their is no mesur in itt."[1]

John Hepburn was born about the year 1598 or 1600, at his father's house, which is still standing in Athelstaneford, and by the old inhabitants of that sequestered district is pointed out to strangers as the birthplace of a marshal of France, for *that* is remembered, though his name is forgotten there now. It is a plain old edifice, situated at the east end of the village burying-ground, and not many yards from the foundation of a ruined church, which belonged to the Franciscans of Haddington.

This ancient mansion, the old steps of which young Hepburn helped to hollow, stands about a hundred paces back from the main-street of the hamlet, and is principally distinguished by a great projecting chimney, or *ingle lum*. It consists of two stories, and occupies a prominent situation on rising ground, overlooking a fertile district, with the Peffer wandering through it to the German sea, which is visible in the distance; the cone of Berwick Law rises on the north-east, and the rocky hills of Dirleton start up abruptly on the west. Before it lie the deep hollow and the *ford*, where the Scots defeated and slew *Athelstan*, the Saxon king; and near it is the village kirk, with a few old moss-grown trees, where the gled and the crow build their nests.

Young Hepburn is said to have been tall, active, powerful, and handsome in figure and face. His manner and bearing, when clad in the rich half-armour of the period, were deemed eminently noble and command-

[1] Letters and Stat. Papers of James VI., Nov. 1614.

ing, bespeaking the decision of the soldier, mingled with the politeness of the courtier. From his earliest childhood he was remarkable for his high spirit, quick courage, and invincible resolution.[1]

He was of that constitution of mind which, of all others, was most likely to lead him to eminence; for, to the strongest powers of perception, he added the talent of fortunate decision. "With such minds," says Lacon, "to resolve and act is instantaneous; they seem to precede the march of time, to foresee events in the very chrysalis of their causes, and to seize that moment for *action*, which others waste in deliberation."

Such was Sir John Hepburn.

That presence of mind which enabled him during his military career to avail himself with facility of latent natural resources, amid those sudden and dangerous emergencies incident to the wars of his time, bespoke that *courage d'esprit* for which this brave cavalier was pre-eminent. He rode with skill and grace, and excelled in the use of the sword—a science at that time sedulously cultivated among the Scottish gentry, for it was the weapon by which all disputes were settled, and to which all men of honour appealed. Colonel Robert Munro, his friend and class-fellow, in his scarce and valuable work, *The Expedition*, ever speaks of Hepburn with the highest praise. Being "comerades in danger together," says the colonel, "so being long acquainted, we were comerades in love: first at college, next in our travells in France."

Hepburn left school in 1614; but at what university he studied cannot be stated with certainty, unless he is

[1] Hist. of Royals, &c.

identified with a *Joannes Hepburne*, who in the beginning of the following year was matriculated at St Leonard's College, St Andrews.[1] If so, he must have studied but a short time, as in the close of 1615 he made a continental tour, and visited Paris and Poictiers with Munro, studying the manners and languages of the countries through which they passed, and rendering himself familiar with their history and military institutions.

It is a popular fallacy in Scotland that all the great Scottish generals of the Thirty Years' War were unlettered soldiers of fortune; but we are assured, says Lord Hailes, that "Sir Robert Munro and Sir John Hepburn joined the more important advantages of academical study in foreign parts, as well as at home."[2]

It is extremely probable that he was the John Hepburn who studied at St Leonard's, as that university was founded by one of his family, John Hepburne, prior of the Augustinian Monastery, and son of Adam, second Lord Hailes. Many students of his name were studying there during the first twenty years of the seventeenth century; and one of these, James Hepburn, died at Rome, keeper of the Vatican Library; but, after a search through the MSS. records of the universities of both Edinburgh and St Andrews, the name of Robert Munro could not be found among those who had matriculated.

We are told that the rising fame of Gustavus Adolphus, of whose character young Hepburn "heard frequent commendations, gave birth to a spark of military

[1] I have to thank the Rev. Principal Lee for this notice.
[2] Hailes, vol. iii.

ardour within his breast, which was never extinguished till his death;" and that, soon after his return home from the Continent, a path was opened to the military emulation of the Scots, by the spirited attempt which was made, in the year 1620, to rescue the kingdom of Bohemia from the grasp of the house of Hapsburg.

The drums of Sir Andrew Gray, a brave soldier of fortune, were then beating up for recruits, to follow him to the Bohemian wars; and with the forces he had mustered, in the spring of 1620, he formed a camp on the Monkrig, a property of the Hepburns in East Lothian, and not far from the rural village of Athelstaneford.

The name of Sir Andrew Gray appears frequently in the histories of James the Sixth's time; and being a Catholic, he was eminently obnoxious to the Scottish churchmen. In 1594, as a friend of the Lord Home, "Captaine Andro Gray" was classed among papists and traitors by the General Assembly;[1] and at the battle of Glenlivat, where, on the 3d October that year, Argyle was defeated with such slaughter by the Gordons, *Colonel* Andrew Gray, Knight, commanded the Earl of Huntly's artillery, which consisted of three culverins.[2]

[1] Booke of the Universall Kirk.
[2] Wodrow MSS., Spotswood Miscellany.

CHAPTER II.

THE SCOTTISH BANDS IN BOHEMIA

As a volunteer, young Hepburn joined Sir Andrew Gray, at his camp on the Monkrig, where soon after they received a reinforcement of one hundred and twenty hardy mosstroopers, who had been arrested for their turbulence by the Warden of the Middle Marches, and were given as soldiers to Sir Andrew, in April, by the Lords of the Scottish Privy-Council.[1]

These made up his forces to fifteen hundred men, with whom, about the end of May, he embarked at Leith, and sailed from thence for Holland, *en route* to Bohemia.[2]

There are no means of ascertaining the exact road by which these military adventurers proceeded to that country, from the mountains of which, the savage Sclavonians were then pouring down like a torrent to wage a war against the chivalry of the empire, in defence of civil liberty and religious independence; but it is more than probable that they joined a small body of English, who, under Sir Horace Vere, had also landed in Holland, and passed the Rhine below Wesel, to avoid Spinola, whose troops were cantoned at Aix-la-Chapelle.

It was not without danger and difficulty that this small body of men crossed so many countries to reach

[1] Balfour's Annales. [2] Calderwood's Historie of the Kirk.

the Palatinate; and indeed they dared not have attempted it, if Henry-Frederick, the prince of Nassau, had not conducted them by the way of Frankfort, and thus deceived the vigilant Spinola, who, with a powerful force, was hovering on another route to cut them off.

The time was now come when the adverse leagues and burning jealousies of the Catholics and Protestants were to plunge Germany in the long and disastrous Thirty Years' War, concerning the origin of which a few remarks are necessary here.

In 1612, the Emperor Mathias, brother of Rodolph II., died, and the imperial dignity seemed on the verge of departing from the ancient line of Hapsburg, when the votes of the princes became united in favour of the archduke of Gratz, Ferdinand II., the younger brother of Mathias; upon which Maximilian, duke of Bavaria, who had disputed with him the throne of the empire, abandoned his pretensions, and nobly maintained the imperial dignity at a vast expense of blood and treasure.

"A union between two branches of the same family might at this time," says Voltaire, "have changed the fate of Germany—these were the Elector Palatine and the Duke of Bavaria; but there were two great obstacles against such a union—emulation and difference of religion. The Elector Palatine was a Calvinist—the Duke of Bavaria a Catholic. The Elector was one of the most unfortunate princes of his time, and caused all the long calamities of Germany."[1]

Strong and somewhat overstrained ideas of civil and religious liberty at that time pervaded the continent of Europe; and the Austrians, Hungarians, and Bohemians

[1] Essays on Universal History.

were all alike vigilant and jealous of their privileges. When the late emperor, Mathias, caused Ferdinand of Gratz to be elected king of Hungary and Bohemia, these kingdoms complained that no regard was paid to their ancient prerogatives; and as religion made no small item in their list of complaints, the fierce Bohemians soon became furious, and the violence to which they resorted exceeded the oppressions of which they complained.

Instead of conciliating the Protestants, the rash emperor, Ferdinand, desired his lieutenant to prevent the next session of the national assembly sitting without his special licence; but that officer was unable to execute the order, for the exasperated Bohemians rushed to arms, and the states, on their assembling in the college of Charles V., went in a body to the Chancery, and, seizing the officers of the emperor, threw them over the castle window, sixty feet from the ground, and then drove the Jesuits out of Prague. The Austrian delegates escaped the fall unhurt, by the interposition of *Madonna*, as a small pyramid still informs posterity.[1]

Ferdinand's indignation failed to awe the Protestants of Bohemia, who, having rapidly become formidable, thought they had every right to depose an elected king, and thus made an offer of their crown to the Elector Palatine, who had married Elizabeth Stuart, daughter of James VI. of Scotland.

Incited by the visions of a seer, who ventured to predict his future elevation to the imperial throne, the weak Elector accepted the crown, offered as it was by those who he thought had every right to dispose of it, and despatched the Baron Christopher d'Hona to his father-

[1] See Spencer's Germany.

in-law for advice; but without waiting to receive it, anxious to enter upon his new regal dignity, with a small body of troops he advanced to Prague, where, on the 4th November, he was crowned by the Protestants King of Bohemia.

This measure interested all the princes of Europe.

The emperor Ferdinand II. and the elector Frederick IV. had each their friends and allies, who were preparing to assist them, while the cautious and cunning James VI. made a show of remaining neuter, hoping that the two competitors for Bohemia might afford him, as arbiter, an opportunity of displaying that pedantry and wisdom of which he was so vain. But both were alike jealous of his interference: Ferdinand, because he was a heretic, and the father-in-law of his foe; Frederick, because he had openly disapproved of his conduct before the English peers.[1] Had James boldly espoused the cause of his daughter's husband, and by his fleet kept Spain and the Netherlands in awe, the Elector might have preserved his crown; for several of the German princes had levied an army in his behalf, and given the command of it to the Margrave of Anspach.

The revolt of the Hungarians under Bethlem Gabor, prince of Transylvania, still farther exasperated the proud emperor; but the Duke of Bavaria, and the ecclesiastical electors of Mentz, Triers, and Cologne, declared in his favour, while the Pope supplied him with money, and the king of Spain ordered his forces, then considered the finest in Europe, to march from Naples and Milan to his assistance. The Elector had drawn ten thousand men out of the Palatinate, and sent them into Bohemia, which made

[1] Rushworth.

the emperor think of invading the former country; and in execution of this project, the Archduke Albert and Philip of Spain levied in the Low Countries twenty thousand veteran infantry and four thousand cavalry, to be commanded by the far-famed Ambrose, marquis of Spinola.

Though warned by the Dutch that these forces were about to march into the Palatinate, the patrimony of his son-in-law, King James remained inactive; the preparations for war continued, and the Protestants of Scotland and England became equally astonished and indignant at his apathy to the danger which menaced his daughter and her husband. This generous feeling was particularly strong in Scotland, where the people considered the good and gentle Princess Elizabeth as one of themselves; for she had been born in the old palace of Falkland, and was reared and educated by the Lady of Livingstone at the secluded town of Falkirk in West Lothian.

So strong was the memory of her amiability and beauty, that we find the brave Sir Andrew Gray, though a "ranke papist,"[1] levying soldiers in her cause, for which Hepburn and others so readily drew their swords.

James remained aloof, indignant that the Elector had accepted the Bohemian crown without waiting for his profound advice; and it was with the greatest difficulty that the friends of his daughter could obtain his permission to muster two thousand two hundred English soldiers for the Bohemian war. This force was commanded by that gallant and veteran knight, Sir Horace Vere of Kirbyhall, who was afterwards Lord Vere of Tilbury, and master-general of the English ordnance. No less remarkable for piety than courage, it was always said

[1] Calderwood.

the "Lord Vere first made peace with God before he went out to war with man, and he was never either elated by success, nor depressed with reverse of fortune."[1] Knighted for his valour at the capture of Cadiz, he had served with distinction under Prince Maurice, and was engaged in that desperate affair at Sluys, where, under Count Wilhelm, "the old Scots regiment led the van of battle."

Under Sir Horace, Burroughs and Herbert commanded as major-generals, while the Earls of Oxford and Dorset led each a company of two hundred and fifty volunteers.[2] On the 9th July, (two months *after* Sir Andrew Gray and his band had sailed from Leith,) these forces left Gravesend.[3]

It was the 1st October before these Scottish and English auxiliaries joined a part of the Bohemian army, consisting of four thousand horse and six thousand foot, for the Margrave of Anspach had not yet mustered his entire armament. Prior to this, the Marquis of Spinola, who had orders to make war on all the adherents of the Elector, had marched from Brussels, entered the Palatinate, and before either Sir Andrew Gray or Sir Horace Vere could join, the Marquis had made himself master of several small places; but, in a sharp skirmish which took place, the troops of the Elector were victorious. Ready to engage, the two armies remained long in sight of each other after this, but no general action ensued.

In the month of September, the Duke of Bavaria, the Elector of Saxony, and Spinola, all being commissioned to enforce the imperial authority, took the field full of

[1] Fuller's Worthies of England.
[2] Wilson's Annals of James I. [3] Camden.

confidence and resolution. While the Elector of Saxony, at the head of twenty thousand men, swept over Lusatia, and, before the end of October, had conquered the whole country, the Duke subdued all Upper Austria, and, by the beginning of September, had joined the Count de Bucquoi, who commanded the Imperialists in Bohemia.

During these campaigns, by the fortune of war and his own valour, young Hepburn, then in about his twentieth year, obtained command of a company of pikes in Sir Andrew Gray's Scottish band, which, in 1620, and for some time prior to the fatal battle at Prague, was employed to guard the person of the Bohemian king.

Among his gallant comrades, who had left their heath-clad hills to seek for fame and fortune in the German wars, few were more daring than one named Edmond, the son of a burgess in Stirling, who, on one occasion, without armour, and with his sword between his teeth, swam the deep and rapid Danube, in front of the Austrian lines, stole past the sentinels, and, favoured by the gloom of the night, penetrated to the very heart of the imperial camp. There, by an artful stratagem, and an exertion of the greatest courage and bodily strength, he gagged, bound, and bore off their general, the great Count de Bucquoi, and re-crossing the river, presented him as a prisoner to the Prince of Orange, the ally of Bohemia.

For this and similar deeds of valour, he soon obtained the rank of colonel, and acquired great wealth, which he shared liberally with his relations at home, for they were all poor, and in the humblest rank of life. None stood higher in the favour of Prince Maurice than Colonel

Edmond; and it is related that when standing one day on a public parade, surrounded by a number of glittering cavaliers and officers of high military rank, he was accosted by a stranger who, to win his favourable notice, professed to have come recently from Scotland, where he had left his relations well, and concluded by naming several persons of high rank.

"Begone, sir," replied Edmond indignantly, as he turned from him to the gay group around; "I know not this person who comes to flatter my vanity; for I must inform you, sirs, if you know it not already, that I have the honour (and I shall ever be proud of it) to be the only son of an honest baker and freeman, in the ancient burrowtoun of Stirling."

He then ordered the abashed stranger to retire. Under the Prince of Orange, and afterwards under Gustavus Adolphus, he amassed great wealth, and in the decline of life returned to die in his native town, where he built a handsome house for the parish minister, and placed in the eastern gable thereof the baker's arms, viz., three *piels*, which, however, were removed in 1710. To his daughter, who married Sir Thomas Livingstone, bart., of Newbigging, he left a magnificent fortune.[1]

Among the Scottish cavaliers who served in these wars were Robert, George, and James Haig, the three sons of John Haig of Beimerside, and his wife, Elizabeth Macdougal of Stodrig, who had been nurse to the Queen of Bohemia when she was Princess Elizabeth; and all these three died in their armour, fighting gallantly for their fair foster sister.[2]

[1] Doug. Peerage. Sir Thos. Urquhart's Works. Sir Rob. Sibbald, &c.
[2] Douglas' Baronage.

The hostile armies continued to watch and manœuvre. Meanwhile the weather soon became so severe that the confederate princes led home their troops, leaving the Scots and English auxiliaries to garrison the fortified towns. Sir Horace Vere commanded in Mannheim, Sir Gerard Herbert in the castle of Heidelberg, and Sergeant-major Burroughs in Frankenthal, a fortified abbey, the dowry of the Princess Elizabeth. Herbert was slain repelling an assault, after breaking six pikes with his own hand;[1] and the Imperialists soon after captured Mannheim, which Sir Horace surrendered to Count Tilly, his soldiers marching out with displayed banners and uplifted pikes.

By this time Hepburn's old friend, Robert Munro, had also espoused the profession of arms, and was serving in France, a private gentleman in the king's regiment of guards; and he relates an anecdote of his early experience in soldiering, which forcibly reminds us of that passage in the *Legend of Montrose* where Dugald Dalgetty relates to Lord Menteith how he "learned the rules of service so tightly," under old Sir Ludovick Leslie, who will be frequently mentioned in these memoirs.

"I was once made to stand, in my younger yeares, at the Louver gate in Paris, for sleeping in the morning, when I ought to have been at my exercise; for punishment, I was made to stand, from eleven before noone to eight of the clocke in the night, centry, armed with corslet, headpiece, bracelets, being iron to the teeth, in a hot summer's day, till I was weary of my life, which ever after made me more strict in punishing those under my command."

[1] Wilson, fol. 1653.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCOTS AT THE BATTLE OF FLEURA

THUS, honoured beyond their English comrades, the Scots of Sir Andrew Gray guarded the Bohemian king until after the battle of Prague, where, on the 8th November 1620, his relation Maximilian, duke of Bavaria, at the head of the imperial troops, defeated him, and stripped him in one day of the kingdom of Bohemia and the Palatine Electorate. Four thousand Bohemians were slain; and on that day began, in grim earnest, the long and terrible war of *Thirty Years*. There, on the White Mountain, the electoral hat and the proffered crown were both torn from his brow; and being, like too many of his race, better suited for the banquet than the battle field, the Elector fled like a coward to the plains of Silesia, and thence successively to Denmark, to Holland, to England, and to France. His queen, Elizabeth Stuart, endured great hardship in his rapid flight. When compelled to quit the great lumbering coach in which she had followed the army, she sprang on horseback behind Ensign Hopton, a young cavalier of good family, who "trailed a pike," as the phrase was, in the English band of Sir Horace Vere.

He conveyed her to Breslau; and it was ever after-

wards the ensign's proudest boast, that, in her saddest extremity, "he had served and protected the Scottish Queen of Bohemia."[1]

Thus, abandoned by the prince whose fortunes they had followed, Sir Andrew Gray's bands formed part of the force rallied by Ernest, count of Mansfeldt, under whom they performed many brilliant actions; and, after retreating from the Palatinate, they were employed in Germany and Alsace.

In 1622, the Scottish companies under Colonels Sir Andrew Gray and Henderson, and the Captains John *Hepburn* and Hume, defended Bergen-op-Zoom, the strong fortress which secures the intercourse between Holland and Zealand, and bars the way to Spanish Brabant. It had high walls and deep trenches, flanked by demi-lunes and other fortifications; a strong half-moon faced the road to Antwerp; the Zoom filled its ditches, which were strong and deep, and bristling with many a grim tier of iron ordnance. Eleven other forts lay between it and the sea, strengthened with stockades and so many batteries, that the Dutch deemed Bergen impregnable.[2]

In the summer of that year, the Marquis de Spinola, having left thirty thousand men to keep the conquered Palatinate in awe, invested this city, and assaulted it with all his energies. The cannonading began on the 23d July; Baglioni attacked it on the south, and Borgia on the north; the garrison met them in the breaches, and the Scottish bands fought bravely.

Colonel Sir John Henderson, (son of the Laird of Fordel in Fifeshire,) one of their officers, was slain here,

[1] See Memoirs of the Q. of Bohemia. [2] Hist. Unit. Provinces, 1705.

and left a numerous family in Scotland; but, by a will made before the death-shot struck him, all his money and property were divided among them.[1]

There, too, "old Morgan, with his English brigade, gave them their hands full, and many of the enemy fell on every side; for it is a great disadvantage for living bodies to fight against dead walls."[2]

The garrison fired "two hundred thousand cannon shot" on the Spaniards, who on the approach of Prince Maurice (in whose army the great Turenne of future fields was serving as a subaltern) were compelled to raise the siege and retire, leaving twelve thousand men slain in the trenches behind them.[3]

The Elector, now a fugitive, by the hollow advice of his father-in-law, James VI., dismissed his only real defender, the Count Mansfeldt, and in Holland awaited his own fate from the mercy of the victorious Emperor, with whom all the princes of the Union had made peace; thus leaving those soldiers of fortune, whom Mansfeldt had led from the Palatinate, destitute alike of purpose, pay, and employment. That wandering noble had now under his banner a strong force of many thousands, all well-armed and well-trained men—resolute, determined, and inured to every hardship incident to war.

The cause of the discomfited Elector had not *alone* made these condottieri draw the sword; so neither could his order to disband make them sheath it. *War* was their object, and it was quite the same to most of them, with whom, or against whom, they waged it.

[1] Durie's Decisions, 1623. [2] Wilson's Annals.
[3] Atlas Geo., 1711.

Thus was the Protestant religion almost entirely rooted out of Bohemia; the electoral dignity torn from the Palatine family; and thus—until Gustavus drew his sword—were the liberties of Germany overthrown. The artful policy of the Spaniards had lulled King James so fast asleep, says Welwood, that it was remarked "that neither the cries of his daughter nor her children, nor the solicitations of his people, could awaken him."[1]

Under Gray and Hepburn the Scots remained with Mansfeldt, who, after some vain attempts to be received with his errant bands under the banners of that emperor against whom they had warred, marched without any object into Lorraine, where their excesses caused a terror that reached even the heart of Paris. In Lorraine they waited long for a leader to purchase their swords and services, until the Dutch, being sorely pressed by the Spaniards under Spinola, offered to take them into pay, upon which these cavaliers of fortune, with drums beating and colours flying, marched in high spirits towards the rich Netherlands.

"The Mansfeldters were twelve thousand strong, horse and foot." The cavalry had only pistols, the foot had muskets, but there was scarcely a pike or corslet among them, for necessity had compelled many to dispose of their arms and armour. To prevent these dangerous visitors from entering Flanders, Spinola pushed forward a powerful force, which intercepted them at Fleura in Hainault, eight miles from Namur, where, on the 30th August 1622, there ensued a most sanguinary battle, wherein the Scottish bands, led by Captains John Hep-

[1] Welwood's Memoirs, 1749.

burn, Hume, and Sir James Ramsay, are recorded to have evinced the greatest bravery.

Under two distinguished cavaliers, Verdugo and Gonzalez de Cordova, the Spaniards were well posted near the Sambre, with every resolution to repel the advance of Mansfeldt's condottieri.

The latter, perceiving a conflict unavoidable, drew up his soldiers in order of battle, and exhorted them to conquer or die. Half armed, and almost wholly starving, it seemed a rash and bold attempt for those military wanderers to attack the splendidly-accoutred and well-disciplined troops of Spain, fresh from their good quarters at Brussels; but Mansfeldt and the gallant Bishop of Halbertstadt, sheathed in complete armour, led them to the charge, and prodigies of valour were performed. Mansfeldt surpassed even himself, and the fighting bishop lost his bridle arm by a musket ball.[1]

"Many gentlemen, both English and Scots, out of love to the Queen of Bohemia, behaved themselves gallantly, and let the Spaniard know it was more than an ordinary shocke they encountered; among whom Sir Charles Rich, brother to the Earl of Warwick, was a principal person; Sir James Hayes, Knevet, Hume, *Heiburn*, and other commanders, all striving for corrivalship in bravery."[2]

The Spaniards remained masters of the field; but the retreat of Mansfeldt was equal to a victory, for he broke through the glittering columns of Cordova, and reached the frontiers in spite of every effort to detain

[1] Theatre of Europe; Histoire de Louis Treize, 1622.
[2] Wilson's Annals, fol.

him. Entering Holland, where his appearance compelled Spinola to raise the new siege of Bergen-op-Zoom, he allowed his troops to recruit themselves for new enterprises in the comfortable towns and peaceful villages of East Freizeland, where their free quartering wearied even the patient Dutch, for they lived on the best of everything, and paid all their scores with a roll on the drum.

He hovered for a time on the banks of the Lower Rhine, where by lack of pay and employment his army soon fell to pieces, and in 1623 was totally disbanded.

Leaving the remnant of his Scottish followers, who had survived the battles in Bohemia and that at Fleura, to seek, under the guidance of the young Captain Hepburn, a new prince, and what was of more importance, a new paymaster, in other lands, old Sir Andrew Gray returned to Scotland. In 1624 he was in London seeking military employment, and was presented to King James at the Theobalds. He usually wore buff and armour, even in time of peace; and the timid monarch never saw the grim veteran without emotions of uneasiness, for, in addition to his long sword and formidable dagger, he always wore a pair of iron pistols in his girdle. On one occasion, the king, seeing him thus accoutred, "told him merrily, 'he was now so fortified, that if he were but well victualled, he would be impregnable.'"

He was appointed colonel in the force of twelve thousand English, sent from Dover under Count Mansfeldt, in 1624, to Holland, where, says Balfour, "the most pairt of them deyed miserablie with cold and hunger." The scarcity of food and other necessaries brought on a deadly pestilence, for in small transports they were

"heaped one upon another." The poor soldiers died in thousands, and their bodies lay in piles unburied on the shores of Zealand, where their limbs and bowels were torn and eaten "by dogs and swine, to the horror of the beholders."[1]

After this we hear no more of old Sir Andrew Gray, unless he be the same who is mentioned by the Knight of Cromarty, in his list of Scottish Colonels serving Louis XIII. of France.[2]

[1] Acta Regia, vol. iv., Wilson's Annals.
[2] Sir T. Urquhart's Works, p. 216.

CHAPTER IV.

HEPBURN TAKES SERVICE IN SWEDEN

LED by Captain Hepburn, the survivors of the Scottish bands were conducted to Sweden, where he and they offered their services to the great Gustavus Adolphus, with the fame of whose achievements all Europe was ringing. Yearly the Scots came crowding to his standard, with a military enthusiasm which that politic monarch knew well how to turn to the best advantage.

Gustavus had already heard of the young and gallant cavalier who led these war-worn soldiers of fortune, and immediately accepted his offer. Hepburn "in his first essay in arms (under his new banner) displayed an ardour which procured him the favour and approbation of Gustavus, whose vigilant eye soon detected, in this aspiring youth, all the qualities requisite to constitute an excellent soldier."[1]

Inspired by the same ardour for military fame, his cousin James Hepburn, heir-apparent of the ancient house of Waughton, followed him to the Swedish wars, and was his companion in all their triumphs, toils, and dangers, amid which he soon attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

[1] R. Cannon.

The court and camp of Gustavus Adolphus were then the great military school of Europe, for that warlike monarch introduced the most decided improvements in the art of war that the world had witnessed since the days of the Romans. He reduced the strength of regiments to a thousand men each, and caused ammunition, for the first time, to be made up into ball-cartridges and carried in pouches and bandoliers. He formed regiments into right and left wings of musqueteers, with the centre division of pikemen, who guarded the colours, which were three in number. Four regiments of foot or horse formed a brigade, and, departing from the dense formation of his predecessors, he drew up the former six ranks deep, and the latter three; while Tilly and Wallenstein formed theirs in columns of thirty deep. But, though less dense, so compact were the ranks of Gustavus, that they could resist the most tremendous charges of the savage Poles, and the heavily mailed horse of the empire. Each regiment had two chaplains and four surgeons, who, like other members of the army, were subject to the general and regimental courts-martial, then first instituted.

The infantry were now reduced to two distinct classes, —*musketeers*, clad in helmets, gorgets, buff coats, and breastplates, armed with matchlock-muskets, swords, and daggers; and *pikemen*, similarly clad, but armed with swords, and pikes varying from fourteen to eighteen feet long. The corslets were made larger than before, to cover the well-padded doublets; and thicker, to resist the dint of bullets. The plumed morion—acorn-shaped, and having a gilt rim turning up in front—was the

favourite head-dress both for horse and foot; and save some prince, or officer of high military rank, few wore the visor or close helmet. The hair was worn cut short, *à la soldatesque;* but long mustaches, like long swords and spurs, were quite the rage.[1]

An officer of rank always hung a gold chain over his gorget; and cavaliers were usually apparelled in the richest stuffs, and wore the most beautiful armour that the forges of Parma and Milan could produce. A general was always armed cap-a-pie.

Hepburn, in the splendour of his arms and attire, outshone his comrades so far that he drew upon himself the reprehension of Gustavus,—an affront which the haughty soldier never forgot.[2]

The military scarf was usually scarlet; and the jack-boots were so thick that they resisted pistol-shot, and were accoutred with enormous spurs, having each six rowels, measuring three inches from point to point, and projecting from a ball of bell-metal, within which were four iron drops, to jangle when the wearer rode or walked. Enchanted or bullet-proof armour, like swords that slew all against whom they were drawn, was one of the popular fallacies of the time. Another was, that a king could never be slain by a common ball.

The common day's march of the Swedish infantry was about eighteen miles a-day. "In a journal of each day's marching, which a Scottish regiment made for six years successively, I find," says Harte, "*that* quantity to establish the medium."

[1] Harte's Essay on Military State of Seventeenth Century.
[2] Anderson's History of France.

Gustavus was not partial to heavy cannon. "The guns of the Swedish light artillery consisted, besides falconets, of four, six, and twelve pounders, constructed upon a new and improved principle by a Scotch gentleman named Hamilton."[1]

This was Sir Alexander Hamilton, whose gun-forges were at Urbowe, in Sweden. He became afterwards famous in the wars of the Covenant; and his invention, the *canon à la Suêdois*, was used in the French army until the year 1780.

In 1612 Gustavus Adolphus had procured several companies from Scotland and the Netherlands, and formed them into two Scottish regiments. He had also fifteen Scottish ships of war, which captured the town and district of Drontheim, and afterwards sailed to the southern shores of Sweden.[2] The Scottish troops served him faithfully in his Russian war, at the storming of Kexholm and Plesko, and in the invasion of Poland. In 1620 he had a stronger body of these auxiliaries, led by the Colonels Seaton and Sir Patrick Ruthven of Bandean, who signalised themselves at the siege and capture of Riga, the Livonian capital, the storming of Dunamond and Mittau.

On his war with the Empire, the Scots still came flocking to the standard of Gustavus, who was extolled as "the star and lion of the north, and the bulwark of Protestant Europe." But many Scottish gentlemen, who had Catholic sympathies, joined the banner of the Empire.

[1] Life of Wallenstein. [2] Puffendorf, vol. iv.

Seven cavaliers of the house of Crawford joined Gustavus, and one (Ludovick Lindsay) the Austrians.[1]

In the year 1625 Gustavus appointed the young Captain Hepburn (of whose bravery at Fleura he had heard such honourable mention) colonel of one of those auxiliary regiments, which was composed of his old Bohemian comrades; and of which the First or Royal Scots Regiment of the British Line is now the direct representative.[2] In this important command the young soldier, eager for adventure, burning for distinction, and impassioned for glory, acquitted himself with a valour and ability that few have equalled.

Hepburn possessed, in an eminent degree, all those requisites necessary in the leader of soldiers of fortune —frankness and generosity, prudence or rashness, as the occasion required; with a strong power of perception and stratagem, instantaneous decision and action,—all of which are so necessary to form the character of a great military commander; while his adventurous valour endeared him to his soldiers. Every historian of the wars of Gustavus extols the brave Hepburn as the most famous of his cavaliers. Defoe, who introduces him prominently in one of his most graphic novels, says "he was a complete soldier indeed, and so well beloved by the gallant king (Gustavus) that he hardly knew how to go about any great action without him."

His pay as colonel of infantry was £380 per annum; he was also entitled to have a coach as part of his equipage; but though he had one for form's sake, or the convenience of a wounded comrade, he preferred to ride—

[1] Lives of the Lindsays. [2] History of First Foot.

where we always find him—on horseback at the head of his Scottish musketeers. A lieutenant-colonel had £190 yearly; a captain £128; the musketeer and pikeman received 6d. daily; the cuirassier, 11d.

At this time each Swedish regiment consisted of eight companies, and each company of seventy-two musketeers and fifty-four pikemen, which, exclusive of officers, made one thousand and eight men.

An old work, published at London in 1711, records that in 1633 two Scottish regiments were employed to guard the person of Gustavus and the King of Bohemia, though at that time he had both Swedes and Dutch in camp; and he is said to have ascribed his great victory at Leipzig to Hepburn's Scottish brigade alone. There were sixty Scottish governors of towns, castles, and forts in the conquered provinces of Germany.[1] Military discipline was first introduced into Sweden by the Scots, of which nation, at one time, Gustavus had no less than four field-marshals, three generals, one lieutenant-general, thirteen major-generals, three brigadier-generals, twenty-seven colonels, fifty-one lieutenant-colonels, and fourteen majors, "with an unknown number of captains and subalterns; besides seven regiments of Scots that lay in Sweden and Livonia (and six elsewhere.) The Dutch in Gustavus's service were *many times glad* to beat 'the old Scots march' when they designed to frighten or alarm the enemy; and 'tis observed that Sir John Hamilton abandoned the army, though earnestly pressed by Gustavus to stay, only because the Swedes and the Dutch were ordered to storm the enemy's works before him at

[1] Sir T. Urquhart of Cromarty.

Wurtzburg, after he and his men had boldly hewn out the way for them."[1]

The reproach of a mere mercenary spirit would be unjust to the memory of those brave men, whom a peace with England compelled to draw their swords in other lands; and it must be remembered that military service, under some great leader, no matter who or where, was a necessary part of a gentleman's education. The recruiting in all parts of Scotland continued during most of the Thirty Years' War with the greatest spirit, for the love of military enterprise and hatred of the Imperial cause were strong in the hearts of the nation; and thus, until the era of the Covenant, the drums of the Scoto-Swedes rang in every glen from Caithness to the Cheviots.

Robert Munro, laird of Foulis, commanded two regiments,—one of horse, the other of foot; and of his sirname there were three generals, twenty-four field-officers, eleven captains, and many subalterns, in Sweden.[2]

Among other methods for making levies was the circulation of a spirited camp-song, of which the following is a fragment:—

"All brave lads that would hazard for honor,
Hark how Bellona her trumpet doth blow;
While Mars, with many a warlike banner
Bravely displayed, invites you to go!
Germani, Suedden, Denmarke, are smoking,
With a crew of brave lads, others provoking;
All in their armour bright,
Dazzling great Cæsar's sight,
Summoning you to ane fight! *Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!*
O, Viva! viva! Gustavus we cry!
Heir we shall either win honor or dye!

[1] Atlas Geographus, London 1711. [2] Old Stat. Account, vol. x.

"Fy boyes! fy boyes! leave it not there,
No honor is gotten by hunting the hare.
Thou fyne thing that still art resorting
To the palace of princes, decked up like an ape;
Flattering, fawning, cringing, and courting,
Taking each moment a new monkish shape;
Thinkst thou of a dainty thing, or a fyne galliard,
Or of my ladie's glove honors appallart;
Or madam's sqwivering voice,
Or any such fiddling noise,
Sounding like, Sa, sa, boyes! *Oh, tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!*

"Fy man! fy man! leave them for shame;
Honor 's not got by so easy a gain.
All brave lads, raise up your spirits!
Honor abides you attended by fame;
All are rewarded according to merits,—
Honor begetteth, that winneth the same.
Vivat Gustavus! I pray God protect him,
Send the Devil to the Colstreat, for it doth expect him!
Charge lads! all fall in around,
Till Cæsar shall give ground;
Hark how the trumpets sound,—*Tan-ta-ra-ra-ra!*
Oh! Vivat Gustavus Adolphus we cry,
Heir we shall either win honor or dye!"

Many Scots also went to Denmark. A Highland regiment raised among the clan Mackay embarked, in March 1625, for the service of King Christian; in June, Sir James Leslie levied another of one thousand men; and Captain Alexander Seaton, in obedience to letters of service, raised five hundred more for the German wars. The forces of Leslie and Mackay mustered four thousand four hundred in all; and a letter among the Balfour MSS. shows that Philip Burlamachi, a London merchant, paid, by the king's order, £3000 for their transport to Hamburg. In the following year the king paid £8000 to the Earl of Nithsdale, the Lord Spynie, and Sir James Sinclair of Murkle, "for lewying of three

regiments of foot, of three thousand men a-piece, for his unckell the King of Denmark's service";[1] and notwithstanding this incessant drain upon her population, Scotland was able, in that year, to send three thousand men, under the Earl of Morton, on the unfortunate expedition to the Isle of Rhé.

The cannon cast at Urbowe, by Sir Alexander Hamilton of Redhouse, (a turreted mansion, now in ruins, in East Lothian,) were long famous in Germany. This veteran, in his old age, was blown up in the castle of Dunglass.[2] In a list of pictures belonging to the Scottish Benedictines at Wurtzburg, we find "a full-length of the famous General Hamilton, who served under Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. This picture was done by Van Dyck;"[3] but whether representing the artillerist, or one of his many namesakes, it is impossible to determine.

At Skug-Kloster, the castle of General Wrangel, are still preserved many portraits of his comrades, which possess a deep interest to the student of European history. The gallery is filled with likenesses of those whose names are most familiar to us as the favourite soldiers of Gustavus; and on many of them are their names—David Drummond, Captain Kammell (Campbell,) Sir James King (Lord Eythen,) Patrick Ruthven (Earl of Forth,) with their military designations. There is also a portrait of the gallant Major Sinclair, who died defending Charles XII. in Turkey, and was the founder of a noble Swedish family. "The best families in the kingdom are of Scottish descent;—Leslies, Montgomeries, Gor-

[1] Balfour. [2] Lamp of Lothian. [3] Archæologia Scotica.

dons, Duffs, Hamiltons, Douglases, (lately extinct,) Murrays; in short, all the best names of Scotland are to be found in Sweden, having been introduced by the cadets of our noble families who served under Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War." [1]

There are now, Count Hamilton of Christianstadt, in the province of Scania; Baron Hamilton of Böö, near Orebro; and there was John Hugue, Baron Hamilton, *premier Ecuyer de madame la Duchesse de Sudermanie, et Ajutant-Général du Roi de Suède*, who was alive in 1803, —all of Scottish descent. [2]

[1] Bremner's Denmark and Sweden, 1840.
[2] Memoirs of the House of Hamilton, 4to Edition.

CHAPTER V.

THE GRAVE OF THE SINCLAIRS

"Zinclair came over the salt blue sea,
To storm the cliffs of old Norway."
—*Norwegian Song.*

So early as 1612 Gustavus had recruited largely for his armies in Scotland. In the March of that year, Colonel Monkhoven, a Swedish officer of great talent and energy, had enlisted two thousand three hundred men; while one regiment, nine hundred strong, was raised by George Sinclair, a gentleman of Caithness, entirely among his own clan and surname, to fight against Denmark. That nation had frequently captured Scottish ships, which excited a hostile feeling against it among the Scottish people. Thus, in 1617, the Danish cruisers made prizes of several ships, the property of Thomas Watson, merchant in Edinburgh, concerning which the Privy Council petitioned James VI.[1]

Monkhoven, on his return, found Elfborg, and the whole coast from Nyborg to Calmar, in possession of the Danes, and that even Stockholm itself was threatened. He was obliged, in consequence, to sail northward and land at Trondheim, from whence, at the head of his

[1] Denmylne MSS.

Scots, he forced a passage over the mighty chain of the Norwegian alps to Jamtland, and reached Stockholm, then invested by the Danish fleet; and the sudden appearance of these Scottish auxiliaries extricated Gustavus, and enabled him to conclude the peace of 1613.

Less fortunate, the regiment of Sinclairs, to withdraw the enemy's attention from Monkhoven's line of march, proceeded by Rhomsdhal, Lessoo, and the deep valley which is overshadowed by the tremendous rocks of the Dovrefeldt, a Norwegian mountain eight thousand feet in height; where their colonel committed a great oversight, in omitting to seize the principal inhabitants and march them with the column, that their lives might answer for the peaceable conduct of the boors.

The old hereditary hatred of the Norsemen to the Scots was exasperated by numerous repulses they suffered at the hands of Sinclair and his clansmen, and they resolved on a more sure and deadly revenge.

Led by Berdon Segelstadt of Ringeboc, the whole peasantry of Vaage, Froen, and Lessoo, took possession of the Kringellen, a gorge in the mountains through which the Scots were to pass on their route to the Swedish territories. It is more than probable that the Sinclairs would not be completely armed, being mere recruits, and consequently were less able to repel a mode of attack which would have destroyed ten times their number of the best appointed troops.

Colonel Sinclair's lady accompanied the column on horseback.

Night was closing, and the deep Norwegian fiords, and the pine forests that overhung them, were growing

dark, when the Highland regiment entered the narrow path, which on one side is cut through the solid rock, and on the other descends abruptly, in a terrific manner, to a deep and rapid river, the hoarse brawl of which is the only sound that usually disturbs that mountain solitude. The stillness and apparent loneliness of the place, together with the devious and difficult nature of the deep pass, caused the Sinclairs to straggle in their march; and they had barely attained the middle of the defile, when the roar of more than a thousand carbines reverberated like thunder from the rocks above them, while the dark pine-woods seemed to fill with fire and smoke.

Berdon and his boors, from their post on the cliffs, poured down a close and unerring fire; while in addition to this murderous fusilade, against which not one shot could be returned, large masses of rock, which overhung the gorge, were rent from their beds, and by levers hurled down on the unfortunate soldiers, making vast breaches in the narrow pathway, crushing whole sections on their march, or precipitating them into the deep chasm through which the mountain-torrent foamed.

The gallant George Sinclair was shot dead, when, claymore in hand, he was making a futile attempt to scale the rocks; and all his clansmen perished with him. One by one they were shot down by those assailants, who dared not have met them on the open field; and sixty, who fell alive into their hands, after being divided among the hamlets, when their captors grew tired of feeding them, were collected in a meadow near the pass, and there shot in cold blood,—*one* alone escaping from the

vale of horror, by the aid of a female peasant, a fair *Norwegienne*, whom he afterwards married, and through whom he left numerous descendants, whose origin is well known in the district of the Dovrefeldt.

Neither history nor tradition has recorded the fate of Sinclair's lady, so it must be presumed that she perished with her husband.

> "The banquet board was spread by death,
> Amidst Kringellen hall;
> And the ravens from a thousand hills
> Held greedy carnival;
> But the eagle from the Dovre-fœld
> Presided lord of all."

Many were, indeed, (as the ballad says,) left to feed the wolf and the raven, or the white bears of Guldbrandshal. The rest were buried with their gallant leader; a mound of earth was heaped above them; and a wooden cross, by the side of that savage pass, long marked the spot where the slaughtered regiment lay.[1] The people of Guldbrandshal still remember with pride this murderous exploit of their forefathers, of whose valour they sing with triumph;[2] and to preserve the memory of how

> "*Nihundert Skotter*
> *Bley knuset som leer potter,*"[3]

as their barbarous songs have it, a marble monument has been erected by the Norwegian government, to mark the grave of the Sinclairs.

The cross and tablet stand in one of the deepest soli-

[1] Von Buch. [2] Laing's Norway.

[3] *Literally*—"Nine hundred Scots
Were dashed to pieces like earthen pots."

officer of great ability and approved courage, who conducted the attack."

This town, which is strongly situated on the confluence of the Versa with the Vistula, and has its walls washed by both these rivers, was blockaded by King Sigismund at the head of thirty thousand Poles, whom he had intrenched on a steep green eminence, cutting off all communication between the town and the surrounding country. By this eminence he foresaw that the Swedes must pass, if they made any attempt to raise the siege. He strengthened it by the erection of two batteries of heavy cannon, which commanded the approach by a cross fire; while the whole line of his intrenched infantry, with their bows and matchlocks, swept the ground which descended abruptly from their earthen parapets.

As it was absolutely necessary for the success of the campaign that this blockade should be broken and the town relieved, the able Gustavus examined the ground long and attentively; for on the possession of this place depended his hopes of gaining Dantzic, and terminating the war victoriously.

He selected in his camp at Dirschau three thousand chosen Scottish infantry, among whom were Hepburn's own regiment, and five hundred horse under Count Thurm, to all of whom he delivered a short address on the desperate duty they were about to attempt—to cut a passage over a fortified hill defended by thirty thousand men.

Hepburn marched the column from the Swedish trenches, and without sound of drum or trumpet, as he intended in the dusk to proceed by a secret path, and

turn the Polish flanks; for in every essay of arms Hepburn proved eminently, what a celebrated French writer has affirmed, that war, though a trade for the ignorant, is a *science* for men of genius.[1] Dirschau is situated upon the Wezel or Vistula, and a march of a few hours brought Hepburn in view of the height on which the Polish infantry, clad in mail of a half Oriental fashion, and armed with muskets, bows, and matchlocks, iron maces, lances, scimitars and targets, were strongly intrenched—with their brass cannon bristling through the green brushwood on their right and left. In their rear lay the spires of Mewe.

Night was coming on, and finding his approach was as yet unseen, Hepburn made a flank movement, and began to ascend the hill by a narrow and winding path, encumbered by rocks and stones, thick underwood, and overhanging trees, through which the soldiers, retarded by their heavy muskets and collars of bandoliers, their corslets, helmets and knapsacks, threaded their way with difficulty; for the mountain-side was so steep that they were compelled to grasp the branches in clambering from rock to rock, so that a historian has likened them to sailors climbing the shrouds of a ship. Hepburn guided them with admirable caution and intrepidity past the advanced posts of the enemy. The side of the wooded mountain was still as death, not a sound being heard but the hoarse roar of the foam-covered Vistula, which, far down below, came rolling from the mountains of Silesia.

In the clear twilight of the northern evening the Scots

[1] Chevalier Eolard.

gained the summit, and the white plume in Hepburn's helmet was their guide, as they fell furiously with clubbed muskets on the Poles, who were still working busily at their trenches, which were stormed at push of pike. A deadly fire of musketry, mingled with showers of arrows, stones, and other missiles, opening on the Scots from various points, compelled them to recoil; and then dense hordes of mounted Cossacks and Heyducks, clad in mail shirts and steel caps, pressed at full speed, with their long lances and sharp scimitars, on the retiring column. Hepburn drew off his men to a rock that was defensible, charged again and again by these wild light horsemen, who exultingly shouted, "These curs abide not the bite of the Polish wolves!"

"Immovable as a wall of brass, the brave Scottish pikemen stood shoulder to shoulder;" while before them was placed another insurmountable obstacle, the portable chevaux-de-frise, which they fixed along their front—the *pila suilla* of the historian Loccenius, and the "Swedish feathers" of the famous Captain Dugald Dalgetty.[1]

On this rock, where he was joined by Colonel Mostyn, an Englishman, and Count Brahé with two hundred German arquebusiers, Hepburn defended himself for two whole days against the entire force of the Polish army, led by the young Prince Udislaus, whose father, the king, happened on this occasion to be absent from the camp. During these two days of incessant fighting, Gustavus achieved the relief of the town, by putting

[1] See Holling's Life of Gustavus, the Legend of Montrose, &c.

into it a supply of men and ammunition; upon which the Poles abandoned their trenches and retired. It was computed that each of Hepburn's soldiers killed a man, and yet lost only one-seventh of their own number.

Gustavus permitted the Poles to retire without pursuit; for it was a maxim with the generals of those days not to follow such troops too hastily, as they made war in an irregular and desultory manner.[1]

In 1626 the Scots fought well in the neighbourhood of Dantzic, under Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie, (afterwards first Earl of Leven,) an old veteran of the Dutch and Bohemian wars.

That famous leader, with Colonel Dideraik Sperreüter, having been sent with two Scottish companies and a troop of dragoons to reconnoitre the camp of King Sigismund, they were suddenly surrounded by seventeen troops of fierce Polish cavalry near the village of Girlinerwals, and a deadly strife ensued; for the Poles were savage by nature, and the Scots had engendered sentiments of hostility against them in consequence of a book abusive of the nation having been written by a Pole named Stircovius, whom James VI. had caused to be hanged in 1613. A minute of council is still preserved, which contains the expenses incurred by Patrick Gordon for apprehending "*Stircovius*, who writt and set out the infamous booke."[2]

The spearmen of Leslie broke through the dense masses of horsemen *twice*, and after cutting a hundred men to pieces, and capturing four troop-standards,

[1] See Reveries of the Count de Saxe.

[2] Denmylne MSS.

retired with little loss. This brought on a general engagement, for the whole Polish army advanced in line to support their cavalry, but were defeated by Gustavus with the loss of three thousand men, four field-pieces, and fourteen standards.[1]

[1] Puffendorf's Hist. of Sweden, 1702.

CHAPTER VII.

INVASION OF GERMANY

We are told that Hepburn frequently volunteered on desperate duties; for he was one to whom life had no charm if deprived of its struggles and victories. A thorough cavalier of fortune, he had ever one great end before him—the attainment of a high reputation for military glory; and the camp of Gustavus was eminently suited for such a spirit, as it is only amid a crowd of chivalric competitors that all the energies of life are called into action.

With his regiment he accompanied Gustavus into Prussia in 1627, where he bore a prominent part in all the operations of that brave and well-disciplined army, which stormed Kesmark, a free town of Hungary, situated on a tributary of the Vistula; defeated the Poles who were marching to its relief; besieged and captured Marienburg; and again defeated the Poles at Dirschau, a city of the Teutonic Knights. The capture of Marienburg was of the first importance, as a general, by possessing it, becomes master of Polish Prussia.[1]

In 1628 Gustavus received fresh levies from Scotland. Among these was a strong regiment, commanded

[1] Marshal Saxe.

by Alexander Lindsay, Lord Spynie, which, with other Scots regiments, and a small party of English volunteers, made an additional force of nine thousand men. Immediately on its debarkation, Spynie's regiment was added to the garrison of Stralsund, which was then blockaded by the Imperialists.[1]

In 1629 the Emperor assisted the Poles with a few troops; but Gustavus was able to cope with their combined forces, and a fierce encounter took place between the advanced guards, a few miles from Thorn, in the Palatinate of Culm. There the Scottish troops made a desperate onslaught, and Hepburn's old comrade, Hume, who led them, was taken prisoner; while Gustavus, though twice taken also, escaped, being accoutred like a private pikeman. He encountered a French officer named the Baron de Sirot, whom he would have shot, but for a coat of mail which he wore under his *hongreline*. He lost his plumed hat, which Sirot wore, without knowing to whom it belonged. Next day Captain Hume, on seeing him with the hat, uttered an exclamation of anger and sorrow, supposing that Gustavus, the idol of his soldiers, had fallen; and the Baron de Sirot, on ascertaining the rank of his late antagonist, had the hat sent to Lorretto, where, with all solemnity, it was laid at the shrine of the Virgin.[2]

Jealous of the designs of the great Catholic powers, on Gustavus concluding a six years' truce with Sigismund, Britain, Holland, and even France, (for its own

[1] Lives of the Lindsays, &c.

[2] New Star of the North. Lond. 1632. Anderson's History of France, &c.

deep purposes,) lent him willingly their aid, that he might turn his victorious arms against the Emperor Ferdinand II. in support of the King of Bohemia, and of the Protestant interests in Germany, where the Reformed faith was gradually being laid prostrate beneath the encroaching ambition and absolute power of Austria. Christian IV. of Denmark, in whose army were also many Scottish regiments, had already declared for the Protestant cause, but was defeated by the Imperialists, who swept like a torrent over Lower Saxony, and captured many places on the Baltic.

Alarmed by these approaches, Gustavus pressed the Poles to conclude a peace with him; and on his representing to the Swedish States the danger incurred by the vicinity of an army which had already become master of part of Denmark, they unanimously and boldly resolved that immediate war with the Emperor Ferdinand was necessary, not only for the safety of Scandinavia, but of Protestant Europe. The haughty chief of the house of Hapsburg had already avowed himself the foe of Sweden, by the interest he had taken in the Polish war, and by declining to acknowledge the kingly title of Gustavus, who, animated with joy and a hope of vengeance, prepared to unfurl his banners against him.

It was now well known that the proud Ferdinand aimed at nothing less than the total subversion of German liberty, the extirpation of the Lutheran heresy by fire and sword, and the conquest of Norway, Denmark, and Sweden—a stupendous undertaking, which arrested the attention of all Europe. He commenced operations by depriving the dukes of Mecklenburg of their heredi-

tary territories, violating all the laws of the Germanic Confederation, and vesting Wallenstein with a commission as general of the Baltic and Oceanic seas, the dominion of which he was to assert against the two kings of Scandinavia. His fleet seized Wismar and Rostock, where ships were ordered to be built, in furtherance of this visionary scheme of universal dominion. Stralsund, though it had taken no part in the Danish war, was exposed to a vigorous siege; and the two northern kings, forgetting all their jealousies, united to relieve it.

The Danish fleet protected the town from the Imperialists on one side, while, led by Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Leslie, five thousand Scottish and Swedish infantry forced their way in on the other, sword in hand, reinforced the garrison with ammunition, and supplied the starving citizens with food.

Animated by the gallant Balgonie and his Scottish veterans, the burghers defended themselves valiantly; and, with renewed vigour, the Imperialists pressed the siege with their whole force, Wallenstein vowing "to God that he would possess Stralsund, even if He slung it in chains between heaven and earth!"

Incessant cannonading ruined the works; the plague broke out in the city; provisions ran short; and the sick, the dead, and the dying crowded every house and thoroughfare: but Leslie acquitted himself with such prudence and valour, that Wallenstein was compelled to set fire to his camp and retire, leaving twelve thousand two hundred men slain in those trenches where his laurels were lost for ever. So sensible were the citizens of the great services

of Leslie and his division of Scots, that they rewarded him by a valuable present, and caused medals to be struck in remembrance of his honour and their gratitude.[1]

While Hepburn, who by this time had been knighted for his eminent services, and always appears in the *Swedish Intelligencer* of the time as "Sir Iohn Habron," was quartered with his regiment in Sweden, Gustavus was making every preparation for war. The year 1630 was to form a new era in his history, for he took the field in earnest against his mighty antagonist, and sent Leslie with a body of troops to drive the Imperialists out of the isle of Rugen, a duty which he duly performed.

Gustavus had now in his service more than a thousand officers, and twelve thousand soldiers, *all Scotsmen*—well experienced in the use of arms—brave, determined, and inured to military toil—men to whom danger was a pastime, and before whom death was an hourly occurrence; and on these he conferred the glory of achieving every critical duty and desperate adventure. "Amongst these forces," says the annalist of the British army, "Colonel Hepburn's Scots regiment appears to have held a distinguished character for gallantry on all occasions; and no troops appear to have been found better qualified for this important enterprise than the Scots, who proved brave, hardy, patient of fatigue and privation, frugal, obedient, and sober soldiers."[2]

Hepburn embarked with the main body, which consisted of ninety-two companies of infantry and sixteen squadrons of horse, and sailed in two hundred small vessels from Elfsnaben, in Sweden; and, arriving in

[1] Scottish Biog. Dict. [2] Richard Cannon.

Pomerania on the 24th June 1630, disembarked near Pene-münde, in the isle of Usedom, where Gustavus knelt upon the sandy shore, and returned thanks to God for the safe passage vouchsafed to his gallant army.[1]

Hepburn was placed under the command of Oxenstiern, the renowned Rex-Chancellor, as he was named, who quartered him with his regiment "in Spruce," after being engaged in many skirmishes in Outer Pomerania. There he remained in cantonments until he received an order to march to Rugenvalde, in consequence of the brilliant affair, which will be narrated in the following chapter.

[1] See Life of Wallenstein, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

MACKAY'S REGIMENT RESCUED AT RUGEN

A HIGHLAND regiment, one thousand five hundred strong, which had been raised by the predatory chieftain, Sir Donald Mackay of Farre and Strathnaver, (afterwards Lord Reay,) in March 1626, for the service of the King of Denmark, and was now commanded by his lieutenant-colonel, volunteered in 1630 to take new service under Gustavus of Sweden, an offer which was immediately accepted; and on the 12th of August the Chancellor Oxenstiern sent orders to Lieutenant-Colonel Munro to embark his "soldiers at Pillau, and from thence to transport them into Dutchland, towards Wolgast in Pomerne."

Accordingly, at Pilau, a town upon the Bay of Courland, situated at the mouth of the sluggish Pregel, and defended by two fortresses, which the Swedes had captured five years before, Munro (a cousin of the Laird of Foulis) embarked his men on board of two Swedish ships, the Lillynichol and the Hound, with provisions for one week. The companies of Captains Robert Munro, Hector Munro, and Bullion, were on board the former; and those of Major Sennot, Captains Learmonth and John Munro, were on board the latter; while all the baggage,

horses, drums, and ammunition, were in a smaller vessel, called a *skoote.*

These three sailed towards the coast of Pomerania with a fair wind, which freshened into a tempest from the west, and drove them into the roads of Burnholme, among the most easterly of all the Danish isles, where the Lillynichol parted company from the Hound, and sprang a leak. Notwithstanding this, Munro kept forty-eight Highland soldiers working incessantly at the pumps, and sailed towards Wolgast, his destination; but finding that his water-logged ship made but slow progress, and was in imminent danger of sinking, as she rolled on the heavy ground-swell of that dangerous sea, he bore away for Dantzic, a city where the Scots of old possessed numerous and important privileges, acquired for them in the fourteenth century by the valiant Lord of Nithsdale.[1]

Night came on; the fury of the storm increased, and the ship became quite unmanageable among the shoal water; while, to make matters worse, the Pomeranian isles, with all their rocks and reefs, were on their lee.

[1] In 1389, William Douglas, Lord Nithsdale, (husband of Egidia, daughter of Robert Bruce,) with a train of Scottish knights, fighting under Waldenrodt, Grand-master of the Teutonic Order, defended Dantzic, or *Danesvick*, against the Pagans of Prussia, who besieged it under Udislaus Jagello. Douglas and his knights made a furious sally, cut the besiegers to pieces, and cleared the district, for which he was created Prince of Danesvick, Duke of Spruce, and Admiral of the Fleet. Thenceforth all Scotsmen were declared *freemen* of Dantzic; and in token thereof, the arms of the nation, with those of Douglas, were placed over the great gate, where they remained until "it was lately (1711) rebuilt." A part of the suburbs is still named *Little Scotland*, and near it was the bridge where Douglas was basely murdered by the English Lord Clifford and a band of assassins.—Atlas Geographicus, Godscroft, &c.

By eleven o'clock, amid the pitchy darkness of the storm, the Lillynichol ran with a crash upon the coast of Rugen, the largest and most picturesque of the German islands, being seventeen miles in circumference, and abounding in beautiful scenery. The vessel parted in two, and in a moment her crew, with the three companies of Highlanders, were struggling among the waves.

Till one o'clock next day they clung to parts of the wreck, "the whole poop and gallery" of which, being wedged fast on the rocks and sand, were above water; but the fierce surf incessantly broke over them. All their boats had been swamped among these white breakers, where a Highland soldier and a Danish seaman had both perished in an attempt to swim ashore with a rope.

Having cut away the masts and yards that lay alongside, and with fragments of the deals and deck formed a raft, Munro, by means of this, at which he made the ablest of his soldiers work without intermission—and by a boat, which some boors brought to the opposite beach upon a cart—got the whole of his men ashore, he being the last who abandoned the wreck; nor did he do so until the whole of the swords, pikes, muskets, corslets, helmets, &c., that could be saved, were also landed.

This was on the 19th August.

Munro, on addressing the boors, who spoke a barbarous German, discovered that he had been wrecked upon the remote isle of Rugen, all the forts of which were in possession of the Imperialists. He was eighty miles from the Swedish outposts; "and lacking ammunition," he continues in his narrative, "we had nothing

to defend us but swords, pikes, and some wet muskets: the enemy being near, our resolution behoved to be short." In addition to this, his soldiers were drenched, starving, and exhausted with danger and toil. He desired them to remain in concealment among the chalky cliffs, which were fringed with thick masses of green thorns, briars, and wild-flowers, that filled the summer air with perfume. There they continued unseen till nightfall, when he sent Captain Bullion (a Walloon officer, who afterwards became quartermaster-general of cavalry) to the captain of Rugenwalde, an ancient castle belonging to Bogislaus IV., duke of Pomerania, to inform him that three hundred Scottish Highlanders, in the service of his Swedish Majesty, had been shipwrecked on the coast, for whom he requested the loan of a few fire-locks, some dry powder, and bullets, in return for which they would clear the town of the Imperialists, and maintain it for the Duke and Gustavus Adolphus.

The Pomeranian seneschal gladly accepted the offer, and by a secret postern of the old feudal fortress (where, according to tradition, Odoacer, an ancient king of Italy, was born) supplied the Scots with fifty *fix-muskets*, and ammunition; after which the whole, being admitted by the same secret passage into the castle, which was in possession of the Duke's retainers only, passed easily from thence into the town below. There Munro, with his musketeers and pikemen, fell so suddenly and briskly upon a night-guard of Imperial horsemen, that they were all shot down or unhorsed before they had time to sound a trumpet or draw their swords. In short, such was the impetuosity of the gallant men of Lochshin and

Strathnaver, that the whole squadron were killed or taken prisoners, save two corporals and eleven troopers, who, on crying for quarter, received it, and were afterwards ransomed by the governor of Colberg, a post seven miles distant, where a strong garrison of Austrians lay.[1]

Thus by a daring midnight attack, resolutely executed under the most disadvantageous circumstances, a few Scottish Highlanders rewon the fertile isle of Rugen for Gustavus, and restored his patrimonial castle and city to Duke Bogislaus, who has been characterised as a weak, feeble, and superannuated prince, who had long been wearied by the outrages of the Austrians on his territories, but, lacking the power of resistance, had contented himself with fruitless murmurs.[2]

Five days afterwards, an order came from Oxenstiern, desiring Lieutenant-Colonel Munro to maintain this new and valuable acquisition to the last; but ere its arrival that able soldier had taken every precaution to defend himself against the foe, who were in strong force at Colberg. He blew up the bridge, which crossed a deep river, and, arming a company of boors, ordered them to guard the passage. He strengthened the castle of Rugenwalde by the erection of turf sconces and redoubts, and by his foraging parties laid the whole country under contribution, even to the Douglas gate of Dantzic. But as the Austrians closed in upon all sides, his situation soon became one of the greatest peril. Yet he maintained Rugenwalde for nine weeks, during which the

[1] Munro his Expedition with the worthy Scots Regiment called Mackeyes, levied in August 1626. London, 1637.

[2] Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War.

cannonading, firing, and skirmishing were incessant, until he was succoured by the arrival of his old friend and fellow-student, Sir John Hepburn, who, with his "Invincible Regiment," advanced from Spruce or Polish Prussia, having, by order of the Chancellor, pushed forward by forced marches to his relief.

Hepburn now assumed the command, as being senior to Munro, and as having received from the King a commission as governor of the town and castle of Rugenwalde. Among the gentlemen and boors of this island (whose inhabitants remained in a state of vassalage till 1806) he mustered eight thousand fighting men, whom he armed, disciplined, and divided into companies; and with the aid of these and Mackay's Highlanders, his regiment soon cleared all Further Pomerania of the Imperialists.

In the early part of the seventeenth century there were many Scottish merchants in this island, and other parts of Prussian Pomerania; and there is still preserved a petition sent by them to James VI. in 1613, complaining of the restrictions laid upon them by the Duke of Wolgast, a noble of the house of Pomerania—or Pomerland, as they name it in their humble address.[1]

[1] Denmylne MSS.; and see Annales of Scotland, vol. ii.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GREEN BRIGADE

I HAVE stated that a numerous Austrian force lay a few miles from Hepburn's post, at Colberg, a Prussian seaport in Outer Pomerania, having a harbour on the Baltic, and a stately cathedral.

The Lord of Kniphausen, a sergeant-major-general in the Swedish service, ordered Munro's Highlanders to assist him in blockading the place, which he closely invested on every side. Though this petty lordling (whose territories were the smallest of all the German princes) cherished a bitter jealousy and hatred of the Scots, he did not disdain to avail himself of the skill and military talent of Sir John Hepburn; for, on hearing that the Imperialists were pushing forward a strong force from Griffenhagen on the Oder, to raise the blockade of Colberg, he despatched him to reconnoitre the town and castle of Shevelbrune on the Rega, in the Marke, a pass five miles distant from Colberg, by which he foresaw the enemy would approach.

Accompanied by a squadron of steel-clad troopers, Hepburn rode forward and examined the position: he found the castle ruined, and the small town almost deserted, nearly half the inhabitants having died of a

pestilence, and the rest being fled. He reported it, "though a scurvie hole for any honest cavalier to maintaine his credit in," a post of strength, and advised Kniphausen to throw into it a resolute garrison, to bar the advance of the Austrians.

With orders to fight to the last man, this important post was assigned, on the 6th November, to the Highlanders of Munro, who fortified the place by ramparts of earth and stockades breast-high; the gates were barricaded with rubbish, to resist the explosion of petards; and these preparations were barely ended before the glittering of armour lightened the green mountain-sides, and the post was assailed by a column of eight thousand Imperialists, led by Ernest, count de Montecuculi, an accomplished officer, who was descended from an ancient family in Modena, and had passed through all the ranks, from a pikeman to a general of artillery and commander in Alsatia.

He had the regiments of Coloredo, Isolani, Goetz, Sparre, and Charles Wallenstein. His advanced-guard consisted of three troops of Imperial cuirassiers, accoutred in bright armour; three troops of light-armed Croats, and a thousand arquebusiers, who, on their first approach, were driven back by the steady fire of the Highlanders.

The command sent by Kniphausen to Munro, on this occasion, is a remarkable specimen of the clearness and brevity so characteristic of a military despatch, which should strictly contain all that requires to be known, and no more:—

"*Maintain the town as long as you can; but give*

not up the castle, while a single man remains with you."

Obedient to this, on the Imperial trumpeter appearing before the half-ruined town to propose a treaty of surrender, the brave Munro replied coolly,—

"The word *treaty* having by some chance been omitted in my instructions, I have only powder and ball at the service of the Count de Montecuculi."

Upon this the latter pressed forward, at the head of his eight thousand men, who approached on all sides, to a general storm. But the little band of Highlanders behaved to admiration; and, after keeping the foe in check for several hours, by a close and deadly fire, which piled every lane and alley chin-deep with killed and wounded, they laid the whole town in ashes, and, through the blazing streets, retired into the castle, keeping their faces to the enemy. Upon this, the wary Montecuculi —auguring from the resolution of the governor, and the sturdy valour of his bare-kneed soldiers, that no laurels would be won before the round towers of Shevelbrune—retired in the night without beat of drum, and under cover of a dense mist.

Thus did five hundred Highlanders repel *sixteen* times their number of Imperialists.

"I being retired into the castle," says Munro, "and the enemy marching to Colberg, having made up eighteine dragoniers to march after them, for bringing me intelligence if his majestie's forces from Statin were come betwixt the enemy and Colberg, this party retiring shewes that the Field-marshall Gustave Horne and Collonel Mackay, that cōmanded the musketiers, were

joyned with Kniphausen, Bawtish, and Sir John Hepburne, and were lying overnight before a passage betwixt the enemy and Colberg." [1]

They thus barred Montecuculi's retreat into a fortress which was of such strength that Torquato de Conti, and other officers of the Emperor, had chosen it as a place wherein to store up the vast pillage of their long campaigns.

Having been blockaded for some time in vain by Kniphausen, General Bauditzen came with four thousand men and eighteen pieces of cannon, to press the siege with greater vigour; and soon after, the Highlanders of Lord Reay, and Sir John Hepburn—with his regiment, which had been relieved from garrison duty at Rugenwalde—came in on the same service, in which a detachment of his men was sharply engaged with the Imperialists of Montecuculi, who made more than one attempt to relieve Colberg, after his warm repulse by Munro at Shevelbrune.

A wing of each regiment, commanded by the colonel, marched on this duty, leaving the other wings under the next senior officer in the trenches at Colberg, where Leslie of Balgonie commanded.

"The Lord Reay commanded the resolute Scottishmen of his owne nation." Hepburn led the right wing of his own musketeers, and the Baron Teuffel led the Dutch.

The encounter took place amid mist and darkness, at four o'clock on the morning of the 13th November, among the green hedgerows, gardens, and cottages of a

[1] Expedition, part ii.

little straggling *dorf* or village; and, as they fell on with levelled pikes and clubbed muskets, friend could scarcely be distinguished from foe, so much alike were the arms and armour of both armies.

The Imperialists were above seven thousand strong.

The Swedish infantry, who were led by the young Grave of Thurn, fled almost without firing a shot; but the Scottish musketeers of Hepburn and Lord Reay, who were in the van of this confused skirmish, stood like a rampart, pouring in their volleys from right to left; but the flight of the Swedish cavalry—who were also seized by an unaccountable panic—made it necessary for the Scots to retire with Kniphausen, which they did under cover of the thick mist, leaving five hundred killed among the fields and hedges. "Many slew their comrades in the confusion," says Harte; "nor can I agree with a brave Scottish officer, who, in his relation of this engagement, where he happened to be present, calls it a *mighty pretty and comical* sort of a battle."

In consequence of the able manner in which Hepburn, Kniphausen, and Bauditzen closed up every avenue to Colberg, with twelve thousand men, the garrison were compelled to capitulate; and on the 26th of February were permitted to march out with the honours of war, fifteen hundred strong, (being nine companies of infantry and two troops of horse,) all in their armour, with pikes carried, colours flying, drums beating, and matches lighted, with bag and baggage, and two pieces of cannon with balls in their muzzles, and lintstocks burning.

They marched by the pass of Shevelbrune, where some of Munro's Highlanders were under arms to receive

and salute them as they proceeded to Landsberg, which was garrisoned by the troops of the Empire.

During the winter of 1630 Hepburn marched to the vicinity of Stettin, the ancient Pomeranian capital, the burghers of which were famous alike for their hospitality to strangers, and their courage in resisting an enemy. A Major-General Leslie commanded the garrison of the strong castle which overawed the town.

On the march from Prymhausen, *en route* to Stettin, a quarrel ensued between Gustavus and Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Munro, which was amicably adjusted by the mediation of Hepburn.

Munro had the right of filling up the vacant commissions in his own regiment, and was offended at Gustavus for appointing a Captain Dumaine to the company of Captain Bullion, who had received the rank of quarter-master-general of horse.

At Colnoe he requested Hepburn—whom he knew to stand high in the favour of their warlike leader—to accompany him, and use all his interest for a clansman on whom he wished to bestow the vacant company.

"Have you placed the Captaine Dumaine?" asked Gustavus, on their entering, and before the request was made.

"I have not, sire," replied Munro, "finding it prejudicial to your service, as he lacked the language to command a company."

"He will soon learn enough to command a company," said the King; "but on whom would you bestow it?"

"On a cavalier that deserves well of your Majesty—David Munro, now my lieutenant."

"What shall I think of this?" said Gustavus, turning haughtily to Hepburn and General Banier; "to appoint his own cousin he will disobey my orders."

At Hepburn's intercession the matter was arranged by the sturdy Highlander waiving his right for the time, and bestowing the command of the company on Dumaine.

Major Sennot, Lieutenant Pringle, and many soldiers of his regiment, died of a pestilence then raging in Stettin.

In the beginning of 1631 Gustavus concluded a treaty with France, by which he was to have yearly four hundred thousand crowns to carry on the war, on the proviso that, if successful, he was to respect the Catholic faith and the ancient constitution of the Empire. On representing his ardent desire to relieve Germany from the oppressions of Ferdinand, he received £108,000 from England and other quarters, together with the promise of six thousand infantry, raised by the Marquis of Hamilton, who, previous to his sailing from Yarmouth Roads, received the Order of the Garter from Charles I.[1]

The aim of Louis was to create a diversion, and humble the Emperor; the desire of Charles was the restoration of his brother-in-law, the exiled Elector-Palatine.[2]

Colonel John Munro of Obstell (or Obisdale) offered to raise another regiment of Highlanders for the Swedish service; and Colonel Sir James Lumsden, brother of Robert Lumsden of Invergellie, brought over a noble regiment of Lowland infantry, which joined Gustavus in Brandenburg. Sir James's eldest brother, the laird, was senior captain of this battalion; and the ensign of

[1] Memoires of Dukes of Hamilton. [2] Rapin.

his company was the celebrated Sir James Turner, the Cavalier officer, whose military memoirs are so well known. Robert Lumsden, afterwards a major-general in the Scottish service, was cruelly murdered by the English at the sack of Dundee, "in cold blood, one hour after he got quarter;"[1] but the gallant Munro of Obstell was slain in his armour at Wetterau, on the banks of the Rhine.[2]

Anthony Haig of Beimerside—a spirited young cavalier—among his vassals in Tweedside and the vale of Melrose, raised, armed, and mounted, at his own expense, a gallant troop of fifty horsemen for the Swedish army: three sons of Boswell of Auchinleck, (whose descendants still remain in Sweden;) John and Robert Durham, sons of the Laird of Pitkerrow; Francis and Alexander Leslie, sons of Sir John Leslie, baronet of Wardis, (both of whom were slain;) and many other cavaliers, came crowding from Scotland to the German wars.[3]

In the second campaign against the Empire, the Swedish army was almost entirely commanded by Scottish officers,[4] and there is many a plaintive song which records with pathos the slaughter of those brave men who left our pastoral glens to follow the various banners that were then unfurled in northern Europe.

"Oh, woe unto these cruel wars,
That ever they began;
For they have reft my native isle
Of many a pretty man.

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[1] Sir J. Turner's Military Memoirs, 1622 to 1670.
[2] Scots Nation Vindicated, 1714.
[3] Douglas Peerage, &c.
[4] See Burnet.

"First they took my brethren twain,
Then wiled my love frae me;
Oh, woe unto the cruel wars
In Low Germanie."

The army of Gustavus, when reviewed on the 23d December 1630, previous to crossing the Oder, mustered twelve thousand musketeers and pikemen, eighty-five troops of horse and dragoons, with seventy pieces of cannon—a force which few armies have ever equalled, and none ever surpassed, in discipline, steadiness, confidence, and bravery, or completeness of equipment in every respect.

In March, Colonel Hepburn, with his *old* regiment, as it was named, encamped at Schewdt in the province of Brandenburg, a district then covered by dense forests, infested by wild horses and boars, wolves, bulls, and beavers. There, without any increase of rank, he received command of a brigade of four chosen Scottish regiments—viz., Mackay's Highlanders, Sir James Lumsden's musketeers, and Stargate's corps. It was denominated *Hepburn's Scots Brigade*, or the *Green Brigade;* and to his own regiment was assigned the right flank when in line.

Throughout the army it was generally known as the Green Brigade, from the colour of the doublets, scarfs, feathers, and standards of its soldiers—as other divisions of the army were designated the *Yellow*, the *Blue*, and the *White* Brigades.

Thus, in his thirtieth year, Hepburn found himself at the head of the four best regiments of the Swedish army—a post of increased importance and responsibility,

in which he acquitted himself to the admiration of all the Swedish generals; for, the greater the command, the greater were his means of displaying that courage and conduct for which he was so distinguished.

The regiment of Stargate was, after a time, withdrawn from the brigade.

CHAPTER X.

SLAUGHTER OF THE SCOTS AT NEW BRANDENBURG REVENGED AT FRANKFORT

"When cannons are roaring and colours are flying,
The lads that seek honour must never fear dying;
Then, stout cavaliers, let us toil our brave trade in,
And fight for the gospel and bold King of Sweden."

SUCH is the fragment of a camp song which Scott has placed in the mouth of that admirable portraiture of a Scottish soldier of fortune, Major Dugald Dalgetty, and which is nearly the same as one with which the worthy cavalier, Munro, commences one of his chapters or *duties;* and it was in that spirit that Sir John Hepburn and his brigade—with carried pikes, matches lit, six standards displayed, and all the drums beating the "old Scots march," which the shrill fifes poured to the morning wind—led the van of the Swedish army, which, in admirable order, with armour burnished and weapons glittering, began its march for Frankfort on the Oder, "being led by the Lyon of the North, the invincible King of Sweden, of never-dying memory."

It was now the 24th March: the weather was intensely cold; the wooded hills of the Middle Mark were still covered with deep snow; and the rivers and marshes, which had been frozen during the severe winter that was

past, were bursting their icy barriers; and the melting snows had deepened the morasses on the banks of the Havel, until they had expanded into reedy lakes.

Previous to this the Scottish troops had distinguished themselves at the capture of Trepto, a town and castle on the sea-shore; and at the defence of New Brandenburg, where six hundred of Lord Reay's Highlanders were placed in garrison, under his lieutenant-colonel, a brave officer, who had received three dangerous wounds at the siege of Stralsund. Major Sinclair, with two companies of Scots, took their quarters at Trepto, on the same night that another party of their countrymen stormed the castle of Letts from six hundred Italians.

They were also at the capture of Dameine, (a fortress garrisoned by seven companies of Holcke's musketeers, each company carrying a red banner,) where Munro's Highlanders and Sir John Banier's regiment repelled a bold attempt to scour their trenches. On that occasion, a Swedish captain, being left wounded within range of the Austrian cannon, was abandoned by his own soldiers; and, on their refusal to rescue him, was courageously carried off by a small party of Highlanders, among whom he expired that night in great agony, with his last breath reprehending bitterly the ungenerous conduct of his countrymen.

The capture of New Brandenburg, where, after nine days' desperate resistance, (all mercy and quarter being refused them,) the six hundred of Lord Reay's Highlanders were ruthlessly cut to pieces, with Lieutenant-colonel Lindesay, Captain Moncrieff, Lieutenant Keith, and Ensign Haldane, filled Sir John Hepburn and his

Scottish comrades with fury against the Imperialists and their savage leader, John of Tsercla, the Count Tilly. The brave Lindesay fell in the breach, fighting valiantly with his pike in his hand, and his tartaned soldiers perished in a heap around him.[1]

"In the old town records, which give an afflicting account of the cruelty exercised towards the citizens, a Scotch nobleman called *Earl Lindz* is mentioned as having defended his post long after all other resistance had ceased."[2]

He was slain in his twenty-eighth year; and his brother, also a colonel, fell invading Bavaria soon after.[3]

A lamentable account of this slaughter was brought to the Scottish quarters by two officers (Captain Innes and Lieutenant Lumsden) who escaped by swimming the wet ditch in their armour; and, full of hope, ardour, and revenge, Hepburn's brigade pressed on the march to Frankfort on the Oder, where Count Schomberg barred the way with ten thousand veteran troops, among whom they had resolved to make a monument of their vengeance.

The troops expected under the Marquis of Hamilton were supposed to be paid and armed by that noble solely; for the Government of Charles I. was anxious to preserve an appearance of neutrality in this great and doubtful contest between Gustavus and the Emperor. The twelve thousand livres received by the former from Cardinal Richelieu, though a small sum, were a valuable acquisi-

[1] The Swedish Intelligencer, quarto, 1632. [2] Life of Wallenstein.
[3] Lives of the Lindsays.

tion to the prince of a poor country, where the more precious minerals were extremely rare.[1]

The list given in the notes will show that the Scottish officers were the very flower of the so-called Swedish army; and that many of the glories of Gustavus Adolphus were owing to English *prudence* and Scottish *valour*.

He had soon under his banner eleven thousand eight hundred horse and thirty-four thousand infantry, exclusive of a column of Scots, Germans, and English, acting under Axel Oxenstiern in Polish Prussia, and eight others employed in the blockade of Colbergen. Nothing could surpass the astonishment of the haughty house of Hapsburg to find the long-despised monarch of a petty northern state, with an army composed of needy soldiers of fortune—men who fed themselves with the blades of their swords—beating the most able generals of the Empire, and bearing all before them; for the time was now come when the names of Hepburn, Lesley, Ruthven, Horne, Banier, Bauditzen, and Hamilton, were to carry terror to the heart of Vienna.

In his seventieth year, John de Tsercla, count of Tilly, received the supreme command of the army of Ferdinand, who perceived that his other generals were unable to cope with those of Gustavus. In early life he had been a monk of the order of Jesus; but, having in a vision seen the Virgin, who commanded him to take up arms in defence of the Church, he entered the army, where his talents and bravery soon won him a baton, and he now had long enjoyed the reputation of being a most fortunate general.

[1] Rushworth's Collections. History of Modern Europe, &c.

Short in stature, he was meagre and terrible in aspect; his cheeks were sunken, his nose long and pointed, his eyes fierce and dark. When not sheathed in gilded armour, he usually wore a slashed doublet of green silk, a preposterously broad-brimmed and conical hat, adorned by a large red ostrich feather, a long beard, a long dagger, and mighty Toledo—and in everything seemed a revival of the far-famed Duke of Alva, *el Castigador de Flamencas*, and the terror of the Protestant religion.[1]

Hepburn's Brigade formed, I have said, the van of Gustavus's army, or rather of a column of it, consisting of eighteen thousand men, which, with a pontoon bridge, and two hundred pieces of cannon, marched along the winding banks of the Oder to Frankfort, where Count Schomberg and Teiffenbach, camp-master-general of the Imperial army, commanded. The latter had destroyed all the suburbs, and, after burning the country houses and mills, laid waste the rich orchards, the fertile fields and vineyards which environed the city.

The brave Finlander, Field-marshal Gustave Horne, occupied the pass of Schewdt, to prevent Tilly from attacking the Swedish rear.

Frankfort, a well-built city, was surrounded by strong ramparts and enclosed by well-defended gates, being the capital of the Middle Mark of Brandenburg. It was then, as it is still, the seat of three annual fairs, and of considerable manufactures in silk and leather. In 1379 the Elector Sigismund granted the burghers important privileges, on their joining the Confederation of the

[1] Mémoires du Maréchal Grammont, 1717.

Hanse Towns. It is only forty-eight miles from Berlin, and is divided in two by the Oder, which was then crossed by a large wooden bridge; and without the walls lay the ruin of an ancient Carthusian monastery. The market-place was spacious, and the street stately; but most of the inhabitants had fled, and abandoned their homes, at the approach of the dreaded Imperialists.

Aided and directed by the advice of Sir John Hepburn,[1] Gustavus, on coming in front of the town, made his dispositions for investing it, appointing to every column a place of occupation and approach; and these they immediately assumed, marching in view of the enemy—the horse with trumpets sounding, the foot with drums beating, and all with matches lit, pikes advanced, and colours flying.

By Hepburn's advice, Gustavus posted the Blue and Yellow Brigades among the vineyards, on the road to Cüstrin, and the White Brigade in "the fore towne," covering the flank of a body of musketeers, who were to approach one of the principal ports or barriers of the place. "Hepburne his briggade was commanded to be near vnto the other port, and to advance his guards."

The whole artillery and ammunition that were not required were placed in rear of Hepburn's Green Brigade, under guard of the Rhinegrave's regiment of heavy-mailed horse.

Commanded by the Counts Schomberg and Montecuculi, Teiffenbach and Herbertstein, the Imperialists (those ferocious bands which had so cruelly ravaged all Brandenburg and Pomerania) were all under arms to

[1] Munro.

the number of ten thousand men, and the whole line of embattled wall that girt the city was bright with the glitter of their helmets; while pike-heads, the burnished barrels of muskets, and sword-blades, were seen incessantly flashing in the sunshine, when for a moment the smoke of the cannon and firearms was blown aside. Relying on their native bravery, the defence of the *weakest* point was assigned to a regiment of Irish musketeers, led by Walter Butler, a gallant cavalier of the noble house of Ormond.

In the evening, Hepburn and other officers accompanied the King, who approached somewhat too near the town to reconnoitre, for a party sallied forth and fired on them. Lieutenant Munro, of Munro's regiment, was shot in the leg, below his cuisses; and Maximilian Teuffel, baron of Ginersdorf and colonel of the Life Guards, was wounded in the arm. Gustavus, says Munro, made "a great moane for him, alleaging he had no help then but of Hepburne," a body of whose musketeers, led by his major, John Sinclair, repelled the sally, driving in the Imperialists under cover of their cannon; and, after capturing a lieutenant-colonel and captain, made a lodgment on high ground, where, covered by the grey head-stones and grassy wall of an old churchyard, they could securely enfilade and sweep the enemy's works in flank.

Immediately on this being effected, Gustavus called Captain Gunter of Hepburn's regiment.

"Put on a light corslet," said he, "draw your sword, (officers generally carried a half-pike,) take a serjeant and twelve other good fellows with you; wade through

the graff, ascend to the top of yonder wall, and see if men can be commodiously lodged between the outer rampart of the town and the inner stone wall."

While twelve pieces of heavy cannon opened a fire upon the Guben gate, the twelve Scottish soldiers performed this dangerous service, and their captain returned with a favourable report, escaping the shower of bullets that greeted his approach; so, everything being prepared, at five o'clock on the afternoon of Palm Sunday, the 3d April, the King ordered a general assault. Previous to this, Hepburn and other brave cavaliers expressed a wish to throw aside their armour, which was somewhat cumbersome, the suits worn by mounted officers being nearly complete.

"Nay," said Gustavus; "he that loves my service will not hazard his life out of pure gaiety. If my officers are killed, who then shall command my soldiers?"[1]

Ordering all to retain their armour, to have their fascines and scaling-ladders prepared, and, when the gun-batteries fired a grand salvo against the walls, to advance to a general assault, under cover of the smoke, he called to both Sir John Hepburn and Sir James Lumsden of Invergellie by name, and added—

"Now, my valiant Scots, remember your brave countrymen who were slain at New Brandenburg!"[2]

A trumpet sounded.

The whole Swedish artillery poured a general salvo upon the enemy's works, while from every point of their approaches the musketeers poured volley after volley—for platoon-firing was one of the supposed improve-

[1] Harte. [2] Swedish Intelligencer.

ments of the age; and while the Imperial cannon, muskets, pistolettes, and arquebuses-à-croc vomited a cloud of fire and dense white smoke, with bullets of every size—lead, iron, and brass—from the walls, parapets, and palisadoes, from casemate and cavalier, the brave Scottish Brigade with the green banners rushed on with levelled pikes to storm the Guben gate.

Sir John Hepburn and Colonel Lumsden, side by side, led them on. They both bore lighted petards, to burst open the gates. These military engines are of gun-metal, and hold about twenty pounds of powder, the vent of which is secured by a thick piece of plank, which is hung to the gate by an iron hook.

Hepburn and Lumsden resolutely advanced, hung their petards, and retired a pace or two: the engines burst, and blew the strong barrier to a thousand fragments. And now the bullets poured through the gap thick as a hailstorm; for, charged to the muzzle, two pieces of Austrian cannon swept the approach, and made tremendous havoc among the dense ranks of the Scots Brigade, forming absolute lanes through them.

While Munro's regiment crossed the wet ditch, among mud and water which came up to their gorgets, and, boldly planting their ladders, clambered over the sloping bastions, under a murderous fire, storming the palisades at point of sword and push of pike, Gustavus, with the blue and yellow Swedish brigades, all officered by Scottish cavaliers, fell sword in hand upon that quarter which was defended by the gallant Butler with his Irishmen, who made a noble and resolute defence, fighting nearly to the last man around him.

The Green Scots Brigade still pressed desperately to gain the strong Guben gate, "the valorous Hepburne leading on the pikes, and, being advanced within a half-pike's length of the door, was shot above the knee that he was lame of *before*." Finding himself struck—

"Bully Munro," he cried jocularly to his old friend and fellow-student, whose soldiers had so gallantly carried the outer palisades—"bully Munro, I am shot!"

A major advancing to take his place was shot dead, and, with the blood streaming from their wounds, the soldiers were falling fast on every side, till even "the stubborn pikemen" wavered for a moment; upon which Lumsden and Munro, each at the head of his own regiment, having their helmets closed, and half-pikes in their hands, cheered on their men, and, shoulder to shoulder, led the way.

"My hearts!" exclaimed Lumsden, brandishing his weapon—"my brave hearts, let's enter!"

"Forward!" cried Munro; "advance pikes!" and the gate was stormed in a twinkling, the Austrians driven back, their own cannon turned on them, and fired point-blank, blowing their heads and limbs into the air.

Munro, in his narrative, says that by this time excess of pain, and his sight becoming faint, had compelled Hepburn to retire; but another account tells us distinctly that he and Lumsden entered the town together, slaying the Austrians on every hand, and that to every cry of,

"Quarter! quarter!" their soldiers replied—

"New Brandenburg! Remember New Brandenburg!"

One Scottish pikeman slew eighteen Imperialists with

his own hand; and Lumsden's regiment alone captured *nine pair* of colours, which so pleased Gustavus that he told this brave cavalier of Fife to ask whatever he wished that a king could bestow, and he should have it.[1]

Led by Major Sinclair, the fifty of Hepburn's musketeers who were in the churchyard now forced their way into a street of the town, where they were suddenly charged by a regiment of cuirassiers; but, retiring a few paces, they drew up with their backs to a wall, and by a brisk fire compelled the horse to retreat.

Hepburn's brigade pressed on from the Guben gate through one street, which was densely filled with Imperial troops, who contested every foot of the way, while General Sir John Banier scoured another with his brigade. Twice the Imperialists beat a parley; but amid the roar of the musketry, the boom of the cannon from bastion and battery, with the uproar, shouts, and yells in every contested street and house, the beat of the drum was unheard. Still the combat continued, the carnage went on; and still the Scots Brigade advanced in close column of regiments, shoulder to shoulder, like moving castles, the long pikes levelled in front, while the rear ranks of musketeers volleyed in security from behind.

The veteran Imperialists, "hunger and cold beatten souldiers," met them almost foot to foot and hand to hand, with a bravery which, however indomitable, fell far short of the gallant Irish who fought under the same banner. The stern aspect of Tilly's soldiers excited even the admiration of their conquerors; for their armour

[1] Swedish Intelligencer, part i. p. 90.

was rusted red with winter storms, and dinted with sword-cuts and musket-balls; their faces seamed with scars, and bronzed by constant exposure in every kind of weather; but they were forced to give way, and a frightful slaughter ensued.

The savage Dutch also too well remembered New Brandenburg, and butchered all who fell into their hands. At last Walter Butler, on being shot in the arm, and pierced by a halbert, fell; the remnant of his Irishmen gave way, and then resistance ceased on every side. Schomberg, Montecuculi, Teiffenbach, and Herbertstein mounted, and, with a few cuirassiers, fled by a bridge towards Glogau, leaving four colonels, thirty-six junior officers, and three thousand soldiers dead in the streets—fifty colours, and ten baggage-waggons laden with plate; and so precipitate was their retreat that their caissons blocked up the passage to the bridge,—while cannon, tumbrils, chests of powder and ball, piles of dead and dying soldiers, with their ghastly and distorted visages, and battered coats of mail, covered with blood and dust, smoke, mud, and the falling masonry of the ruined houses, made up a medley of horrors, and formed a barricade that obstructed the immediate pursuit of the foe.

Hundreds of Austrians who threw themselves into the Oder were drowned.

Two colonels (Sir John Hepburn and the Baron Teuffel) were the sole officers of rank wounded in the army of Gustavus, who had only three hundred men killed.

Notwithstanding the pain of his wound, which was

the greater in consequence of being in the vicinity of an old scar, immediately on getting it dressed Hepburn resumed his post at the head of the Green Brigade. Through the irregularity of the troops several houses now took fire, on which Gustavus ordered the drums to beat, and commanded all soldiers to repair to their several colours on the other side of the Oder; while Sir John Hepburn, with his regiment, took possession of the captured town, and posted his guards, with orders to take charge of the works.

Next day, Major-General Leslie was appointed governor, with a strong garrison; and he immediately set about the repair of the ruined walls, under the cannon of which the dead were buried, friend and foe being laid side by side, a hundred in every grave.[1]

[1] Munro, &c.

CHAPTER XI.

LANDSBERG

THOUGH still suffering from his wound, Hepburn was ordered to prepare for another arduous duty—the reinforcing of Marshal Horne, who with a strong column of cavalry had blocked up Landsberg, a town on the eastern bank of the Oder, where colonel the Count Gratz commanded five thousand Imperial infantry, and twelve troops of horse.

Leaving Major-General Leslie at Frankfort, and Sir John Banier to command the army, Gustavus selected three thousand two hundred musketeers, eight hundred of Dewbattel's horse, and twelve pieces of cannon, to be commanded by a famous artillerist, Colonel Leonard Tortensohn.

Hepburn was so weak that he could scarcely sit on his horse, and was compelled to ride slowly; but he paraded and inspected these troops at grey daybreak on the 5th of April, and saw that they were well furnished with ammunition and matches, pickaxes, shovels, sledge-hammers, and scaling-ladders. He chose Lieutenant-Colonel Munro as his second; and having reported to the King that all were in fighting order, on procuring as

guide a blacksmith who had formerly resided in Landsberg, the command was given to "march."

After traversing a long and wearying route of more than forty miles in two days, they halted before Landsberg, having repelled on the march an attack of the bold and hardy Croats. These irregular troops were usually ordered on every desperate service, as their mode of fighting resembled that of the ferocious Pandours. They wore short doublets, and corslets of steel, long white breeches, and fur caps; their arms were long matchlocks with rifled barrels, sabres and poniards—plunder was their only pay, and sole incentive to war.

Leading on the advanced guard, Hepburn routed them and slew their colonel. They retreated towards Landsberg hallooing in a wild mob, keeping up an incessant fire, and breaking down or blowing up all the bridges,—a measure which retarded the march of the troops and the transmission of their cannon.

Landsberg, situated on the Warta, had long been famous for the manufacture of iron culverins, and Gustavus had twice failed in his attempts to take it. Three years had been spent by the Imperial engineers in fortifying it, and all the peasantry, for ten miles around, had been forced into their service as pioneers and sappers. To Gustavus it had long been a barrier, as it secured Pomerania, overawed the Mark, and formed the key to Silesia.

Sir John Hepburn took up a position on one side of the town with his column of musketeers, while Marshal Horne had already occupied the other with his troopers.

A strong sconce, or redoubt, fortified with cannon, and having a graff or wet ditch, (through which ran a rapid stream,) lay in front of the town, barring the principal approach; and before this Lieutenant-colonel Munro ran his parallels, and got his troops intrenched, with the loss of six men only.

By daybreak next morning this active cavalier had the twelve pieces of cannon mounted on a high platform, from which they battered the sconce; but so thick was the bank, and so solid its face of masonry, that Gustavus (who had passed the night at a neighbouring village) was again compelled to have recourse to the blacksmith, who offered to point out a private entrance if a floating bridge was constructed to cross the water, which then covered all a deep morass that defended the town, and flanked the sconce or redoubt in front of it.

Lieutenant-Colonels Munro and Dewbattel (the former with two hundred and fifty pikemen, the latter with two hundred and fifty dragoons) at nightfall crossed this dangerous place by a hastily-constructed floating bridge, which formed an uncertain and unsteady path, that sunk and rose alternately among the turgid water of the starlit swamp; and the heavier ranks of the mail-clad horsemen made it surge and sink among the mud and water, more deeply than the measured tread of the Scottish pikemen; but under the blacksmith's guidance, without losing a man, the first column reached the skirts of the town in safety. Hepburn followed with the second, which consisted of a thousand select musketeers, as the King depended most on him.

All was still and silent in the dark streets of the town,

which bordered close on the swamp; but the gleam of arms, and the moving of a gloomy column of troops, was soon visible by the dim starlight; and Munro with his pikemen fell briskly on them. They proved to be three hundred Imperialists, about to make a sally under the young Colonel Gratz, son of the governor.

A short but desperate conflict ensued. Munro cut off the Austrians, and killed their leader, losing only thirty of his own men, who fell by the first fire. Hurrying on, when he heard the din of this contest, and saw the flashing of the musketry that reddened the darkened thoroughfares, Hepburn marched between the town and the redoubt, which he thus assailed in rear, and stormed in three minutes, making all within it prisoners. These, with their officers, in the true Germanic mercenary spirit, immediately offered to take service under Sweden,—an offer which Hepburn accepted in the name of Gustavus.

His sudden capture of the sconce on one side, with the approaches of Marshal Horne on the other, compelled the old Count of Gratz to send a drummer to Munro to beg for terms. His eyes were bound up with a scarf, and he was conducted to Gustavus, who required an immediate capitulation of the town; at the same time he thanked Munro and Dewbattel for their good service, "with large promises of reward; and to Colonel Hepburn also, for taking in of the Skonce."[1]

At eight o'clock next morning the Count of Gratz, leaving his gallant son lying shot in the streets behind him, at the head of his soldiers, marched out with the honours of war, having all their baggage with them, and

[1] Life of Gustavus. Munro, &c.

four field-pieces, with four balls and charges of powder for each. They crossed the Warta with all their drums beating and colours displayed, (the white standard with the black Austrian eagle,) on their march to Great Glogau, in Silesia; and such was the state of morality among the Imperialists, that with this small garrison there came forth no less than two thousand female camp-followers. "Thus," saith the *Swedish Intelligencer*, "was a goodly towne and a strong most basely given vpe by a company of cullions."

Next day (Sunday) Sir John Hepburn and all the officers had a jovial meeting in one of the best houses in Landsberg, of which they made the blacksmith burgomaster, with a largesse of two hundred ducats.

Leaving a garrison there, the detachments on the 18th April commenced their march back to Frankfort, and rejoined their main body under General Banier; and on the 29th the whole Swedish army marched for Berlin. A brief halt was made at Panco, a hunting-house of the Duke of Brandenburg, to induce him to join the Swedes. Three days were given him to consider; but persuasion proved unavailing, although he had put Gustavus in possession of Spandau, a strong square citadel, having four ramparts forty feet high, overlooking the confluence of the Havel and the Spree, with one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon, and having an arsenal for arming twenty thousand horse and foot.

Sir John Hepburn's brigade formed part of the force that invested Berlin, which, even then, was one of the most beautiful of the German cities, and possessed a stately palace, with the old castle of Joachim II., who

was poisoned there by a Jew in 1572. Alarmed by this hostile movement of Gustavus, the duke, George-William, sent his duchess to entreat forbearance; but the Swedish monarch was inexorable, and the forces of Brandenburg were forced to join his banner. This prince was a zealous Protestant, and in an assembly held at Leipzig endeavoured to effect a union between the Lutherans and Calvinists,—a proposal which the jealousies of the clergy rendered vain.[1]

In July, Hepburn was ordered with his brigade to Old Brandenburg, thirty-four miles west from Berlin; and after an easy march of three days, halting by night in the villages, he arrived there without molestation, and remained until quite cured of his wound. At that ancient city of the Prussian States, which is situated in the fertile Middle Mark, and is divided by the waters of the Havel, Gustavus had ordered a general rendezvous of his army, calling in all detachments and outposts, previous to those operations against the great Austrian general which ended in the decisive field of Leipzig.

Owing to the swampy state of the morasses amidst which the city stood, (the houses being built on piles set in the water, which at certain seasons found its way within the walls, and flowed like a river through the damp and slimy streets,) a deadly pestilence had broken out, and the inhabitants were dying by hundreds. A thick vapour, exhaled from the marshes of the Havel, had settled over the gloomy city and all the country around it; but above this pestilential fog, the spire of

[1] Atlas Historique, &c.

the old cathedral church stood forth, a landmark to the marching troops as they approached it by the Berlin road.

Hepburn encamped the brigade in the open fields, beyond the influence of the malaria and its scourge; but on being ordered to work as pioneers at the fortifications, the pest immediately began to thin the ranks of his three regiments. Thirty of Munro's musketeers died in one week, with Robert Munro, a *Fourrier de Campement*,[1] and Sergeant Robert Munro, son of the Laird of Culcraig—for many gentlemen of good family "trailed a pike" in the ranks of Hepburn until commissions became vacant.

About this time one of those volunteers was ignominiously hanged at Stettin, the capital of Pomerania, for having, contrary to the rules of war, beaten an insolent boor on whom he was billeted. He had been "well bred by his parents at home," and had also studied in France. He had served with distinction under the King of Denmark, especially at the siege of Stralsund, where he received a wound in the left arm, of which he never fully recovered the use. His youth and bravery brought the fair Duchess of Pomerania, and many noble ladies, to plead for his life: but they sued in vain; and the poor Scottish pikeman was hanged, "because the governor, being a churlish Swede, would not remit the satisfaction due to his Majesty."[2]

[1] Quartermaster-sergeant. [2] Munro.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MARQUIS OF HAMILTON'S TROOPS

FROM a district where the soldiers had nothing but a scanty allowance of black beer to rectify the mal-influence of the frowsy fogs by which they were surrounded, in the middle of July, the army marched towards Rateno, which the Imperialists abandoned at their approach, crossing the Elbe by a pontoon bridge. Wolmerstadt and Werben were captured by two columns of Swedish cavalry; while the Laird of Foulis, with his regiment, stormed and plundered the castle of Blae; and General Banier took Havelburg, putting to the sword a small garrison which had been left there by Pappenheim. The latter was an Imperial general, not less remarkable for talents than for courage; and he is said to have carried on his person the marks of no fewer than a *hundred* wounds.[1]

During the advance into this fertile and sunny district, which, as it abounded in fruit and richly-cultivated lands, was named of old the Galilee of Germany, Hepburn was engaged in numerous sharp skirmishes, outfalls, and other duties, till his brigade halted for a time

[1] Scots Magazine, 1804.

on the banks of the noble Elbe, where an intrenched camp was formed in the vicinity of Werben.

This town, which Henry the Fowler built on the ruins of the Castellum Vari of the ancients, is situated on the confluence of the Havel with the broader waters of the Elbe; and Gustavus, conceiving that it might be made one of the strongest fortresses in Germany, ordered a castle to be built, which still overlooks the town.[1]

Here he resolved to watch the motions of Count Tilly, who, taking advantage of the delay caused by the negotiations with the Electoral Duke of Brandenburg, had invested Magdeburg, a strong and rich city that crowns a rising ground on the left bank of the Elbe, having a magnificent tower attached to the Domkirche, and other stately buildings. Though defended by a brave garrison, and strengthened by powerful batteries, deep ditches, a river and marshes, it was stormed, plundered, and burnt. The savage Walloons, and still more savage Croats, put all to the sword, without mercy, and without regard to sex or age, committing atrocities which were never paralleled since that event, or the fall of Ismail and Warsaw in later times. The cruelties and horrors of that day are incalculable; and of all the thousands who dwelt in that rich and prosperous city, four hundred alone escaped.[2]

Gustavus published a manifesto, declaring that the irresolution of the German people had alone prevented him from succouring that unfortunate town, the terrible fate of which drove the Protestants to despair.

The fortified camp at Werben was more than once

[1] Atlas Geographus. [2] History of Sweden, 1702.

assailed by the Imperialists, but without success. The Swedish army was intrenched on a beautiful green plain, past which the Elbe was flowing. Its broad blue waters washed the breastworks or earthen dykes on one side, while a deep ditch strengthened those on the other. A pontoon bridge afforded a ready retreat, while the garrisons left in the castles on the Havel, at Perleburg, and Rateno, covered the rear. Hepburn's brigade worked in succession with others at forming the strong ramparts of earth, which they faced with stone, and mounted with one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. The King's tent stood within a large central area, defended by a parapet and ditch; the tents of Hepburn and other leaders were within the same secure enclosure. The strength of this fortified camp rendered futile every assault of the Imperialists, and they were frequently repulsed with great loss.

During these operations the young Queen of Sweden, Maria Eleonora, (daughter of the late Electoral Duke of Brandenburg,) brought a reinforcement of eight thousand men; and, soon after, the long-expected six thousand two hundred arrived under the command of the Marquis of Hamilton, K.G., a gallant noble of high cavalier spirit, master of the horse to Charles I., and raised agreeably to a treaty between himself and Gustavus, but sanctioned, of course, by King Charles.

This treaty had been conducted by Sir Alexander Hamilton, (fifth son of Sir Thomas of Priestfield, and brother of the Earl of Haddington,) and an officer named David Ramsay, who concluded with Gustavus an agreement that four thousand Swedes should meet the mar-

quis on his landing, and conduct him to the Swedish camp.

These troops would have arrived sooner in Sweden, had not a groundless charge been preferred against the marquis, by James Stewart, lord Ochiltree, who accused him of making these levies to enforce a claim to the Scottish crown. A trial proved the accusation to be utterly groundless; and the Lord Ochiltree was committed to Blackness, where he remained twenty years, until relieved from captivity by Cromwell.[1]

The Scots sailed from Leith to Yarmouth Roads, and joined the English: the united fleets made forty sail in all.[2] The marquis lost only two men on his voyage; and touching at Oresund, after a fourteen days' voyage, landed on the 3d August at Wolgast, one of the best harbours in Pomerania, defended by a castle which the Swedes had taken in 1630. Gustavus had appointed Bremen on the Weser as Hamilton's landing-place, and ordered Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie to negotiate with the archbishop of that city about supplying the new Scottish auxiliaries with provisions, especially bread and beer, of which he had amassed great stores from the country about Bremen and Hamburg; but the marquis, instead of arriving there, by some mistake in the diplomacy, disembarked at Wolgast.

His troops were nearly all Scots, as the few English who followed his banner had perished on the march from Wolgast to Werben, by too freely (says the historian of Gustavus) "eating German bread, which is heavier, darker coloured, and sourer than that of their own

[1] Douglas Peerage. [2] Memoires of Dukes of Hamilton, folio.

country: they suffered, too, by an inordinate fondness for new honey, of which they found great abundance in those parts; nor did the German beer agree with their constitutions." There were four regiments, consisting each of ten companies, and in every company were one hundred and fifty pikes and musketeers; they had several pieces of cannon, under Sir Alexander Hamilton (already mentioned,) who was the marquis's general of artillery.[1]

They were all completely armed; and the brightness of their untarnished and undinted mail, fresh and glittering from the hands of the cutler and armourer, formed a strong contrast to the war-rusted harness of their Scottish comrades, who had been serving Gustavus for years. In the magnificence of his table, his equipage, and liveries, their leader rivalled the princes of the Empire, and outshone the Swedish monarch. Forty gentlemen followed him as pages and volunteers; while two hundred chosen Scottish yeomen, splendidly mounted and armed, and sheathed in the brightest steel, attended him as a body-guard. He was received with the greatest respect in the camp at Werben, where Gustavus made many apologies for the poor quarters he could afford him; and on the day after his arrival, they walked together round the trenches and inspected the works.

On being ordered by Gustavus to guard the passages of the Oder, and so cover the rear of his army in case of a retreat, the marquis marched with all his troops to Stettin, and afterwards into the rich and fertile duchy of Silesia, where Marshal Horne lay. He compelled the Imperialists to raise the siege of the ducal city of Cros-

[1] Memoirs of the House of Hamilton, quarto.

sen, on the Oder, and retire with the loss of their cannon and baggage; and he stormed Guben, a small but well-fortified town in Lower Lusatia, where, in the heat of the assault, his Scots put most of the Austrians to the sword, taking only two hundred prisoners.[1]

The report of his arrival, and the fame of the Scottish valour, says Dr Burnet, struck a terror into the troops of the Empire, compelled the Saxon Elector to league with Sweden, encouraged the Protestants of Germany, and obliged Count Tilly to weaken his army by reinforcing every garrison in the route of these new auxiliaries, whose landing was said to be one great cause of the Protestant victory at Leipzig.[2]

The gallant marquis and his Scots still continued to press up the Oder; and though many perished of the fevers incident to marshy districts, Glogau would next have been won by their valour, had not the great Gustavus been somewhat jealous of this rapid and astonishing success, and, in consequence, recalled Hamilton, giving him to understand, briefly, that the Saxon Elector had undertaken to complete the conquests he had nearly made. Indignant and elated, the marquis was half disposed to retain Silesia in defiance of both Gustavus and his army; but as pestilence, famine, and fatigue were thinning fast his ranks, he marched to Magdeburg at the head of three thousand five hundred men, various casualties having deprived him of two thousand seven hundred men. There he assisted Sir John Banier in blockading Count Tilly's garrison; and there they quarrelled about giving battle to Pappenheim, whom the fiery marquis

[1] Puffendorf. [2] Burnet's Memoirs, folio.

proposed to engage, but whom the more wary Banier declined at that time to encounter. By the month of April 1632, those troops, which the spirited noble had levied at so much labour and expense, dwindled down to two small regiments, commanded by Colonels Sir Alexander Hamilton and Sir William Bellenden of Auchinoule, (afterwards created Lord Bellenden of Broughton, a small village near Edinburgh;) and after these were incorporated with the troops of Bernard, duke of Saxe-Weimar, the marquis followed the staff of Gustavus as a simple volunteer.[1]

Persecuted by the Catholic League on one hand, encouraged by the landing of Hamilton (as has been stated) on the other, the Elector of Saxony and the Landgrave of Hesse joined Gustavus, who, on the 15th August 1631, broke up from his fortified camp, and made every preparation for taking the field with strength and success against the Count Tilly, who had invaded Saxony and captured several towns, among which was Leipzig; and there that wary *old corporal*, as the Scottish and Swedish cavaliers named him, had concentrated all those forces that were not required to oppose the Marquis of Hamilton by strengthening the garrisons on the Oder.

Leaving Sir John Hepburn to command a body of infantry at Werben for a short time, in conjunction with a column of Reiters under Lieutenant-General Bauditzen, Gustavus marched with his main body towards the important pass of Wittenberg. On the route he recalled the Laird of Foulis, with his regiment, from the castle of Havelberg, and a new company of Scottish recruits from

[1] Burnet, Harte, &c.

Stettin, "with whom did come from Scotland Robert Munro, Kilternie's sonne, out of love to see his friends."[1]

There, at Wittenberg in Saxony, the young Highlander died in camp of a marsh fever, and was honourably interred by his clansmen under the walls of that church in which Luther first preached those doctrines for which they drew their swords.

[1] Munro his Expedition.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SCOTS BRIGADES AT THE GREAT BATTLE OF LEIPZIG, 1631

THE united armies of Sweden and Saxony now marched together against the invaders of the latter—a movement which brought on what was called *the great* battle of Leipzig, in which the Scottish troops bore a part so conspicuous, and where Sir John Hepburn (who came up with his brigade before the action began) behaved himself so gallantly, "that unto him, in so far as praise is due to man, was attributed the honour of the day."[1]

The army of Gustavus was thirty thousand strong; that of Tilly forty-four thousand. The ground around Leipzig is described in an old topographical work as being at that time "a pleasant and fruitful plain, abounding with all necessaries and pleasures, constantly mowed twice, and sometimes thrice a-year, besides having pleasant woods, and many fine orchards, with all sorts of fruit."

On this plain, which is both dull and monotonous, surrounded, as it is, by a country without a single eminence to relieve the tameness of its level horizon,

[1] Sir T. Urquhart's Works; but we have better authority in the sequel than this old cavalier writer, for the assertion he makes.

Gustavus halted within one mile of the Austrian camp, on the evening of the 6th September.

When the out-guards (now called picquets) were posted, the whole army bivouacked for the night on the bare ground, in their armour, with their swords, muskets, and haversacks for pillows. The King occupied his travelling-coach, and around it were Sir John Hepburn, Marshal Horne, Sir John Banier, Baron Teuffel of the Guards, and other cavaliers, who, sheathed in their complete mail, notwithstanding the fatigue of their recent march, remained near him, and with them he conversed at intervals on the chances of the coming strife.

Around them were thousands taking their last mortal sleep, for their next would be that one "which knows no waking."

A haze covered the vast plain, which extends even to Misnia; and though there are hollows here and there, throughout the whole expanse not the semblance of a mountain can be distinguished even in the clearest day; but the line of red fires which marked Tilly's position in front of Leipzig were distinctly visible at midnight, dotting the slope of a gentle eminence south-west of Podelwitz, and extending nearly two miles from flank to flank.

In that somewhat apocryphal work, the *Memoirs of a Cavalier*,[1] a long conversation is introduced, as having taken place between the hero and Sir John Hepburn, prior to the encounter at Leipzig. The meeting took place in the tent of a Captain Gordon, when Hepburn is said kindly to have placed his horses, servants, and equipage at the disposal of this English volunteer, with

[1] Old edition.

whose father he had been intimate. The conversation, which is related to have taken place over such a supper as could be cooked at a camp fire, is somewhat curious.

"I told him," says the cavalier, "his care of me was so obliging, that I knew not what return to make him; but if he pleased to leave me my choice, I desired no greater favour than to trail a pike under his command in the ensuing battle."

"I could never answer for it to your father," said Hepburn, "if I thus suffered you to expose yourself so far."

"My father will certainly acknowledge your friendship," replied the English volunteer; "and I am sure that he would ride five hundred miles to be present in such a battle, under such a leader; but could never be told that his son had ridden fifty to be *out* of it."

"I approve of your courage," said Hepburn; "but remember no man gets credit by running upon needless adventures, nor loses any by shunning hazards which he hath no order to encounter. 'Tis enough for a gentleman to behave well when he is commanded upon service; I have had fighting enough upon these points of honour, and never got aught for them but reproofs from Gustavus."

"Sir John, if a man expects to rise by valour, he must show it somewhere; and if I am to have a command in an army, I would first endeavour to deserve it. I shall never have a better schoolmaster than *yourself*, or a better school than such an army as this."

"Well," continued Hepburn, "I must tell you beforehand that this will be a bloody encounter. Tilly has a

strong army of old lads, who are used to boxing—fellows with faces of iron; and 'tis a little too much to engage so hotly at one's first entrance into the wars. We never put our new soldiers into pitched battles for the first campaign, but place them in garrisons, and there first try them in skirmishes."

"Sir," replied the volunteer, "I mean not to make a trade of war, and therefore need not serve an apprenticeship to it. 'Tis a hard battle where none escape. If I come out safe I shall not disgrace you; and if not, 'twill be some satisfaction for my father at home to hear that his son died fighting under the command of *Sir John Hepburn*, in the army of the great king of Sweden. I desire no better epitaph on my tomb."

In this remarkable work (which, though erroneous in many parts, Harte, in his Life of Gustavus, considers veritable) everything is related with an air of candour and truth which is very perplexing, and almost impossible to mistake for genuine. Now it is generally ascribed to Defoe.

Day broke, and the white mist was rising like a gauzy curtain from the mighty plain of Leipzig or Breitenfeldt, on the morning of Wednesday, the memorable 7th of September 1631, when, after prayers had been said in front of every regiment, the whole forces of Gustavus moved in good order towards the imperialists, on whose long lines of burnished arms the rising sun was shining. The immediate arena of the strife was called *God's Acre*, and was the same ground on which the Emperor Charles V. overthrew the Elector of Saxony. The occasional re-lighting of gun-matches, opening of pouches,

and springing of ramrods, gave stern token of what was about to ensue.

The Scottish brigades covered both the advance and rear of the so-called Swedish army.

In the van were the Scottish regiments of Sir James Ramsay the Black, the laird of Foulis, and Sir John Hamilton, who no sooner crossed a small rivulet called the Lober, which ran through a hollow, than they found themselves close upon the enemy.

Sir John Hepburn's green Scotch brigade formed part of the reserve, a post always occupied by the best troops of every army, as on their decision and valour the victory so frequently depends. As senior colonel, Hepburn commanded this column, which consisted of three brigades; his own regiment carried four colours into the field that day.[1]

Field-Marshal Horne, General Banier, and Lieutenant-General Bauditzen commanded the cavalry; the King and Baron Teuffel, of Ginersdorf and Weyersburg, led the main body of infantry.

Godt mit vs! was the war-cry of the Swedes, a motto borne on all their standards, which were fluttering in the strong west wind as they advanced.

Sancta Maria! was the watch-word of the Imperialists, whose helmets were decorated by knots of white ribbands.

As the Swedish troops took up their ground, a great flock of birds, which rose suddenly from among the long grass and furrows of the fields, and flew towards Tilly's lines, was viewed by each army as an omen of victory. The Swedes occupied the right, and the Saxons the left

[1] Mercure François.

of the line, which advanced, as usual, with muskets carried, matches lighted, drums beating, trumpets sounding, pikes and colours advanced, and every cavalier and soldier wearing a branch of laurel in his helmet.

Tilly's troops were drawn up in close columns, according to the ancient mode; one flank rested on Sohausen, the other on Lindenthal, two miles distant. He commanded the centre himself, Count Furstenberg the right wing, and Count Pappenheim the left. His Walloon infantry were all intrenched behind a rampart flanked by two batteries, mounting each twenty pieces of heavy cannon; one commanded the Swedish approach in a direct line; the other enfiladed the Saxons. In his rear lay a thick wood of dark autumnal trees, where he proposed to rally in case of a defeat.[1] The Imperial cuirassiers, led by the Count de Furstenberg, were sheathed in complete suits of armour, under which they wore coats of buff and leather. Among them were the gaudy Italian cavalry and Cronenberg's horse, the flower of the empire, bearing on their standards the Austrian eagle and Burgundian cross. These horse occupied the wings, the infantry the centre. The regiment of Renconi was on the extreme left of Tilly; a heavily mailed regiment of reformadoes occupied the extreme right.

Here Gustavus introduced, with good effect, that now exploded order of battle, which he had practised since the Polish war, by chequering his horse and foot in alternate brigades: thus, in an old plan of the field of Leipzig, we find that five hundred horse of the King's own regiment were drawn up between the Scottish

[1] Harte, &c.

corps of Ramsay and Munro; and two thousand three hundred horse of the Rhinegrave, Courland, and Livonia between the brigades of Sir John Hepburn, Halle, Thurn, and others.

In front of each brigade of his reserve, Hepburn posted twelve pieces of cannon: there were four on the right flank of each regiment, and immediately behind the colours.

Old John of Tsercla had a high opinion of the talents of Gustavus.

"The king of Sweden," said he to the Diet at Ratisbon, "is alike brave and prudent; his plans are excellent, his resources admirable; his army, inured to war, is enthusiastically attached to him; and though composed of Swedes and Germans, Scots and Livonians, is blended into one great nation, by devoted obedience to their leader."[1]

Gustavus on this day was plainly attired, having a doublet of gray cloth under his corslet; he wore a long green plume in his beaver, and rode a spirited charger.

The vanguard of Scots, under Sir James Ramsay, the *black Colonel*, had no sooner crossed the Lober, than they were furiously charged by a body of cuirassiers under Pappenheim, whom they repelled by dint of pike and musket, and compelled to fall back on their main body, previous to which they spitefully burned the small village of Podelwitz.[2]

After a destructive cannonade of two hours and a half, during which, says the author of the *Expedition*, "our battailes of horse and foote stood firme, like a wall, the

[1] Schiller's Historical Works.

[2] Schiller's Thirty Years' War; and see Life of Wallenstein.

cannon making great breaches amongst us," a long line of steel was seen to glitter amid the white smoke, and a strong column of Imperial Reiters, with banners uplifted, swords brandished, and helmets closed, poured like lightning into the field, and, among clouds of chalky dust, which the galloping hoofs set in motion, and a high wind rolled along the plain from west to east, fell with the weight of a mountain upon the Swedish and Finland cavalry, who unshaken received the shock, and steadily repelled it. Again the Reiters charged, and again they were repulsed.

Though nearly blinded by the smoke and dust, which entered the openings of their helmets, they next poured all their fury upon the Saxons, (the Swedish left,) and, after a hard contest, drove them pell-mell across the plain, their cowardly Elector being the first to quit the field, from which he rode ten miles without drawing bridle. Five colonels, three lieutenant-colonels, and many other Saxon officers were slain; for the lofty plumage in their helmets made them conspicuous marks to the long swords of the elated Imperialists, who hewed them down on every side, until the roll of Hepburn's drums, and the deadly fire of his Scottish ranks, arrested their triumphant career, and stopped their cries of

"Victoria!—Victoria! Follow—follow!"

"Halt!" cried their leader, perceiving that the Saxons were too far off, and the Scottish regiments were fast approaching; "let us beat these curs, and then all Germany is our own!"[1]

[1] Swedish Discipline, &c.

Observing that the Saxons were lost, and that Count Tilly in person was preparing to charge the Swedes and Livonians at the head of his main body, Gustavus had selected two thousand musketeers of "the brave Scots nation," says the old account of Leipzig, (published soon after,) and placed two thousand horse on their flanks. "The Scottish officers formed their men into divisions of six or seven hundred each," with their three front ranks kneeling, and the three rear standing upright, but all giving fire together, and pouring so much lead among these formidable Reiters, that their ranks were broken, and, by a charge of the Swedish horsemen, they were completely routed.[1]

The flight of the Saxons having exposed his left flank, Gustavus sent Baron Teuffel, colonel of the Foot Guards, to see how matters stood there; for the smoke and dust were so dense, that he could discern nothing at his post in the centre. But the baron, as he dashed at full gallop across the corpse-strewn plain, was shot dead by a random bullet, that pierced his mail of proof like a gossamer web. Greeted with cries of *vivat!* from the soldiers, Gustavus rode with all speed along the line, to seek succour from Hepburn, whom he commanded to advance.

The latter immediately ordered the brigades of horse on his right and left flanks to "wheel—form column of squadrons—and advance to the charge!" while his own brigade, and half of Vitzdam's corps, marched, as fast as their cumbrous buff and iron trappings would permit, from the rear of the centre to that left flank which the Saxons had so shamefully abandoned; but before this oblique

[1] Swedish Intelligencer.

movement was executed, the Imperialists, led by the savage John of Tsercla, (rendered prominent by his conical hat and red feather,) were arrived within pistol-shot.

The din of the volleying musketry between the adverse lines was now tremendous, and drowned the lesser roar of calivers and pistolettes, while the deep hoarse boom of the Swedish carthouns replied to the culverins, falcons, and serpents of the Imperialists, which made terrible gaps in the close ranks as they swept from right to left. "Here it was that the Scottish regiments first practised firing in platoons," says Harte; "which amazed the Imperialists to such a degree, that they hardly knew how to conduct themselves." [1]

In full armour, with laurel in his helmet, sword in hand, and conspicuous on his richly caparisoned horse, Sir John Hepburn, who outshone all the army in the splendour of his military trappings, led on his Scots brigade; and *then* came the bloodiest encounter of that well-fought field.

His Scots advanced in dense columns, with the pikemen in front, while behind were three ranks stooping and three erect, giving thus *six* volleys at once from the faces of their squares, and pouring in their shot over each other's helmets like a hail-storm, mowing down the shrinking enemy even as grass is mown by the scythe; and so they swept on, until so close to the Austrians that the very colour of their eyes was visible, when Hepburn gave the order,—"*Forward pikes!*"

In a moment the old Scottish weapon was levelled to the charge, the musketeers clubbed their muskets, and,

[1] Life of Gustavus.

with a loud cheer, the regiments of Hepburn, Lumsden, and Lord Reay, each led by its colonel, burst through the columns of Tilly, driving them back in irredeemable confusion, and with frightful slaughter.

The brave Highlanders of Lord Reay formed the leading column of the Green Brigade, and had the honour of *first* breaking the Austrian ranks.[1] They were a thousand strong, composed of that noble's own immediate clansmen; and the Imperialists regarded them with terror, calling them *the invincible old Regiment*, and the right hand of Gustavus Adolphus.

Led by Munro, the right wing of the brigade carried the trenches of the Walloon infantry, stormed the breastworks at push of pike, and captured the cannon, cutting to pieces the gunners, and exterminating their guards. The slaughter would have been greater, and scarcely a man of those columns assailed by Hepburn would have escaped, but the ground where they fought being dry and parched, and having been recently ploughed, the dust raised from it by the stormy west wind mingled with the smoke of the contest, and favoured the tumultuous retreat of the enemy. "We were as in a dark cloud," says Munro graphically, "not seeing half our actions, much less discerning either the way of our enemies or the rest of our brigades; whereupon, having a drummer by me, I caused him beat *The Scots March* till it cleared up, which recollected our friends unto us."[2]

This old national air, which was the terror of the Spaniards in Holland, and of the Austrians in Germany —so much so, that it was frequently beaten by the drums

[1] Swedish Intelligencer. [2] Expedition.

of the Dutch at night when they wished to keep their quarters unmolested, was first composed for the ancient guard of James V., when marching to attack the castle of Tantallon in 1527.[1]

When Hepburn with his single brigade was advancing against the main body of Tilly, Gustavus had ordered the Blue Brigade to succour him; but ere its arrival his men were victorious, and the Imperialists were in full flight, pursued by the Swedish dragoons. In every part of the field success attended the banners of Gustavus; but he lost his baggage, which was plundered by the cowardly Saxons in their flight.

In this great battle the Scots won the greatest honour, particularly that brigade led by Hepburn. So spirited was the resistance, that some regiments charged fifteen times; and to their bold advance and headlong valour Gustavus ascribed the fortune of the day. The Green Brigade was publicly thanked in front of the whole army, and promised noble rewards, as we are told by Colonel Munro, who modestly adds—

"The battaile thus happily wonne, his Majesty did principally under God ascribe the glory of the (first) victory to the Swedes and Fynnes horsemen, who were led by the valorous Fieldt-Marshall Gustavus Horne; for though the Dutch horsemen did behave themselves valourously divers times that day, yet it was not their fortune to put the enemy to flight; and though there were brave brigadds of Sweds and Dutch in the field, yet it was the Scots brigads' fortune to have gotten the praise for the foote service, and not without cause, having behaved

[1] Grose's Antiquities.

themselves well, being led and conducted by an expert cavalier and fortunat—the valiant Hepburne."

Colonel Lumsden was wounded early in the action; three colonels of horse, four lieutenant-colonels, a number of rittmasters, captains and subalterns, with three hundred soldiers, were slain; but Tilly lost the gallant Lerma, his aide-de-camp, Marshal Count Furstenberg, the Duke of Holstein, Sergeant-Major Count Schomberg, the Marquis de Gonzaga, and seven thousand soldiers, (the Intelligencer states fifteen thousand,) dead on the field, which presented a terrible spectacle when Hepburn's brigade advanced over it; for the corpses lay in some places piled over each other chin deep,—an appalling rampart, mingled with rent and bloody armour, torn standards, dismounted cannon, broken drums, dying horses, and all the frightful debris of a desperate conflict.

Besides all the tents and camp equipage, sixty waggons and thirty-two pieces of cannon (fourteen great carthouns, and eighteen eight and ten pounders) were taken —the latter by Munro, with Hepburn's right wing. The venerable Tilly, severely wounded, continued his flight with a few regiments, which, favoured by the dust, the smoke, and the descending night, escaped. The Swedish troops occupied the Imperial tents, and made more than merry with the good Rhenish wine and Flemish beer which they found in the stores of the Sutlers and Fourriers. The Scots made great bonfires of the broken waggons and tumbrils, the shattered stockades and pikes, which strewed the field; and the red glow of these, as they blazed on the plains of Leipzig, glaring on the glistening mail and upturned faces of the

dead, were visible to the retreating Imperialists as they marched towards the Weser.

No valour ever surpassed that of the gallant old Tilly. Pierced by three bullets, once taken prisoner, and only rescued after a desperate conflict, and doing all that mortal courage could achieve, the soldier-priest burst into a passion of tears on beholding the slaughter of his soldiers, and finding that the field, after a five hours' struggle, was lost by the advance of Hepburn. Cronenberg and six hundred Walloon cavalry threw themselves around him, and bore him off.

Instead of encamping, had Gustavus pushed on at the head of his victorious army, and driven the discomfited Tilly to the gates of Vienna, the most important results must have ensued; and he could have dictated his own terms to an Emperor who both feared and dispised him; for the result of Leipzig struck a terror on the Catholic league, and opened up an avenue to the very heart of the Empire; but the occasion was lost; and though, like Hannibal, Gustavus knew how to conquer, he knew not how to use his conquest in this instance.

Such was the great battle of Leipzig, the most important field of the fifty years before. A hundred standards were taken; but every company of foot usually bore one in those days, which accounts for the vast number that were displayed in the *Riddarholm Kirche* at Stockholm, where, until 1839, five thousand banners were hung as the trophies of the German wars.[1]

Colonels Lumsden, Mostyn, and Munro, Majors Monipenny and Sinclair, with many other cavaliers of merit,

[1] Bremner's Norway and Denmark.

were promoted and rewarded for their bravery in that day's victory, which Gustavus had won " with the helpe of the nation that *never was conquered by a forraine enemy*—the invincible Scots." [1]

As the gloom of the autumnal night deepened on the plain, the distant reports from the petronels and pistolettes of the pursuing dragoons, which had succeeded the roar of the battle, died away; but the alarm bells of the surrounding villages tolled incessantly, the whole peasantry were astir, and as instant death betided the Austrian soldier who fell into their hands, nearly all the wounded and the weary perished.

[1] Expedition.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRIENDSHIP OF HEPBURN AND MUNRO

THE night was passed upon that sanguinary field, and with daybreak the soldiers began to search for their comrades among the dead and dying, who lay in every furrow of the ploughed land, among the green sedges of the Lober, the hedges and the highways. Those whose wounds required immediate care were borne to the nearest villages, where the surgeons, with which the regiments of Sweden (unlike those of the Empire) were well furnished, attended to their cure. The dead were interred by twenties in gigantic graves; and by nine o'clock the working parties were called in, and the whole army was mustered in "Battaglia," the soldiers of each regiment being called by the muster-roll around the colours.

Prayers were returned for the victory, after which the king expressed his thanks to several regiments for their valour on the preceding day, and particularly to the Scottish brigade of Hepburn.

From this victorious field, the army, in hope of fresh conquests, marched towards Leipzig, where Gustavus invested the garrison with a column of horse; and pushing on towards Halle, three days after captured the

castle of Mersberg, where a thousand men were cut to pieces, and Major Groshen and Captain Winkelmann, with five hundred, taken prisoners. Marshal Herman was left with the Saxon troops to continue the blockade of the town and castle of Leipzig, on both of which more than one furious assault was made.

In one of these Colonel Hay's regiment carried by storm an outwork of the town. Captain Alexander Mackenzie of Suddy, when in the act of assisting the colonel over the palisades, was severely wounded in the head, which his helmet failed to protect; but he had still strength remaining to run his pike through the body of his assailant. He was borne off by his soldiers, and was afterwards sent home to Scotland for the recovery of his health.[1]

Thomas Kerr, a Scottish major-general, was slain on this service.[2] The castle and town yielded by capitulation, the garrison marching out with ten red ensigns furled, their swords sheathed, and drums unbeaten. On the 11th September Hepburn's brigade marched to a field near Halle, where Gustavus had appointed a general rendezvous of his forces, as he intended moving towards Franconia and the far-famed Rhine, leaving the conquest of Bohemia to the wavering Elector of Saxony; for he was bent on watching his doubtful allies the French, and displaying his banners in central Germany, where he hoped to paralyse for ever the mighty power of the Imperial league. The valour of his Swedes and

[1] Douglas Baronage. Some MSS. instructions from his colonel, written in high Dutch, and dated 19th Aug 1638, are still preserved.

[2] Scots Nation Vindicated. Lond. 1714.

auxiliaries made them everywhere triumphant; and the whole country, from the sluggish waters of the Elbe to those of the rapid Rhine, submitted to him.

On arriving at the general rendezvous of his troops, and while the whole array of his army, twenty-five thousand strong, was under arms in the field or plain to which their different leaders and princes had marched them, Gustavus, accompanied by a glittering train of plumed cavaliers and steel-clad general officers, rode up to that iron brigade, which was alike his right wing and *right arm* in battle, at the head of which Hepburn was sitting on horseback sheathed in his magnificent armour. Dismounting, the king approached on foot, and, while his fine face was lighted up with admiration and respect for the courage and discipline of Hepburn's soldiers, he made them a long address, commending their conduct in the highest terms, and, thanking them for their great share in winning the victory at Leipzig, promised never to forget the debt he owed them.

Hepburn, Lumsden, Munro, and other field officers, leaped from their horses and kissed his hand, while the drums rolled, the green standards were bent to the earth, and the soldiers cried repeatedly, "Vivat Gustavus! We hope to do your majesty better service than ever!"

On the same day, (Sunday, 11th September,) Hepburn at their head marched into Halle, taking possession of this Saxon castle and city, an hour or so after the fugitive Tilly had quitted it in a litter for Halbertstadt, enduring the greatest torment from his wounds, which had been roughly probed and dressed by the barber of

Halle, who thus had ocular demonstration that this aged and abhorred leader was, as he pronounced it, *gefrorn—i. e.*, wounded—but yet, by magic, impenetrable to shot.

The town is pleasantly situated on the side of an eminence, which is crowned by the fortress of Moritzburg. A wing of the building alone survives, and is used for the peaceful purpose of a Calvinistic church. Captain William Stuart of Munro's regiment led the musketeers who took possession of it, capturing fifty veteran soldiers, who immediately took service under the Swedish flag.

Attended by all the leading officers of his army, Gustavus in the evening went to the church of St Ulric, the cathedral of the Bishop of Halle, where they returned thanks to God for all their victories, and were regaled, saith Colonel Munro, "with the sweetest musicke that could be heard, and where I also did see the most beautifull women Dutchland could afoord."

On Monday the Elector of Saxony and several of the Protestant princes paid Gustavus a visit, for the purpose of planning future operations, and cementing their friendship in the right old German fashion, by all drinking merrily together in the high-arched hall of the Moritzburg. Hepburn and other leaders who were present were severally presented to the electoral Duke of Saxony.

The handsome face of Gustavus lighted up with pleasure at the sight of his stout Scottish cavaliers. "Though rather inclining to corpulency, he possessed an air of

majesty that impressed the beholders with reverence. His complexion was fair, his forehead lofty, his hair auburn, his eyes large and penetrating, his cheeks tinged with the glow of health." [1]

"Munro," said he, taking that brave officer by one hand, while putting the other kindly round his shoulder, "I wish you could be master of the bottles and glasses to-night, and bear as much wine as old Major-General Sir Patrick Ruthven, that you might assist me to make my guests merry; but you lack strength of head to relieve me on such an occasion." [2]

Then, turning to the Elector, John George, he paid many encomiums to the valour of the Scottish soldiers and the services they had performed to his father and himself—last and best of all at Leipzig; and, having again beckoned Hepburn, "he did reiterate the former discourse, and much more in commendation of the Scots; and who," continues the author of the Expedition, "is more worthy to be chosen for a friend than one who hath shown himself both so valiant and constant against his enemies as the worthy Hepburne, who is generally so well-known in all armies, that he needs not the testimony of a friend, having credit and reputation enough even among the *foe*."

A strong sentiment of friendship and regard subsisted between Hepburn and Munro. They were ever together in the revelry of the board and the rivalry of the battle. On whatever service (no matter how desperate) Hepburn commanded, Munro, either as a duty or as a volunteer,

[1] Naylor's Civil and Mil. Hist. of Germany. [2] Harte.

was his second. Hepburn had been long in the Swedish service before the shipwreck of Munro at Rugenwalde. They were proverbially a pair of inseparables, as the brave cavalier frequently tells us, and, side by side, fought together in every battle and skirmish, from the shores of the Baltic to the vine-clad mountains of the Tyrol.

CHAPTER XV.

STORMING OF MARIENBURG.

DESTINED to take a brilliant part in subduing the circle of Franconia, Hepburn's brigade marched with the army through the famous forest of Thuringia to Erfurt, capturing its strong citadel, which from an eminence looks down on a vale, where the bright blue waters of the Gera wound between masses of the darkest forest scenery.

Here Gustavus broke his army into columns. Appointing Würtzburg as the place of rendezvous, while he retained to himself the route by Könighausen, he directed Lieutenant-General Bauditzen, with Hepburn as his brigadier-general, to cross the Vault, and make a circuit by the way of Neustadt, with orders to bring all the districts through which they marched under contribution. He left the Count of Lowenstien governor of Erfurt, with a garrison consisting of the Laird of Foulis' regiment fifteen hundred strong, while those of the Colonels Munro, Forbes, and Mitzval, with Courville's troopers, were quartered in the wild district of Thuringia to overawe it, in addition to a regiment of horse raised by the Laird of Foulis, in obedience to a letter of service given him by Ernest, duke of Weimar.[1]

[1] See Harte, edit. 1767.

After a minute inspection of arms and armour, Gustavus proceeded through that wooded district, the beautiful country of Thuringia, which lies between Saxony and Franconia, once an independent state, but now divided among a host of pauper princelings, a land of wild forests and ruined castles, with the blue Hartz mountains in the distance.

The column of Hepburn and Bauditzen, after marching a hundred and eleven miles, by roads of the worst description, in seven days, captured six large towns, and on the eighth made the embattled towers of Würtzburg echo to the old Scots march, as the advanced guard of the Green Brigade came in front of that fortress and formed a junction with the troops of the king.

Marching by the banks of the Maine, which sweeps through a district of hills covered with the richest forest scenery and terraced vineyards, Neustadt, Milerstadt, Gemund, Carlstadt, and many other large and populous places, had been by beat of drum brought under heavy contribution by Bauditzen—a soldier who was brave as a lion but rapacious as a Jew. He received fifty thousand silver dollars, but, putting the whole in his own pocket, never paid a stiver to Sir John Hepburn or the other officers under his command. "Indeed," according to Harte, "they would not have taken it; but, when the king heard the story, he thought proper to remove him to a more remote command in Pomerania." To amass this money, Bauditzen took bribes from every burgomaster who paid for relief from "inquartering;" and thus the soldiers, instead of being comfortably billeted in the towns and villages, were bivouacked at night in

the open fields and on the hard dusty roadways, with no other covering than their iron panoplies, and no other pillows than their knapsacks and swords.

Hepburn's brigade approached Franconia's capital by the base of those steep hills that are skirted by the dark blue Maine, and found that Gustavus, on the preceding day, had entered the city in peace, according to terms he had granted to Father Ogilvie, a venerable priest of the Scottish cloister, who had visited him on behalf of the bishop and terrified burghers, in whose name he surrendered the keys to him as the Protestant conqueror.

Though this rich and populous city was so easily won, all the valour of Gustavus' Scottish auxiliaries was required to gain for him the castle of Marienburg, which overlooked it, and from whence a resolute garrison began a destructive and incessant cannonade the moment his troops came within gunshot. Situated amidst a fertile plain, and protected from the north winds by a lofty chain of verdant hills, that in summer are covered with purple vineyards, this city belonged to the bishop, who was styled Duke of Franconia. Lord of four hundred villages and fifteen thousand soldiers, his power was supreme in temporal as well as in spiritual matters; and, when mass was said, a sword lay before him on the altar, but it remained undrawn at the approach of Gustavus, who took up his quarters in the palace behind the cathedral.

Hepburn and his comrades knew well that this stately edifice was dedicated to a Scottish saint, and the cavalier Munro boasted that "a Scotsman first brought the

Christian religion into Franconia, but was evil rewarded, being murdered there."

In the year 688, three of the Scottish Culdees—viz., St Kilian the bishop, Colman the priest, and Totnan the deacon, left the mountains of northern Caledonia, being authorised by Pope Conon (who had assumed the purple two years before) to preach the gospel among the German idolaters of Franconia. These missionaries converted and baptised many at Würtzburg, and among them Gospert, duke of that country. This barbarian lord had espoused Geilana, the relict of his deceased brother; and, though he tenderly loved her, on being reminded by St Kilian that the marriage was obnoxious to the Church, he promised to dismiss her. Fired with jealousy and rage, on her husband marching to repel an invasion of the infidel Saxons, the Pagan lady ordered the three pious missionaries to be slain by ruffians, who (according to Alban Butler) "were pursued by divine vengeance, and all perished miserably."[1]

Local tradition avers that they were carried off by the devil; and a hole in the wall through which he bore them away is yet shown by the burghers. The bodies of the three Scots were thrown into a well, where, according to the same veritable account, they remained for years without decomposing.[2] So lately as 1713, the remains of St Kilian were preserved in the treasury of Brunswick Lüneburg; and when the Scottish troops were at Würtzburg, there was yet remaining on the Kreutzberg (or mountain of the cross) a gigantic emblem of the Redemption, erected by the hands of St Kilian.

[1] Lives of Saints. [2] Spencer's Germany.

The Imperial garrison, understanding that Tilly had collected his scattered forces, formed a junction with the Duke of Lorraine, and, burning with a desire of avenging his wounds at Leipzig, was marching from the Weser to their relief, resolved on a vigorous defence of the Marienburg, which occupies an eminence, and, with its grim fortifications and church, is the first object that arrests the eye on entering Würtzburg. The communication with the latter they destroyed, by blowing up the principal arch of an ancient bridge that crossed the Maine. The passage of the river was swept by all their ordnance; and Captain Keller, the Austrian commandant, with one thousand men, made every preparation to fight to the last.

All the nuns of the city had fled to him for protection from the heretic king, and there was also a strong band of friars who had buckled on armour in the Catholic cause. Being considered inaccessible, the whole wealth of the surrounding country was stored up in this fortress, which possessed a noble arsenal and strong bastions. In one of the courts there sprang a fountain, which shot the water two hundred fathoms high. In the cellars of the bishop were sixty gigantic tuns of stone, the least of which would have held twenty-five waggon loads of wine. Some were filled with liquor a hundred years old. Monconys, an old author, says the castle was every way strong by nature and art. Its architecture had all the aspect of a magnificent Gothic palace, flanked with four towers, and surrounded by a deep moat hewn in the solid rock. One side of the hill on which it stood was covered with vines, the other with steep rocks.

Inspired by rumours of the vast wealth, the ocean of rich wine, and the priceless library of the Jesuits, stored up in this stately stronghold, the troops of Gustavus prepared with alacrity to carry it by storm—a duty which his gallant Scottish regiments essayed with their usual fortune, though the castellan—"a brave good fellow, who mortally hated all Protestants and their religion"—believed that none could reach him unless they had wings as well as weapons. In this service Hepburn's friend, Sir James Ramsay, bore a distinguished part.

His orders being to take the place *at all risks*, as Tilly and the Duke of Lorraine were advancing to its relief, and were only three days' march off, Ramsay resolved to make the attack from two quarters, and sent a Lieutenant Robert Ramsay of his regiment to borrow a few boats from the peasantry. Though the lieutenant spoke German as well as his native Scottish, and was disguised, a richly laced vest which he wore below his doublet excited suspicion, and he was delivered up to Captain Keller, who made him a close prisoner.

Nothing could be more hazardous than the approach to Marienburg. Its heaviest cannon swept the entire length of the shattered bridge, which by six arches crossed the Maine, where it was three hundred paces in breadth. Though sixty men abreast could march along the bridge, but *one* at a time might pass the plank that was laid across the broken arch; and by this frail passage over a deep fierce current that rolled *eight-and-forty* feet below, the undaunted Scottish infantry advanced to the assault on the 5th October.

A storm of cannon-shot raked the parapets of the

bridge; while the musketry and heavier arquebuses-à-croc swept the whole line of the passage and the terrible chasm that yawned mid-way, and which was so deep that some soldiers declared "they would rather have marched up to a cannon's mouth than passed it." While Sir James Ramsay and Sir John Hamilton, with the main body of their regiments, crossed the river in small boats, exposed to a cannonade which lashed and tore the water into foam, but always luckily missed them—for the Scots enveloped themselves in a cloud of smoke as they fired upwards—Major Bothwell, (of Ramsay's,) a cadet of the family of Holyroodhouse,[1] with a few picked soldiers, advanced by the bridge, and rushing across the plank, opened such a brisk fire upon the lower works, that their comrades were enabled to effect a landing from the river. This terrible duty was performed with the greatest resolution; but Major Bothwell and his brother were both shot dead at the very gorge of the *tête-du-pont*, and most of their party perished with them.

Making a sally at the head of his pikemen and musketeers, Keller now endeavoured to repel the Scots and hurl them into the Maine, but without success; they formed on the river side, and made a decisive lodgment, in spite of all opposition, by mere strength of arm, driving the Imperialists up the rocky hill, and into a half-moon battery which overlooked the stream. Gustavus, who from a ruined archway was observing these movements, narrowly escaped a ball from a culverin, which hurled the masonry about him; almost at the same

[1] Bothwell, Lord Holyroodhouse. *Dormant.*

moment the top of his left gauntlet was carried away by one arquebus shot, while another pierced his buff coat and wounded him in the breast. The Scottish troops having thus effected a lodgment on the south side of Maine, being protected by the rocks and bushes from the enemy's fire, bivouacked for the night in their armour, with swords unsheathed and matches lit.

Expecting every moment to hear the trumpets of Tilly's dragoons, Gustavus, who had strengthened the plank which crossed the river, and made it passable, prepared to storm the place at push of pike.[1]

The first grey streak of dawn was brightening in the east, when "a certane Leiftenant of Liefland (borne of Scottish parents) comming in the darke (with onely seven men at that instant behind him) unto the drawbridge that entered into the forehoff, or outter court of the castle," to his surprise found the drawbridge down; but the sentinels of a guard two hundred strong, which kept the barrier, demanded, "in the forme usual among souldiers—

"'*Was vor volks?*' *what are you for, men?*

"'*Sweden!*'" cried the Scoto-Swede, upon which the Imperial guard rushed to the counterpoise to draw up the bridge; but the brave lieutenant and his seven men sprang upon it and kept it down, until a few companies of Swedes came up, and, driving in the guard, took possession of the outer court.

At the same instant, the gleam of sixteen brass cannon reddened the bosom of the river, and a roar of musketry announced that the regiments of Ramsay and Hamilton

[1] Mercure François. [2] Swedish Intelligencer.

had commenced their assault on the strong half-moon, which, after a two hours' struggle, they valiantly carried by storm, driving the Imperialists headlong into the inner works. The forlorn hope was principally composed of officers, each of whom was armed with a partisan, and carried a pair of loaded pistols in his swordbelt. Sir James Ramsay's left arm was broken by a bullet, yet he disdained to quit the strife, though he resigned the more active command to Hamilton, a cavalier of equal bravery.

The moment the Scots obtained possession of the half-moon—an arduous task, as they had to fight and clamber at the same moment, while the Austrian bullets rattled among their helmets, corslets, and muskets—they rushed to the inner platforms, which were heaped with corpses, and slippery with blood and brains, where they wheeled round the cannon, and fired several times upon the strong and gigantic gate of the keep, from the battlements and four towers of which the musketeers of Keller were pouring down a shower of death; and, in the gloom of the October morning, the flashes of their fire-arms seemed to wreath the old donjon-tower as with a ridge of fire.

The gate was soon beaten down, and the Scots were about to advance at push of pike into the heart of the place, when Gustavus ordered them to halt and retire, sending on the Swedish regiment of Axel Lily and the Blue Brigade to perform this service—an affront which the Scottish troops, whose valour had thus hewn out a passage for them, never forgot or forgave; and none felt it more deeply, and afterwards resented it more keenly, than Sir John Hepburn.

Against these fresh troops the gallant Keller made a spirited resistance, but was captured at last after a furious personal contest; for, sheathed in mail of proof, he made sharp use of his long rapier, until disarmed of it. Leonard Tortensohn, general of the artillery, protected him on condition that he would show the secret vault in the castle rock wherein the plate and treasures of the bishoprick were hidden.

"Magdeburg quarter! give them Magdeburg quarter!" were the cries by which the Swedes animated each other to slay; and the destruction of human life, before resistance ceased, was great. All the nuns were conveyed under a guard of pikes into the city; but not less than twenty friars were found in armour among the slain. All these men fell fighting bravely for the Catholic faith, according to one author; for their wine and their wealth, according to another;[1] and "had their crownes (poore men) new shaven with a sword instead of a razor," adds the editor of the *Swedish Intelligencer*. One poor old Capuchin was slain unarmed in the confusion.[2]

Thirty-four brass cannon were taken, and the treasures found were enormous. A rittmaster of Austrian horse revealed a chest of ducats that might have ransomed a king. "Many a hundred wayne load of wine there was, and victuals enough for twenty yeeres' provision for such a garrison. Some two hundred Swedish lost their lives upon the service; all the defendants being either slain or taken prisoners."[3]

While the king found a valuable prize in the library of the Jesuits, which he sent to Upsala, his soldiers had a

[1] Bülow. [2] Hollings. [3] Swedish Intelligencer.

more agreeable one in the vast wine tuns of the bishop, where they helped themselves liberally, using their helmets for lack of other vessels.

Indignant that the Swedish troops had been permitted to storm the keep through that very path which the Scottish pikes had cleared for them, the moment the place was taken Colonel Sir John Hamilton advanced to Gustavus and resigned his commission on the spot. The king endeavoured to excuse himself, on the plea that he had wished "to preserve his brave Scots;" but their fiery leader would admit of no delay or apology, and, though earnestly pressed to remain, sheathed his sword on the instant, abandoning the Swedish standard, as a lesson (says an old writer) to all those princes who were served by cavaliers of fortune to respect the good service rendered them by the Scottish nation.[1]

For his bravery Sir James Ramsay received a grant of lands in the duchy of Mecklenburg, with the government of Hanau, a city taken by the Swedes in 1631.[2]

Major Bothwell and his brother were interred with all honour in the cathedral church of St Kilian the Scot; and with their obsequies closed the service of the Green Brigade at Würtzburg.[3]

[1] Atlas Geographus. 1711.
[2] Lord Hailes from Loccenii Hist. Suec. ix.
[3] Soldat Suèdois, &c. &c.

CHAPTER XVI.

HEPBURN DEFENDS OXENFORD

THE Green Brigade was quartered in the town of Würtzburg, where the soldiers had no lack of provisions; for the stores of the bishop's castle furnished them with every necessary and luxury; while plenty of good old Rhenish wine, and the more fiery *Würzburger*, were to be had for the trouble of carrying them away.

Gustavus sent out detachments in every direction to subdue Franconia, to lay the towns under contribution, (for he had resolved to make Germany pay the expense of its own conquest,) and only ten thousand men remained at headquarters, when he suddenly received intelligence that the Duke of Lorraine, who had formed a junction with Tilly's shattered force, was advancing against him at the head of *fifty thousand* men. It was late at night when these startling tidings reached him at Würtzburg, and Hepburn was the first officer he thought of.

As there was no time to be lost, attended only by one servant he went in person to seek him. The cantonments of the Green Brigade were in a remote part of the town; and there, chancing to discover the quarters of Colonel Robert Munro, who was at supper, without saying what were his ultimate intentions—

"Munro," said he, "with all haste get the musketeers of your brigade under arms. Draw them up in the square before the house, and desire Sir John Hepburn to meet me there."[1]

By a roll of the drum eight hundred musketeers were soon arrayed in the dark street, with Hepburn, in his hastily buckled armour, at their head, awaiting the orders of the king, who desired him to leave all his pikemen and colours behind, and march off the musketeers of the brigade alone. As he and Munro had come forth in such haste that they were both without their servants and horses, they left Würtzburg by the Oxenford road, marching on foot by the right bank of the Maine.

It was a night early in October, and the atmosphere was dark and stormy. They traversed the level margin of the deep broad river, and after marching with the utmost silence and rapidity for two hours, without knowing for what desperate duty Gustavus intended them, the tramp of horses and clink of arms were heard through the gloom, and they were reinforced by eighty of Colonel Muschamp's troopers, who had been ordered to mount and follow on the spur. Immediately on this, Gustavus, who had hitherto ridden on in silence and abstraction, acquainted Hepburn that his design was to defend Oxenford, a pleasant little town on the Maine, against the Imperialists, and so prevent their vast force from crossing the river. It was remarked that his mind and manner were considerably agitated; and his anxiety for the success of this undertaking, at an emergency so

[1] Harte.

pressing, was visible to all; thus the Scottish veterans pushed on with ardour, and after traversing sixteen miles in heavy marching order, without one moment's halt, entered Oxenford by the bridge, driving in a small piquet of fifty arquebusiers, whom they found in possession of the town.

There was no time for rest or refreshment. The Scots occupied the bridge and market-place, with orders to stand by their arms, and keep on the alert; for the streets were involved in obscurity, and there was no possibility of knowing when or from where they might be attacked.

Gustavus then sent fifty troopers to post themselves half-a-mile in front of the town, where they were soon driven back by a party of the Imperialists. On seeing the red flashes of the firearms, and hearing, by the incessant discharge of calivers and pistolettes, that the foe was in great strength, a lieutenant with fifty musketeers of Lumsden's regiment was sent off double quick to reinforce the outpost; but the Lorrainers were coming on in such numbers that neither the Scottish infantry nor the Swedish troopers could withstand them. On this Colonel Munro sallied forth with only one hundred of his own men, and advanced so spiritedly that the Imperialists were driven in disorder over a neighbouring hill.

"'Tis bravely done!" exclaimed Gustavus, as he saw how briskly the musketry flashed through the gloom; "they skirmish well—my valiant Scots!"

As soon as day broke Hepburn accompanied him in a tour round the walls, which were found to be poorly

fortified. After this, saying that by the disappearance of the enemy he feared they had a design to beat up his headquarters at Würtzburg by some other road, Gustavus assigned to Hepburn the entire defence of Oxenford, or *Ochsenfurt*, as the Germans sometimes term it.

"Defend yourself, Hepburn, as you are sure to do, like a man of honour," said he; "but if the service prove too desperate blow up the bridge, and retire to Würtzburg."[1]

The moment the King left, Hepburn, aware of the arduous and important duty assigned him—the defence of a half-ruined wall, with only eight hundred musketeers to confront Count Tilly, with fifty thousand men — made the most vigorous preparations. He pulled down several wooden houses and old walls which impeded the fire from his defences, cut down and destroyed all trees and hedges that might shelter an approaching foe, and strengthened the walls with barricades of earth and platforms of wood; posted the sentinels and guards judiciously; ordered fresh ball-cartridges to be prepared; had the bridge undermined, for the purpose of blowing it up; and on these works the Scots musketeers toiled incessantly until the third night, when again the advance of the enemy was heard, and the din of the infantry drums, with the trumpets of their cavalry, "made such noise as though heaven and earth were coming together."[2]

The Scots stood to their arms, and Hepburn, expecting a general storm, exhorted them to "remember the honour of their native land, and the confidence of the

[1] Ibid., Life of Gustavus, &c. [2] Munro.

King;" but he could discern neither the movements nor the numbers of Tilly and Lorraine. The advanced videttes of Muschamp's horse, and thirty-six Scots musketeers of Lumsden's regiment, commanded by Serjeant-Major Monipennie, were driven back, fighting every foot of the way, till they were sheltered by the walls of Oxenford. But such was the resolution of this little party, and of the valiant Sergeant-Major, whose armour was battered by a storm of pistol-balls, that the Imperialists, after receiving several destructive vollies from his men, supposing probably that the whole force of Gustavus was in Oxenford, retired with precipitation; and when day broke the anxious Hepburn discovered, by the distant clouds of dust, that the whole Imperial army was on the march for Nuremberg, by the way of Weinsheim. Controlled by the Emperor, who had cautioned him if possible to avoid a battle, Tilly's movements in Franconia were so vacillating, slow, and desultory, that Gustavus had perfect time to overrun the whole country at his ease.[1]

As soon as he heard of this movement, "the King felt uneasy for the brave Scottish brigade left in Oxenford, and despatching on the very instant a reinforcement of five hundred musketeers to Hepburn, enjoined him to dislodge forthwith, under favour of the darkness," and, pushing on with that rapidity of which he knew his Scots were capable, *pass* the Imperialists on their march by a detour, and occupy Weinsheim before they could reach it—thus to confront them again in the very town to which they were marching.

[1] Schiller.

Rash and desperate as these orders appeared to him, and though foreseeing that they would assuredly end in the utter annihilation of himself and his men, the gallant Hepburn remembered that obedience was his first duty as a soldier, and was preparing to obey, when another cavalier arrived on a foam-covered horse, with the King's orders to abandon Oxenford without a moment's delay, and retire to Würtzburg, where an intrenched camp was to be formed.

These new orders were obeyed with equal alacrity. The town was abandoned and the bridge blown up by the Scots, who retired double quick, with pikes and muskets trailed, just as day began to break on the mountains of Bavaria.

"Hepburn's officers and soldiers were all amazed at the King revoking his first order," says the lively historian of Gustavus; "it being remarked by them that they had rarely, or never, known him to change a military disposition after he had once formed it."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE SCONCE ON THE RHINE.

LEAVING a garrison in Marienburg, Gustavus broke up his camp and marched to Aschaffenburg, a city on the Maine; but first despatched three hundred of Ramsay's musketeers under the cavalier Hana, and a body of artillerists under Leonard Tortensohn, with several pieces of cannon and a great quantity of fireworks and ammunition, in boats down the long windings of the river, with orders to capture every place on their way and meet him at Aschaffenburg, for he was to march across the country in a more direct line towards Hesse-Darmstadt.

Conform to these orders, Hana's Scots stormed and demolished every town and castle that stood in their way; cannonading and laying under contribution, right and left, as they proceeded down the river—amassing a vast amount of prize-money, especially at Miltenburg.

Leaving Marshal Horne in Franconia with eight thousand men, Gustavus had thus resolved to proceed towards the Rhine by the course of the Maine, for the purpose of securing the frontier of the Empire from the Spaniards, to disarm the electoral bishops, and from their fertile provinces obtain new treasures to prosecute the war.

Hepburn's brigade formed the van of the Swedish army, which, after marching five days through a pleasant and fertile country — then, however, exhibiting the bare and leafless aspect of winter, for the season was the middle of November—reached Aschaffenburg, a strong and stately city of the Bishop of Mentz, on the castle of which Hana had already displayed the banner with the three crowns of Sweden.

There he rejoined Hepburn, and crossing the river the troops proceeded through the beautiful district beyond, traversing the rich plains and glorious scenery of Germany's most fruitful provinces, till the 16th November, when the Scottish drums rang in the streets of Frankfort on the Maine. Situated in a fertile plain, overlooked and bounded on the north by the mountains of the Feldberg and Taunus, on the south by sloping eminences, forest-lands, orchards, and vineyards, this large and beautiful city, so famous for its commercial activity, is divided by the river, which the troops crossed by a bridge of fourteen arches. On the north bank is Frankfort proper, and on the south is Saxenhausen, where a garrison of Imperialists laid down their arms as soon as they saw Hepburn's green banners, though the city was well fortified, and had been so for ages, by eleven high bastions, overlooking deep ditches and counterscarps, which, in more peaceable times, have been converted into promenades and shady gardens. But four watch-towers, grey and moss-grown, half a league from the town, still indicate the limits of its ancient territory.

The troops entered in admirable order, with all their bright weapons and iron accoutrements glittering in the

morning sun. Fifty-six pieces of cannon were in front, their gunners marching with matches lighted and kettle-drums beating; seventy-four infantry standards, and forty-five cavalry guidons waved above the long array of helmets, as regiment after regiment poured through the Bockenheim gate.

The streets were then spacious (as *Monconys* tells us,) and were built of red sandstone, covered with wood and painted plaster; but the most stately edifices were the old church of St Bartholomew the Martyr, and the Braunfeld, or preceptory of the Teutonic Knights, which was a sanctuary for debtors. Gustavus halted and refreshed his soldiers, who found the rich wine of the boors "plentiful as ditch water;" but there was no rest for his Scottish auxiliaries, and least of all for Hepburn's brigade, as many a castle and city were yet to be stormed and won.

Two hundred Scots of Colonel Ludovick Leslie's regiment took possession of Russelsheim, a castle on the Maine, belonging to the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, and garrisoned it under Captain Macdougal.

During this campaign the army, which had suffered greatly by its arduous and extensive operations, was remodelled into five brigades, and several regiments were incorporated into one corps. Each brigade was to consist of two thousand and sixteen men, to be distinguished by the colours of the senior colonel. As given in an old list, the five were as follows—but regiment is substituted erroneously for *brigade* in the original.

"*First*, the Life Brigade, or the guards for the king's owne body, commanded ever since Baron Dyvell's death by Grave Neeles, a Swede.

"*Secondly*, the Green Brigade, led by Sir John Hepburn, a Scottish gentleman, the eldest collonel.

"*Thirdly*, the Blue Brigade, whereof Winckle is collonel.

"*Fourthly*, the White Brigade, conducted by Collonel Vitzthimb.

"*Fifthly*, the Red Brigade, whereof Collonel Hagendorff hath the leading.

Amongst all these were but few (scarce any) naturall borne Swedens."[1]

Other two Scottish regiments, under Sir Frederick Hamilton and Alexander, master of Forbes, with one of Englishmen, under a Colonel Austin, had lately joined Gustavus, who had then *thirteen* regiments of Scottish infantry, while the other corps of the army were almost entirely officered by Scottish gentlemen. He had five other regiments, composed of English and Irish: these were principally officered by Scotsmen; and made in all *eighteen* regiments of British infantry. The gallant Marquis of Hamilton was at Frankfort with Gustavus, to whom, on a visit with congratulations for his manifold victories, came old Sir Patrick Ruthven, the governor of Mariburg.

Encouraged by the easy capture of Frankfort, the King resolved now to turn his conquering arms against the Palatinate, which was then possessed by a body of Spaniards under Don Philippo de Sylvia, with regard to whose intentions he politely requested to be informed. The cavalier replied "that his sole orders were to support the Elector of Mentz against the Swedes."[2]

[1] Intelligencer, 1632.

[2] History of Sweden.

On this Gustavus entered the Bergstrasse, took Gernsheim, a town of Darmstadt, and at Stockstadt, appearing a second time on the Rhine, drove the Spaniards of the Palatinate before him. They had abandoned all the mountainous district, but obstinately endeavoured to defend and obstruct the passage of the great river, by burning every vessel and boat they could find. Count Brahé, with three hundred Swedes and three hundred Scots of the regiments of Ramsay, Lord Reay, and the Laird of Wormiston, boldly secured a few small craft, crossed the river and intrenched themselves, repulsing no less than fourteen squadrons of Spanish cuirassiers, who retired, leaving six hundred of their number lying shot by the water side. Many fled at full speed to Mentz, but the greater part took refuge at Oppenheim, which was the next scene of Hepburn's achievements. A marble lion, with a helmet on its head and bearing a sword, was seventy years afterwards erected on a column sixty feet in height, to mark the place where Gustavus with his Swedes and Scots crossed the great river of Germany.[1]

Oppenheim, an ancient town, with the castle where the Emperor Rodolph expired about twenty years before, lay on the Imperialists' side of the Rhine. On the other was a strong fort or sconce, erected on an eminence and encompassed by double ditches, which were deep and broad, full of muddy water, and crossed by a single drawbridge, which, as it led towards the town, enabled the garrison to obtain with ease provisions, and whatever they required. Its occupants were a thousand resolute

[1] Thirty Years' War. Life of Gustavus, vol. ii., &c.

Italians and Burgundians, "such old blades," says the *Intelligencer*, "as the king had never met with since the battell of Leipsich." The castle, which was situated on a high hill and overlooked the town, until its demolition by the French in 1693, was deemed one of the best fortresses in the duchy of Deux-Ponts; and as its cannon swept the champaign country on the other side of the river, they greatly incommoded Hepburn's men, who were ordered to reduce the sconce.

The season was December—the whole country lay buried under a thick mantle of snow; yet these hardy veterans were encamped amidst it, with no other covering than their cold corslets and helmets, and a few sheepskin doublets, supplied by the care of Gustavus at the commencement of this rapid and glorious campaign. They were partially protected from the keen north wind by a few leafless bushes that grew among the frozen sedges of the Rhine.

Upon the afternoon of Sunday the 4th December, Hepburn with his brigade, and Colonel Winckel with the Blue, broke ground before the enemy's works, relieving the foot regiment of Life Guards, under Grave Neeles, who had first commenced the blockade. Muskets and pikes were piled, and the soldiers worked vigorously to get under cover from the flank fire of the castle. "The King, about 5 o'clock, gave command unto Sir John Hebron (who, being the eldest colonell, commanded ther in chiefe) *to storme* or give an assault vnto the fort. Scarcely was he gone from Hebron when there was a letter brought from a gentleman of the Palatinate, that dwelt upon the river, saying he would send the King

some boates that very evening. Upon this the storm was countermanded."[1]

Leaving Hepburn fully occupied before this troublesome sconce, Gustavus, on receiving the promised boats at Gernsheim, five miles distant, conveyed first the brigade of Guards, and then the White Brigade, across the river in the night; and, on the other side, marched towards the town of Oppenheim with drums beating.

The winter night by the margin of the Rhine was intensely cold; and, helping themselves to fuel wherever they could find it, the Scottish soldiers at the sconce lit large fires behind their breastworks; and near one of these Hepburn and Munro sat at supper, enjoying a "stone jar of Low-Country wine," while their horses stood picketed close by, and their swords and helmets lay beside them. The light of the watchfire reflected from the snow, or perhaps by the brightness of their armour, attracted the attention of the Spaniards in the castle of Oppenheim, for they sent a thirty-two pound shot whizzing across the Rhine. It passed over the heads of the two friends, and went crash through Hepburn's lumbering old-fashioned coach, which stood unused among the baggage, a little way off. The next shot killed a sergeant of Munro's, who sat near the same fire solacing himself with a can of flip and a pipe of tobacco.[2]

Aiming by the light of the watchfires, the garrison of the castle now began a close cannonade, the flashes of which broke incessantly through the gloom that involved everything on the other side of the river. Many of Hepburn's men were cut in two and torn to pieces by the round-

[1] The Expedition, &c. [2] Swedish Intelligencer.

shot, which dyed with blood all the snow around the parallels.

About eleven o'clock at night, two hundred Burgundian musketeers made a gallant sortie to scour the trenches; but the Scots were on the alert. Not a shot was returned by them; but, led on sword in hand by Hepburn, the brave pikemen, after some sharp fighting and severe loss, drove them in confusion within the graff or ditch of their sconce.

So passed the night.

Day dawned, and then a roar of musketry and explosion of petards announced that the King had commenced his operations against the castle on the opposite side of the river. On this, the Spanish cavalier in the sconce, fearing that his retreat would be cut off, resolved to capitulate. About seven o'clock in the grey twilight of the winter morning, a little but gaudily-attired Italian drummer was seen to leave the fort, and, beating a parley, approach the trenches, where he delivered the following paper:—

"*Articles of Capitulation between Sir John Hepburn, knight, and the Commandant of the Sconce at Oppenheim*, 5th December 1631.

"I. At seven o'clock on the evening of Thursday the 8th December, the garrison will march out with bag and baggage, colours flying, drums beating, matches lighted, and bandaliers filled.

"II. To be assured by the King of being unmolested in their way by any of his forces, the Landgrave of Hesse's men, or others.

"III. A captain to be given them for hostage (they leaving another with the King,) and the garrison to be conveyed the same night, with one thousand musketeers, to a village half a league distant from thence, and the next morning unto the banks of the Maine.

"IV. His Majesty to furnish them on their march with victuals," &c.

Hepburn perused the document.

On the King's part he replied,—"All the defenders of the fort must take their way towards Bingen, passing first the Maine and afterwards the Rhine. They shall not march to Mentz, but to some other place where there is a Spanish garrison. They shall not carry away any of their cannon; nor must they commit any pillage by the way."[1]

The drummer returned to the fort with these terms, to which the Spanish commandant was obliged to accede, and marched out with all the usual honours and insignia, delivering over the sconce to Hepburn. The latter placed in it a hundred musketeers of Lumsden's regiment, with a hundred of Lord Reay's Highlanders, and immediately prepared to cross the Rhine with his own and Winckel's brigade, to assist Gustavus in reducing the old castle of Oppenheim,—a place of vast size and strength, where a garrison of Spaniards and Italians were defending themselves with the greatest resolution and bravery, although the citizens had yielded the town by opening the gates to two hundred men of Sir James Ramsay's regiment.

That officer was not present in these operations, hav-

[1] Swedish Intelligencer.

ing remained at Würtzburg, enduring great pain from his wounded arm: his regiment was commanded by George Douglas, the lieutenant-colonel.[1] So severe was the service in which this brave corps had been engaged, that, though it mustered two thousand strong when leaving Sweden, but two hundred men survived at the close of the war, and few or none of these ever saw Scotland again.

A hundred and seven boats having been found moored under the town wall, Gustavus sent them to Hepburn, who was thus enabled to embark the Blue Brigade and his own with ease. They crossed the river together, but were carried by the current below the town, where the Scottish cavalier landed at the very base of the hill on which the fortress stood, and, forming the brigade in battalions, advanced at once to the assault of the fortress on the side opposite to that assailed by Gustavus. As they approached, Hepburn was astonished to hear discharges of musketry *within* the fortress, and to see the garrison leaping over the lower works, throwing away their arms, and endeavouring to escape in all directions, crying piteously for quarter as they fell among the Green and Blue brigades. The reason was as follows:—

The two hundred Scots who entered the town having discovered a private passage to the castle, led by Ramsay's new major, advanced close to the outer wall, which they carried by storm, driving in the Italian guards, and, crossing the bridge, entered with them into the very heart of the place, where they engaged in a close and desperate hand-to-hand conflict with the garrison.

[1] Fowler's Suethland, fol. 1656.

Though outnumbered by five or six to one, these Scots fell furiously on with pike and musket, their officers fighting in the *melée* with partisan, sword, and dagger. But, encouraged by the smallness of their force, the Italians resisted them manfully, and a sad carnage ensued. The covered-way to the bridge was barricaded by a heap of killed and wounded men, whose blood was pouring from the stone gutters into the moat below; while within the castle the uproar of swords ringing on steel helmets, or crashing among the wood of pikes, the incessant discharges of musketry and pistols, the yells of the wounded and the combatants, was increased by the ringing of bells in the town steeples, and the boom of the Swedish cannon battering the land side of the fortress; but before either Hepburn or Gustavus could succour them, Ramsay's gallant musketeers had conquered, slaying five hundred of the garrison, and capturing four pair of colours.[1]

This was on the morning of the 6th December.

Nine companies of Italians, each one hundred strong, were taken prisoners in this assault, the accounts of which are various and dissimilar. These must have been the occupants of the sconce, as quarter was granted them by Sir John Hepburn; and they must have been surrounded and taken by orders of Gustavus, after the mere ceremony of marching out armed with the insignia of war.

"As the first circumstance [their surrender] absolved them from their allegiance to the Emperor, the King made a present of them to Hepburn (whose kindness and

[1] Thirty Years' War, &c.

humanity were equal to his bravery) to refit his broken brigade; but these birds of passage not liking the severity of the German winter and Swedish campaign, all took flight to a warmer region at the approach of spring."[1] They deserted *en masse* from Beyerland, a few months after.

Their colours were the first which Gustavus had ever taken from Spain, and it was to Scottish valour that he was indebted for them.

While some of the garrison were obtaining quarter and being disarmed, an officer with several Spaniards endeavoured to escape, by running as fast as they could along the edge of the moat. A flock of hares, roused by them among the bushes that grew in luxuriance by the edge of the ditch, were seen running with them, and in the same direction, along the front of the Swedish lines below the castle; and a shout of laughter rang along the ranks at the sight of this strange convoy.

Agreeably to an old Scottish superstition,—"'Tis ill lucke (saies a souldier) to have one's way crost with a hare, and that ill lucke is now ours; for we are likely to get but little honor by them, should all their countrimen runne away in the like manner."[2]

On visiting the castle which had thus been stormed for him before he could reach it, Gustavus was received by Ramsay's musketeers with a profound salute at the gates, where they were drawn up to receive him.

"My brave Scots!" said he, with generous admiration, as he looked along the close ranks of the little band, "why were you too quick for me?"

[1] Harte. [2] Intelligencer.

His whole army now crossed the Rhine; and to inspire the Scottish cavaliers and their veteran soldiers to gather fresh laurels, Gustavus, in an address made to them, declared that he despised alike the resentment of Austria and the malevolence of Spain, while now in the Palatinate he could employ their valour for the restoration of an injured princess—their own countrywoman—Elizabeth Stuart, the daughter of James of Scotland, and Electress-queen of Bohemia.[1]

[1] Schiller states the number slain in Oppenheim to have been five hundred. The account in the *Intelligencer* is as follows, and corroborates my account of this almost incredible affair:—

"And now those two hundred Scots that had beene put into the towne at the yielding of it, fall immediately thereupon to *storme* the said castle at the towne-port which was betwixt the castle and the towne. The Scots fell on with such a tempest and resolution that they instantly forced the garrison into the inner part, they storming in together with them; so that, by the time the King was ready to assault on one side and Hepburn on the other, they meete (to their great admiration) divers of the garrison that had already leapt over the wals, throwne away their armes, and crying 'Quarter,' as the rest also now did that had *not* gotten out of the castle. In these actions (about the fort and castle) there were some two hundred Spanish cut downe, and eight colours taken, which were the first colours that the King ever tooke from the Spaniards."—*Swedish Intelligencer*, part ii. p. 47.

The nine companies of Italians given to Hepburn must have been those in the sconce; and Cannon, in his *History of the Royals*, p. 24, states distinctly that they were so.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SCOTS UNDER MUNRO, DOUGLAS, TODT, AND OTHERS

THE gallant Hepburn was still rising daily in the favour of Gustavus, who found the impossibility of undertaking an expedition of importance unaided by his able counsel, and that dashing valour for which he was renowned throughout the armies of Sweden, Austria, and afterwards of France, and which won for him the reputation of being the best and most fortunate soldier of the age.

His career, spent as it was among the contingent woes and horror of a religious war, had all the personal attributes of heroism; for the time was one when battle was the pastime of the brave and chivalric.

Amid the most tempestuous weather, in a country covered with snow, and when the cold was so intense that the breath froze in icicles on the moustaches and steel cheekplates of the soldiers, the army began its march towards the Lower Rhine; and at five o'clock on a Sunday evening the green banners of Hepburn's brigade appeared before the walls of Mentz, reputed by the Germans of old the strongest of their fortresses, and

their best bulwark against the power and pride of France.

Well fortified, and commanded by a citadel on the summit of a neighbouring hill, the city is built in the form of a semicircle, of which the Rhine is the basis; towards it lie the weakest bastions; but on the landward they are so complicated and extensive as to require, in the present time, a garrison of thirty thousand men. Then, the citadel and the Elector's palace (a massive and ancient edifice of dark red stone, formerly a preceptory of the Teutonic Knights) were defended by eighty pieces of cannon, and occupied by Don Philip de Sylvia with two thousand chosen men, all animated by the spirit of old Castilians.

Investing the place at once, Gustavus ordered all his troops to close up the blockade. "Colonell Hepburne's briggad (according to use) was directed to the most dangerous poste, next the enemy," who cannonaded him briskly from the citadel, and killed a number of his men as they approached within musket-shot of a gate called the Gallows Port, where he commenced to dig his parallels, and get under cover, running his lines to the very edge of the town ditch.

Except those guards which he had posted on the colours, the artillery, and the trenches, the whole brigade were actively employed making cannon-baskets or fascines and bundles of chandeliers, and deepening the lines, so that daylight saw his whole force under cover; and the cannoniers of Don Philip fired in vain. Their shot either whistled over the helmets of the Scots, or sank heavily into the solid banks of earth which protected them.

Next night Colonel Axel Lily, a Swedish officer of distinction, came to visit Hepburn at his post near the town ditch; and being invited to sup with him and Colonel Munro in a place from which the snow had been shovelled away, the three cavaliers sat down by a large fire which the soldiers had lighted, and regaled themselves on such viands as their foragers had procured, and their servants could cook spitted upon old ramrods or sword-blades. Every moment the flashes broke brightly from the dark ramparts of the lofty citadel, and the cannon-shot boomed away over their heads into the obscurity of the night, or plashed into the deep waters of the Rhine behind them. They were all "discoursing merrily," when Axel Lily said to Hepburn, laughing as he listened to the Spanish cannon, and ducked his head as a ball passed, "If any misfortune should happen to me now, what would be thought of it? for I have no business to be here, exposed to the enemy's shot."

Very soon after, another cannon-ball came crashing over the rough rampart, and carried off one of his legs just at the shin-bone. A party of Hepburn's soldiers bore him away to such shelter as they could procure, and left him under care of the surgeons. The King made him all the amends in his power, by heaping military sinecures upon him, till even honest Munro and other veterans could not resist the temptation of complaining at the good fortune of Axel Lily, though he had to march ever after "with a tree or woodden legge."[1]

Next day Don Philip de Sylvia, perceiving that Gustavus had erected several strong batteries in a garden,

[1] The Expedition.

and that the brigade of Hepburn, to whose reputation he was no stranger, was preparing to storm under cover of their fire, capitulated; and on the 13th December marched out with flying colours, two pieces of cannon, and all the baggage, which his soldiers increased as much as possible by pillaging the town and cloisters. Eighty pieces of cannon, one hundred and twenty lasts of powder, the Elector's library, two hundred and twenty thousand dollars from the citizens as the ransom of the city, and one hundred and eighty thousand more from the Jews for the redemption of their gorgeous synagogue, enriched Gustavus, who entered Mentz on the next day (which completed his thirty-seventh year) with all the triumph of a conqueror, surrounded by the generals and brigadiers of his army, and escorted by bands of bristling Scottish pikes.

There he kept the Christmas with great splendour and festivity, while his court was attended by the six chief princes of the Empire, twelve ambassadors, and the flower of the German nobles. What share Hepburn received of the prize-money taken is not recorded: the valuable library of the Elector was presented to the Chancellor Oxenstiern, who intended it for the academy of Westerrah; but the vessel on board of which it was shipped unfortunately foundered in the Baltic.[1]

Three days before Christmas, Hepburn's hardy soldiers left their miserable bivouac in the snow-covered trenches, and obtained quarters in the town, which was under the charge of Bernard, duke of Saxe Weimar; and there they remained until the 5th March 1632, recruiting in

[1] Schiller.

vigour and numbers, and preparing for fresh campaigns and other dangers.

The regiment, vacant by the resignation of Sir John Hamilton, had, previous to this, been bestowed upon old Colonel Ludovick Leslie.

While Hepburn lay at Mentz, Gustavus, in February, opened a new campaign against the Spaniards, by the investment of Creutzenach, whither he marched three hundred of Ramsay's regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel George Douglas.

This cavalier, of whom Fowler, his secretary, has left so ample an account,[1] was a cadet of the noble house of Carlyle and Torthorwald, whose castle, now a ruin, looks down on Lochar Moss and the beautiful Vale of the Nith. The eldest son of Sir George Douglas of Mordington and Margaret Dundas of Fingask,[2] he had studied at Oxford; was perfect master of the Greek and Latin languages; and was one of the most accomplished officers in Sweden. "He began his apprenticeship," says Fowler, "in that honourable profession under the great and excelling tutor in the art of war, the invincible Gustavus Adolphus, for whose service he first transported a company of foot of his owne natione into Suethland about the year 1623."

At the head of the same Scottish veterans who had stormed the castle of Oppenheim, Douglas, emulating a party of English volunteers under the Lord Craven, intrenched himself before the most exposed part of the

[1] A Briefe Commendation of the Life of Sir Geo. Duglas, Knight, Lord Ambassadour extraordinory for the Peace between Suethland and Poland. London: fol. 1656.

[2] Douglas Peerage.

approaches to this fortress, the first fire from which slew forty-seven of his men. Next day he stormed one of the gates, driving the garrison, which was composed of six hundred Walloons and Burgundians, out of the small town, and into the castle of Kansemberg, which, in point of situation, was considered the best in Germany; for the bastions rose above each other with an aspect so steep and formidable that they were popularly named the *Devil's Works.*

The garrison raked the streets with their demi-cannon and arquebuses-à-croc, slaying many of the Scots, and among them a Captain Douglas, whose corslet failed against a bullet, which passed right through his heart. The castle was taken by storm, and Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas was made governor of Creutzenach *pro tempore*, until the recovery of Colonel Alexander Ramsay (who was lying wounded at Würtzburg) would permit him to assume the command. Fowler says that Douglas was to have held that office, "but a reverse of fortune made him captive." He incurred the displeasure of Gustavus, and remained a prisoner until he returned to England, shortly before the fatal victory at Lutzen.[1]

He was afterwards ambassador from Charles I. to Sweden and Poland, and died in 1635.

About the same time that Creutzenach and its castle on the mountain were taken, the rich and important town of Ulm on the Danube consented to receive a Swedish garrison of twelve hundred men. Sir Patrick Ruthven of Bandean, (in Perthshire,) then governor of Mariburg, and colonel of a Dutch regiment, was

[1] Fowler's Suethland and Poland.

appointed commandant; and by his courage and vigilance he suppressed two dangerous conspiracies in their infancy. Gustavus never retained any generals on active service after they had completed their sixtieth year; therefore, when Sir Patrick reached that age, he made him governor of Ulm—a very respectable sinecure. He used jocularly to style him "field-marshal of the bottles and glasses," for the old Perthshire laird could drink an enormous quantity, and preserve his senses to the last.[1]

He could decide better in the field by his eye than in the cabinet by his ear,[2] and bore a distinguished part in the Cavalier army of Charles I., who created him Lord Ruthven of Ettrick, earl of Forth and Brentford, general of horse, and governor of Edinburgh Castle; for, in extreme old age, he fought valiantly at the battles of Edgehill and Newberry.[3]

While Hepburn remained inactive, his comrade Munro was despatched from Mentz, with a party of musketeers, to Bingen, a pleasant little town sixteen miles distant, on the Rhine, where a party of Sir James Ramsay's regiment lay, occupying the town and an old square fortalice called the *Mouse Tower*, wherein, according to tradition, Hatto II., bishop of Mentz, was so fearfully punished for having taunted the poor who begged at his gates, "as rats and mice that eat up the corn." On this, legions of these vermin came swarming out of the city, the woods, and rocks. Hatto fled in horror, and took refuge in this tower. But in vain was his flight, for, according to a veracious chronicler, they swam the

[1] Harte. [2] Clarendon, Hist. Civil War.
[3] See Memorials of Edinburgh Castle, pp. 139-147.

Rhine, the broad blue surface of which was covered with millions and myriads of great grey rats and mice, who scrambled up the walls of the tower, and gnawing and tearing their way through floors and windows, cracks and crevices, reached at last the inner chamber of the terrified Hatto, and devoured him alive.[1]

Here Munro drew off a captain with a hundred Scots musketeers, according to his orders, and marched to Coblentz to succour Otto Louis the Rhinegrave, who, with his brigade of twenty troops of horse, was about to be attacked by ten thousand Spaniards and Walloons from Spire. Four regiments of Spanish horse, which fell suddenly on his quarters, (several open villages,) were so warmly received and so resolutely charged by four troops of Swedish dragoons, led by Rittmaster Hume of Carrolside, (who on that night happened luckily to command the out-piquets,) that after losing three hundred men, who were slain, and the Earl of Nassau, who was taken prisoner, they were compelled to retreat, not only from the Rhinegrave's cantonments, but even beyond the Moselle. Eight standards were captured, one of them by Rittmaster [2] Hume himself.[3]

Soon after Baccarach, a small town on the Rhine, twenty miles from Hepburn's quarters, and another, named Shaule, were stormed by a party of Ramsay's musketeers, led by Major Hana, who, in consequence of the resistance he encountered, put all within them to the sword, officers excepted.

Everywhere the troops of Gustavus were victorious!

[1] Atlas Geog. 1711.

[2] Rittmaster—*i. e.* Captain of horse.

[3] Intelligencer.

Marshal Horne's soldiers drove back the foe at Heidelberg and Heilbrunn; while those of General Lowenhausen scoured all the shores of the Baltic, and on the 10th January 1632 obtained by capitulation, from the Imperialists, the Hanse town of Wismar, with its noble citadel, which had five lofty bastions defended by three thousand men under Colonel Grahame, a Scottish soldier of fortune who served the Emperor. He marched out with the honours of war, *en route* for Silesia. But, contrary to terms, having spiked the cannon, plundered the shipping, and slain a Swedish lieutenant, his troops were overtaken by Lowenhausen; a battle ensued; five hundred were slain and two thousand taken prisoners, with the colonel, who, after a gallant resistance, found himself marched a captive to Grifswald, another Hanse town on the Baltic, there to await a Swedish court-martial.

General Otto Todt was moving up the Elbe, towards Lüneburg, at the head of fourteen thousand horse and foot. Among the latter were five battalions of Scots—viz., one of Lumsden's, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Stuart; Lieutenant-General the Master of Forbes's regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Forbes; Sir Frederick Hamilton's regiment; Colonel Munro of Obstell's regiment; Colonel Robert Lesly's old Scots regiment; and one English corps, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Vavasour, who bore all before them with their accustomed gallantry.

By the skill of his generals and the bravery of his auxiliaries, Gustavus made himself master of all Germany, from the waters of the Elbe to those of the Rhine, a distance of more than a hundred leagues, full of strong

castles and fortified towns, most of which were governed by Scottish officers. So great was the terror excited by their achievements that, on his advancing towards the Moselle, and threatening to overrun Alsace and Lorraine, the vicinity of these Presbyterian soldiers to the Papal states alarmed Cardinal Richelieu, and furnished that able minister with a plausible argument for attempting to withdraw Louis XIII. from the Swedish alliance, by the circulation of a report that, after the conquest of Germany, it was their intention to join with the Huguenots for the subjugation of France, the passage of the Alps, the storming of Rome, and utter extirpation of the Catholic religion.

While Gustavus hovered on the Rhine, his generals in the other circles swept the whole length and breadth of the land with their victorious banners.

Todt, with Munro of Obstell and other Scottish and Swedish colonels, cleared the whole duchy of Mecklenburg, storming all the towns and fortresses in rapid succession. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar and Sir Francis Ruthven marched in other directions; Sir Patrick Ruthven advanced by the shores of the Bodinzee, driving the foe headlong before him, till the roll of his drums was heard among the stupendous crests of the Tyrolean Alps. Magdeburg was captured by General Banier; the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel reduced all Fulda, Paderborn, and the adjacent districts. The Elector, John George, was no less fortunate in Bohemia; and stout old Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie—the champion of the Covenant—with his Dutch and Swedish veterans, was soon to move like a cloud of battle over the plains of Lower Saxony.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE MARCH TO BAVARIA, AND CAPTURE OF DONAUWÖRTH

On a bright morning in the beginning of March, Hepburn's brigade marched from Mentz for Frankfort.

Their aspect was changed since they had entered that city, with their harness dinted by many a battle, and rusted by the winter storms, by long bivouacking in fields and ditches, rarely in tents or cantonments. Their armour and accoutrements were now all polished till they shone like silver in the spring sunshine, as with their green silk standards unfurled, and their drums beating and tall pikes glittering, the three regiments of the brigade crossed the Rhine by the pontoon bridge. Lord Reay's kilted Highlanders, with pipes[1] playing and matches lighted, formed the leading column of the brigade, which, conform to his orders, Hepburn marched straight to Frankfort on the Maine. From thence they advanced in one day to Aschaffenburg, more than thirty miles distant,—a long march, when the weight of the morions and corslets, muskets and accoutrements, of the soldiers is considered.

[1] Reay had several pipers, only one of whom survived in 1635, when the Green Brigade entered France.

In the fields before that place the brigade was reviewed on the 6th March, by Gustavus, the fugitive king of Bohemia, and the Marquis of Hamilton, attended by all the cavaliers and men of rank who accompanied the court.

Crossing the Maine by a stately bridge of stone, Hepburn's column wound on its way among the fields that border the Aschaff, under the shelter of a wooded mountain; and next morning, before the dawn was glinting on the red spires of the Electoral Palace, commenced the march towards Bavaria, which the King had resolved to invade, and clear of the Imperialists.

Passing through Lohr and Gemunden, two towns on the Maine, Hepburn halted for the night of the 7th March at Karlstadt, on the Bavarian frontier, and twelve miles distant from Ramsay's garrison at Würtzburg. There thirty-six troops of horse, led by the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, joined him.

On the 8th, after traversing those fertile districts that border on the great river which forms the Franconian boundary, he halted in the Bailliwick of Dettelbach, and formed a junction with the main army under the King.

On the 9th they marched again, leaving their quarters in flames behind them, an accident for which the Scottish regiment of Alexander, lord Spynie (called Lord Spence in mistake by Munro,) was blamed by the King. That night they were cantoned in their old quarters at Oxenford, and on the 10th at Weinsheim. The season was now spring; the air was mild, the country rich and fertile, affording the soldiers plenty of food and good wine.

There, on the banks of the Aisch, the Green Brigade

were again reviewed by Gustavus and the Bohemian king, who complimented the gallant Hepburn on the fine appearance and distinguished bravery of his soldiers. The latter naturally admired in others those qualities in which he was so deficient, and had a deep interest in the Scottish troops, as being the countrymen of Elizabeth Stuart, his beautiful and high-spirited queen. There were twenty thousand horse and foot on the ground that day, with all their cannon, baggage, and caissons.

After this review the whole poured on towards Bavaria, defeating, as they advanced, the same general who had formerly been captured by the Scottish Colonel Edmond, the great Count de Bucquoi, who was severely wounded, and retreated with the loss of one hundred and ninety-six of his soldiers killed and captured. Then pressing on, the army hoped to encounter their old antagonist the Count Tilly, who, after repulsing Marshal Horne, and capturing Bamberg, had retired towards the granite mountains that overlook the green plains of the Danube.

While the King continued advancing, the Rex-Chancellor Oxenstiern, who had remained with a strong force to guard his conquests on the Rhine, repelled the Spaniards, who had again crossed the Moselle with the intention of relieving Frankenthal. The Chancellor and Duke Bernard of Weimar advanced against them, and a sharp encounter ensued. The Dutch, who formed the Chancellor's first column, here resorted to their old *ruse* of beating the *Scottish March* as they approached the glittering lines of the Spanish *arcabuziers*, whose steady fire soon threw them into disorder, and, on being charged, they fled *en masse*.

Immediately upon this, the Scottish regiment of Sir Ludovick Leslie and the battalion of Sir John Ruthven, whose officers "were all valiant Scots, Lievtennant-Colonell John Lesly, Major Lyell, Captaine David King, and divers other resolute cavaliers," fell on with sword and levelled pike, and drove the Spaniards before them headlong in confusion. So furious was their charge, and so complete the victory, that the Psatzgrave Christian, in applauding their conduct, declared to the Chancellor of Sweden, in front of the whole line, "that had it not been for the valour of that Scots Briggad," the day would have been lost, and the Spaniards victorious.[1]

On the 26th March, Gustavus displayed his banners before Donauwörth, where he was joined by the Laird of Foulis, with his two regiments of horse and foot.

In a fertile district, where in summer the yellow corn, the light-green vine, and the broad-leaved tobacco plant cover the hills with their luxuriance, stands Donauwörth, the key to Swabia, and the capital of a Bavarian bailliwick, guarded by a fortified mountain, the Schellemberg. Strong by its ditches and embattled walls, the town guarded the passage of the Danube, where a toll was paid by all who passed the bridge; and Rodolph Maximilian, duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, (the same gallant noble whose strength and courage rescued Tilly at Leipzig,) occupied the city with two thousand two hundred men—twelve hundred being Austrian infantry, five hundred Cronenberg's horse, and five hundred the trained bands of Bavaria. With these Rodolph had resolved that,

[1] Munro.

without paying toll by the lives of his bravest soldiers, Gustavus should never pass that far-famed river.

Night was descending, and the lofty precipices—which are covered with drooping pines, and crowned with feudal castles, (ruined now, but then in the noon of their strength and pride,) the seats of those German tyrants of the middle ages, whose avarice, brutality, and reckless disregard of right and wrong are so vividly pourtrayed by Froissart—were growing dark as the Swedish army approached the rocky shores of this deep and rapid river, whose waters, from their source in the recesses of the Black Forest to their confluence with the Black Sea, traverse nearly two thousand miles, " whose waves have witnessed the march of Attila, and whose shores have echoed to the blast of the Roman trumpet, the hymn of the Crusader, and the wild haloo of the sons of Islam."

The roar of the *thundering river* (for such its name imports it to be) was now lost in the deeper din of the artillery with which Duke Rodolph greeted the army of Gustavus, who posted a strong force on the height which overhung the town, and lay between it and the Danube. The Bavarian troops, who occupied a partly-erected fort on the summit, retired into the town through a gallery as the Swedes approached.

This fort was without cannon. At its base lay a handsome suburban street, which led straight to a gate of the town. In this suburb Gustavus posted five hundred musketeers to prevent a sortie, while on the hill-side his pioneers worked the whole night, without a moment's cessation, and by daybreak on the morning of the 27th had completed a twenty-gun battery, which was guarded by

a body of infantry under the Scottish captain Semple. These cannon were pointed in such a manner, that, when firing in unison with the musketeers in the suburbs below, they swept the walls of the town on one hand, and flanked the whole bridge of the Danube on the other.

A trumpeter was sent to demand a surrender.

"The king Gustavus," replied the gallant Rodolph, "knoweth better than any man living the duty of men who have nothing to rely on but their honour and the point of the sword. We have no tribute to pay, except in gunpowder." [1]

On this the battery opened, and there ensued, on both sides, a cannonade which lasted the whole day. The Swedes fired principally upon a long stone edifice, which stood close by the river side, and was occupied by two troops of Cronenberg's horse, and a company of infantry. The walls were rent, the roof dashed in, and many were slain before the place was abandoned, after which the whole fury of the cannonade was poured upon the gates of the town. Night came on dark and cloudy, but still the boom of the cannon continued without intermission, and the troops remained in their ranks, watchful and on the alert.

It was fortunate they did so; for, favoured by the gloom and obscurity of the smoke that had settled on the dark bosom of the Danube, a troop of Cronenberg's Reiters, in full armour, rode softly to the town gate, and, issuing out at full speed, cut a passage through the musketeers in the suburb. Galloping up the hill, they fell sword in hand upon the artillery, most of which they

[1] Harte.

spiked; and, after cutting to pieces the guard under Captain Semple, retired at a furious gallop down the declivity and into the town, the gates of which were again closed upon their entrance.

Semple was put under arrest; but being in no way to blame, was pardoned at the intercession of several Scottish general officers.

The acute and able Hepburn now advised Gustavus "to consider the situation of the town with fresh attention," pointing out to him "an angle of the ground to the westward, formed by the influx of the Wernitz into the Danube, which angle commanded the bridge that crossed the river and led to Bavaria."[1]

Immediately on receiving this advice, Gustavus, perceiving its value, with thanks ordered him to take possession of that point with his brigade, for he knew the service was one of importance, as it would flank the bridge, and cut off all means of relief and retreat from the garrison of Rodolph.

Drawing off his brigade with its field-pieces, Hepburn, after marching for five miles up the Danube, crossed the river at the bridge of Hasfort, and descended on the opposite bank until he came opposite Donauwörth, on the Swabian shore, where, with the utmost silence and precision, about midnight, he posted his cannon in such a manner as to sweep, point-blank, the whole length of the bridge. He then placed the musketeers of the brigade, in platoons of one hundred each, behind the garden walls and hedges of a suburb that faced the river, all posted admirably; so that, while their fires crossed

[1] Harte.

each other, they all bore directly upon the bridge of the Danube and the western gate of Donauwörth. The pikemen were drawn up in three close columns on the roadway, each having the drums and colours of their battalion in the centre. These preparations were scarcely completed when the enemy became alarmed, and resolved to give this active young brigadier an *alert*.

Either the clank of armour had been heard by the Bavarians, or they had seen the masses of men moving amid the obscurity on the Swabian side of the river, for Duke Rodolph, finding his retreat cut off, while the March morning was yet cold and dark, sallied boldly out at the head of eight hundred musketeers.

"Open pans, musketeers—give fire!" cried Hepburn, as the dark column debouched upon the bridge.

The firearms flashed redly over the stone walls and through the budding hedgerows, and, pouring a leaden storm along the bridge, swept it from end to end; the field-pieces belched forth, and their redder glow gleamed on the rapid Danube as their discharges made so many distinct lanes through the approaching Bavarians, who fell into immediate disorder and precipitately retired, leaving the way strewn with "dead bodyes, which even covered the most part of the bridge, and foulely encumbered the whole passage of it."[1]

More rashly courageous than his soldiers, the gallant Duke of Saxe-Lauenberg, escaping the cannon and musketry, dashed spurs into his horse, and, sword in hand, cut a passage through the pikemen, and escaped, leaving his garrison to its fate.

[1] Swedish Intelligencer.

While the artillery now opened against Donauwörth upon the opposite side, and the rapid roar of firearms announced that Gustavus had assailed the gate called the *Lederthor*, Hepburn, ever the first in the breach and the foremost in the charge, put spurs to his horse, and crying "Advance pikemen!—forward musketeers!" led them across the corpse-heaped bridge, and, entering with the fugitives, penetrated into the very heart of the town, fighting on, amid bristling pikes and the incessant flashes of arquebuses and muskets, levelled from every roof and window on his Scottish ranks; while the sullen boom of the Swedish artillery, which echoed with a thousand reverberations among the beetling cliffs that overhung the river, has been likened by more than one writer to the sound of thunder among their peaks.

> "The night was dark, and the thick mist allowed
> Naught to be seen save the artillery's flame,
> Which arched the horizon like a fiery cloud,
> And in the Danube's waters shone the same—
> A mirrored hell! the volleying roar and loud
> Long booming of each peal on peal, o'ercame
> The ear far more than thunder; for Heaven's flashes
> Spare, or smite rarely."

Prodigal of life, and heedless who were slain, if some survived for glory and Gustavus, the brigade poured into Donauwörth, led by Hepburn, who was ably seconded by Major Sidserf of Ramsay's regiment—"a cavalier both prudent and valorous." Four hundred Bavarians were slain, and as many more were taken captive in the passage of the bridge. Many poor Jesuits and monks fell in the confusion among the soldiers, and were killed.

Amid the grey twilight of the dawning day, the conflict and slaughter with sword, pike, and bullet, continued in the streets, which were encumbered by the heavily-laden baggage-waggons of the Bavarians and Austrians, an immense number of whom were drowned in the Danube, into which they recklessly threw themselves. Five hundred more were cut down before quarter was granted by the excited Scots, who had thus made themselves masters of the key to Swabia before Gustavus and his Swedes had even achieved the passage of the Leathergate.

"Sir John Hepburne being thus gotten in," says the editor of the *Intelligencer*, "and having first cut in pieces all resistance, his souldiours fall immediately to plundering, when many a gold chaine, with much other plate and treasure of the enemie, were made prize of." Gustavus gave strict orders that nothing should be pillaged but the baggage of the Bavarians, a thousand of whom took service under his standard, and then deserted in ten days after.

At sunrise, when the uproar and carnage of the assault were over, the King sent for Hepburn. Through streets encumbered with rifled waggons, dismounted cannon, broken drums and arms, and terrified citizens wandering wildly among dead and dying soldiers—through whose coats of buff and iron the blood was running to the swollen gutters that crimsoned the Danube—he made his way to a handsome house which had escaped the cannon-shot, and where he found Gustavus with Frederick of Bohemia, the long-bearded Augustus of Psalzbach, and other men of rank, resting from the fatigues of the past

night, with their armour unbuckled, and flagons of cool Rhenish before them.

In their presence Gustavus thanked him for his good service, ascribing the whole honour of the capture to his courage and good counsel in outflanking the town by the Hasfort bridge, and for having achieved that desperate service with so little loss.[1]

In modest silence Hepburn received this tribute of praise, and immediately repaired to his brigade, which was ordered to recross the Danube, and throw up a strong half-moon at the foot of the bridge, the post of danger, and close by the battered building in which Cronenberg's Reiters had been so severely cannonaded.[2]

[1] Swedish Intelligencer, &c.

[2] On the same ground the Scottish troops in the army of Marlborough, (three years before the Union,) on the defeat of the French and Bavarians, stormed their trenches on the Schellemberg, and, with incredible bravery, made themselves masters of Donauwörth. This was in 1704, and consequently prior to the incorporation of the Scots and English forces. Two battalions of the Scots Royals were engaged here, and lost five officers, two sergeants, a hundred and fourteen men killed; twenty-four officers, fifteen sergeants, and a hundred and twenty-one men wounded. "Thus the *Royals* were triumphant near the same ground where the regiment (when forming part of the Green Brigade in the service of Gustavus Adolphus) distinguished itself in March 1632." The old Scots Greys, under Lord John Hay, behaved also with great bravery.—See *History of First Foot*, and Brodrick's *History of Late War*, 1713.

CHAPTER XX.

HEPBURN CAPTURES A CASTLE, AND LEADS THE VAN ON THE LECH

AMONG the many Scottish generals of Gustavus, Sir James King of Barrocht, in Aberdeenshire, was one of the most eminent, and obtained the government of Vlotho, a fortified town on the Weser, which belonged to the Dukes of Brunswick and Counts of Waldeck. Some unfortunate circumstances had compelled him to leave Scotland for the Swedish service; for there is still extant a letter from the Earls of Mar and Melrose to James VI., dated 30th March 1619, praying to have him pardoned for slaying Alexander Seaton of Meldrum, with whom his family were at feud.[1] "He was a person of great honour; but the little he had saved of it at Vlotho in Germanie, where he made shipwrecke of much of it, he losd in England,"[2] says a cavalier, with some asperity. For his eminent services to Charles I. he was raised to the peerage as Lord Eythen, in March 1642, and commanded the royal troops against the Parliament; but, being forfeited, he died in obscurity, and childless. His title has never since been claimed.[3]

[1] Denmylne MSS. [2] Sir James Turner's Military Memoirs.
[3] Douglas Peerage.

The capture of Donauwörth laid open to Gustavus the opposite shores of the Danube, and now the small river Lech alone separated him from Bavaria, whose dark mountains of granite bounded the horizon beyond that winding river. The immediate danger of his dominions roused all the activity of Duke Maximilian; and, however little he had disturbed the advance of the victorious invaders hitherto, he now resolved to dispute resolutely what remained of their course.

On the opposite bank of the Lech, near the small town of Raine, Count Tilly occupied a strong fortified camp, which was surrounded by three rivers, and seemed to bid defiance to the foe. Every bridge on the Lech was destroyed, and the passes of the stream were protected by garrisons as far as Augsburg; and into this camp the Bavarian Elector threw himself with all the troops he could collect.

After resting for four days at Donauwörth, Gustavus advanced at the head of thirty-two thousand horse and foot, to force the passage of the river.

Previous to this, Hepburn had been engaged in the capture of one of the fortresses which defended it. Accompanied by a body of horse under the command of the Baron Kochtictke, a Bohemian noble, his brigade marched to a rocky gorge three miles from Donauwörth, where the castle of Oberndorff guarded a ford of the Lech, which there emptied itself into the Danube, among some little islets covered with foliage. This was a massive feudal fortress, a seat of the Counts of Függer, who were lords of all that district. The family were originally rich merchants of Augsburg; but having become

soldiers, they were ennobled, and the Count paid yearly for his Graveshaft ten thousand rix-dollars. He had served the Emperor long and faithfully, and bore on his person the marks of innumerable wounds. Munro describes him as being handsome, strong, and stately beyond most men, and of undoubted courage in single combat, being fortunate among all his compeers in proving victorious.

Situated on the very verge of the Lech, his castle was one of those donjon towers which are so characteristic of the wild and varied scenery of the Danube, and carry back the mind to the romance and chivalry, the wars and terrors of the Middle Ages—the abode of iron barons and gliding spectres—having been built in that lawless time when an electoral "archbishop thought he had a fair revenue before him when he built his fortress at the junction of *four cross-roads.*"[1]

The garrison of Oberndorff consisted of four hundred men. It had twelve pieces of cannon, and a deep graff or moat, which Hepburn encircled by dividing the brigade. But no sooner did the Count's soldiers perceive, by the smoke curling from the blown matches, that the enemy were about to "make service" against them, than they became seized by a sudden panic, and endeavoured to escape. At their head he sallied from a postern, mounted on a fleet horse, and sheathed in mail of proof. Pouring down the steep and dark defile, among rocks and overhanging trees, they escaped—by dint of pike and sword cutting a passage towards the bridge of Raine, a well-fortified town on the Lech. Hepburn des-

[1] Planche's Descent of the Danube.

patched the Baron after them on the spur, with his dragoons, who overtook them at the end of the bridge. Two hundred were cut to pieces, and two hundred taken prisoners; but the strong Count of Függer hewed his way through like a mailed Hercules, and reached the Bavarian frontier. Hepburn then rejoined the army, which advanced with all speed to force the passage of the Lech, which formed the last hope of falling Bavaria.

The eyes of all Europe were fixed on this movement, for the whole power of the Empire was arrayed on the Bavarian side of the stream, and seventy pieces of cannon swept the deep gorge through which its waters rush impetuously from the mountains of the Tyrol to mingle with the Danube. Every means that the art of war could furnish had been ably adopted by Tilly and the Bavarian Elector; and thick, like a field of corn, the dense battalions of their pikes and musketeers were formed along the banks, at that very point towards which the army of Gustavus was marching.

They came in view of each other on the 5th April 1632.

The Swedish train, seventy-two pieces of cannon, opened on the foe, and seventy pieces replied. The Bavarian troops were soon thrown into disorder; but the bronzed veterans of old Tilly stood firm, and for six-and-thirty hours one hundred and forty-two pieces of heavy ordnance maintained thus a cross fire from opposite sides of the stream, dashing the trees and rocks to fragments, ploughing up the grassy banks, and making frightful havoc in the ranks of the Austrians and Swedes. The leg of Count Tilly, then in his

seventieth year, was taken off by a cannon-shot, and the great Baron Altringer was severely wounded by another. Count Merodé and one thousand Bavarians were literally torn to shreds; and, on being deprived of the animating presence of their great leader Tilly, their comrades retired in confusion to the wood. Gustavus, under cover of the thick white smoke of the batteries, and a denser vapour purposely caused by burning piles of damp wood and wet straw, threw across from bank to bank a bridge, which his able engineers had constructed in a peculiar manner; and by this his infantry began to pass the Lech, Sir John Hepburn with his men forming the vanguard of the whole—for on every desperate duty the Green Brigade had the post of honour. To feel the way as Gustavus advanced, Captain Forbes, with thirty Scottish musketeers, was sent towards the wood which had received the fugitives, and found they had already retired beyond gunshot, leaving behind two steel-clad videttes, whom he found sitting on horseback, carbine in hand, at the edge of the thicket, and made prisoners.

The Bavarian Elector retreated with all his troops towards Ingolstadt, leaving his territories exposed to the whole tide of the Swedish war, which now flowed from the ensanguined frontier over his hitherto peaceful and fertile realm. At Ingolstadt the veteran Tilly expired. In him the Imperial army sustained a loss that was irreparable, and Romanism lost its most able defender.

In his dying moments the Jesuit soldier remembered his duty to the Emperor, and his last orders to the Elector were, to take Ratisbon, to maintain the command of the Danube, and keep open the communication

with Bohemia; and so he died in great bodily agony, only a few days before he must have endured the humiliation of resigning his baton to a successor—the great Wallenstein, duke of Friedland. The tidings of his death, and the invasion of Bavaria, struck the Protestants of Europe with astonishment; but the Catholics heard of them with rage and alarm.

The old Laird of Bandean—"with the young cavaliers of the Scots nation that followed him, such as Colonell Hugh Hamilton, Colonell John Forbesse, Lieutenant-Colonell Gunne, Lieutenant-Colonell Mongomerie, Major Ruthven, Major Bruntisfield, and divers other Scots captaines, such as Captain Dumbarre, who was killed by the boores"—overran all Swabia, and laid every town under contribution, from Ulm on the Danube to Bavarian Lindau.[1]

So low fell the pride of the Emperor that he begged both money and troops from Rome, imploring that a new crusade might be preached against Gustavus and his soldiers; but Urban VIII. declined his requests, and, strange to say, instead of them promised a jubilee.

The army of Gustavus swept on like a comet! Raine, Neuburg, and Augsburg, were all stormed and captured in succession. As he marched through Bavaria, almost every city opened its gates to him; and now the whole country, to the barriers of the capital, lay open to his soldiers, for their valour was irresistible.

Eleven centuries before this period, St Robert the Scot had first preached the Christian faith in these districts, and baptised Theodo III., the prince of that Pagan territory.

[1] Munro, &c.

From Augsburg, after establishing there the *Reformirte Kirche*, the army marched to Ingolstadt, where the unfortunate Tilly had so lately expired; and for eight days the Green Brigade was employed in the siege of this town, which stands near the Danube, and was defended by a castle built by George the Rich, and strengthened by the fortifications added by Duke Wilhelm in 1537. It was famous for the almost priceless reliquiary and shrines of its great church, which then contained a pure golden image of the Virgin, worth fifty thousand crowns, before which knelt a King of France, also of gold, and worth the same sum—which would no doubt have formed a notable prize for Hepburn's bold Presbyterians.

The Duke of Bavaria had just marched through Ingolstadt, and encamped on the other side of the Danube, on which the strong garrison closed their gates against Gustavus; and, resolving to make the utmost resistance, caused Hepburn to lose many of his best men in operations which were ultimately futile.

On the evening of Thursday the 19th April, the King, expecting a sally, ordered him to post the brigade on some high ground, to repel any issue of the enemy from a gate that lay near. His soldiers remained under arms there the whole night, which was bitterly cold; but, the glow of their lighted matches enabling the foe to fire with precision, a deadly and destructive cannonade was unshrinkingly endured by them from sunset till sunrise on Friday—a night which seemed, says Munro, "the longest in the yeare, though in Aprill; for at *one* shot I lost twelve men of my owne companie, not knowing

what became of them." So hot was the service that this cavalier vowed, "He who was not that night afraid of cannon-shot might next day, without harm, have been brayed into gunpowder."

Three hundred men were killed on the ground, yet the Scots never flinched from their post, and never did soldiers stand to be slaughtered with greater coolness, courage, and discipline; and the morning sun, as he rose above the hills of Bavaria, saw still their diminished but steady ranks standing, like an iron rampart, by the shore of the Danube.

Gustavus had his horse shot under him, and was wounded, when making dispositions to storm a high half-moon which was defended by fifteen hundred Bavarian arqubusiers; and the young Margrave of Baden-dourlach, who stood by his side, had his head carried off by a cannon-shot.[1] After eight days of incessant fighting on both sides, Gustavus deemed it advisable to raise the siege, and penetrate into the interior of Bavaria, that the Elector might be drawn inwards for the defence of his own territories, and thus be compelled to strip the Danube of its defenders.

He marched to Gysenfeld, where the whole army paid the honours of military burial to the remains of the young Margrave, with two rounds of cannon and musketry; and there, too, they interred Captain David Ramsay, a veteran cavalier of the Green Brigade, who on the march expired of a fever.

[1] Puffendorf.

CHAPTER XXI.

HEPBURN MADE GOVERNOR OF MUNICH

AFTER lying five days in the neighbourhood of Mosburg, a town which belonged to a Count of the same name, Hepburn and Gustave Horne were ordered with eight thousand horse and foot to invest Landshut, a beautiful little town at the conflux of the Ampter and Iser—the rapid-rolling Iser of Campbell's well-known poem.

On the march, and during their recent operations, the Scots brigades, as well as others, suffered from the religious fanaticism of the Bavarians. Soldiers who denied the Papal authority were viewed as a new and unheard-of phenomenon; and the preachers held them up to the execration of the people, as children of hell and the worshippers of Antichrist. Woe betided the poor straggler who became wearied on the hot dusty march, and fell into the hands of the peasantry! Every torment that cruelty could devise was inflicted upon them, and the sight of their mangled bodies excited their comrades to due retaliation.[1]

On the road between Ingolstadt and Augsburg, no less than fifty soldiers were cruelly murdered by the "boors," who tore out their eyes, cut off their noses,

[1] Schiller.

hands, and feet, and otherwise savagely mutilated them; in revenge for which the Swedes and Scots shot all the Bavarians who fell into their hands, burned two hundred towns, villages, and chateaux, driving the inhabitants into Swabia and the Tyrol.

Gustave Horne led the three thousand horse, and Hepburn the five thousand infantry, which approached Landshut with the utmost circumspection. The town had a palace and ancient castle built in 1204; the strong wall which encircled it secured also the passage of a venerable bridge, beneath which lay "the Iser rolling rapidly." The lofty tower of St Martin's Church (deemed the highest in Bavaria) formed a conspicuous object as the column approached, with the pikemen in the centre, the musketeers on their flanks, and Horne's horsemen in advance and rear.

On seeing the glitter of arms as they descended from the hills towards Landshut, thirteen hundred bold Bavarian cavalry, who after a hard and furious ride had thrown themselves into the town with the intention of defending it, mounted, and prepared to retire from a force so overwhelming. As the advanced guard approached, the sharp report of calivers was heard, smoke curled from the loopholes of the town wall, and, shot dead, a lieutenant and several of Horne's troopers rolled from their saddles. The hoarse roar of an exploding mine followed, and a column of dust that ascended into the air announced that the bridge of the Iser had been blown up; and, with their armour glittering in the sunshine, the Bavarian troopers were seen retiring at full speed along the opposite bank.

On this Marshal Horne took possession of the town, making Hepburn interim governor, until the arrival of Gustavus, who entered next day, and received the keys from the citizens, who knelt with all humility before him.

"Rise," said he: "it is your duty to kneel to God, but not to me."

He levied a heavy contribution on the inhabitants, who had undertaken to maintain six troops of horse for the war against him. He received a hundred thousand dollars, Horne twenty thousand; but Hepburn had only the honour of being governor for *two* days—a small reward, at which (whatever he felt) he disdained to complain. On the second day the troops marched against Freysingen, on the route to Munich, the whole way to which was now without obstruction.

On halting and bivouacking for a night among the green fields and parks that lay on the banks of the Masach, Gustavus heard that the great Duke of Friedland (to whose temporary dismissal by the Emperor the Catholics attributed all their misfortunes) was on his march to Prague, at the head of forty thousand men, being the shattered bands of Tilly and the newer levies of the Empire. Undaunted by this intelligence, the Swede and his generals, leaving the hills and woods behind them, on the 7th May 1632 entered Munich, a large and beautiful city, standing in the centre of a vast plain watered by the Iser, and exhibiting all the greenness and fertility of summer. Fearing that some resistance might be made, on the night of the 6th Gustavus sent Hepburn's brigade round the town, by a circuitous road, to the bridge of the Iser, where their

leader kept them under arms till daybreak; consequently the three Scots regiments of the Green Brigade had the honour of entering first.

Their entrance in the morning twilight, and the din of their drums beating the *Old Scots March*, mingled with the wild war-pipes of Lord Reay's Highlanders, ringing in the empty and stately streets of the Bavarian capital, spread terror and consternation among the citizens, who placed all their hopes in the magnanimity of the conqueror and the mercy of his chivalric soldiers. The whole of the Swedish army encamped without the walls, none being permitted to occupy the city except the Green Brigade and the Lord Spynie's regiment, also of Scots, who entered with the King.

Hepburn, who when last at Munich was but a youthful subaltern in the Scottish bands of Sir Andrew Gray, now placed guards at all the gates, and took possession of the spacious market-place where the great fairs of St James and the Three Kings of Cologne were wont to be held. The regiments of Spynie and Munro were quartered in the magnificent Electoral Palace, where they made pretty free with the rich wines of the cellars and whatever came in their way. "We were ordained," says the colonel of the latter, "to lie in the great court of the palace, night and day in our arms; to guard both the kings' persons, and to set all the guards, where I was commanded, with our whole officers, not to stir from our watch." His pikemen stood in all the doorways and staircases, and the officers were not permitted to leave their guards even for a moment, having their meals served up from the King's own table. They were employed

on this honourable duty for three weeks, which excited some jealous murmurs among the Swedes and Dutch.

Hepburn was appointed military governor of Munich by Gustavus, who, to prevent all plundering, gave a gratuity of five shillings per man to every soldier over and above his pay; thus showing that, if he had not forgotten the terrible fate of Magdeburg, with the generosity of a true soldier he forgave it, and contented himself with the more noble triumph of conducting the fugitive Frederick into the ancient palace of Maximilian of Bavaria—the same Duke Maximilian who, twelve years before, on that disastrous day, by the white mountain of Prague, had rent from his feeble hands the sceptre of Bohemia.

And thus (as in 1620) he was again guarded by Scottish troops, among whom were many of those Border veterans who had followed Sir Andrew Gray, and now served with Hepburn. That they should have been chosen for this important service by Gustavus, in preference to both his Swedes and Dutch, was an honour, the memory of which was long proudly cherished by the Green Brigade.

When pressed by some of his officers to revenge on Munich the atrocities of the Imperialists, Gustavus nobly replied—

"No, cavaliers! let us not imitate our ancestors, the barbarian Goths, who have rendered their memory detestable by an abuse of the right of conquest, in violating the laws of humanity, and destroying the most precious works of art."[1]

[1] History of Louis XIII., &c.

Around the old palace where Hepburn was quartered were beautiful gardens, with fish-ponds and jets-d'eau. One of these was crowned by a statue of Perseus, with the head of Medusa, from whose neck the water spouted in several streams. There was a stately gallery attached to this edifice, and a magnificent library of ancient MSS. and rare works. There, too, was preserved the two-handed sword of Duke Christopher; and there again Hepburn and Munro could at leisure revive the studies of their college days, by dipping into the classic pages of Sallust, of Nepos, and of Plutarch.

On examining the great arsenal, Hepburn found armour, clothing, and arms sufficient to equip ten thousand infantry; but all the carriages were minus their cannon. The whole of these had been buried beneath the floors of the palace, but were discovered by the treachery of an artisan. Hepburn's men tore up the flooring, and disinterred one hundred and forty beautiful pieces of ordnance, many of which were of the largest calibre. Among them were twelve, named *the Apostles;* and others that had been captured from the Elector-Palatine and Duke of Brunswick, whose arms and ciphers they bore. In one, a hundred and fifty thousand Hungarian ducats of gold were discovered, sewn up in a cartridge, which were presented to Gustavus, who ordered the artillery to be immediately mounted and sent to Augsburg.

While Hepburn superintended this operation, Gustavus held some grand reviews on the green plain before the gates of Munich, and on several occasions dismounted and took a pike or musket to show the more awkward of his

soldiers the correct platoon exercise—for in his youth he had served as a private musketeer against the Danes; and now before the walls of their own capital the Bavarians saw the Swedish and Scottish troops charging in line, and practising that steady mode of firing by platoons, which on the plains of Leipzig struck such terror into the Imperialists. The Scots always carried their pikes steady when at the charge.

"When battelles cometh of *push of picke*," according to the old tactitian, Sir Thomas Kellie, "good commanders sayeth, that your pickemen must not push by advancing and retiring their arme as is commonlie done; but onelie goe joyntlie on together in a rout, without moveing their armes."[1]

During this time the Elector of Bavaria was shut up in Ratisbon, where, with the remnant of his terrified forces, he awaited those succours with which Wallenstein was marching from Bohemia, and endeavoured to amuse Gustavus, and keep him inactive by negotiations. But the Swedish conqueror was too acute, and too distrustful, to be deceived by a policy so shallow. Leaving Hepburn with his brigade to overawe the Bavarian capital, and indeed the whole Electorate, he advanced to Augsburg, to give battle to Ossa, the Imperial commissary, who, after hovering there with seven thousand men, retired towards Lindau, on the lake of Constance, where General Ruthven followed him closely, while Gustavus remained in Augsburg.

[1] Pallas Armata, or Militarie Instructions. Edin. 1627.

CHAPTER XXII.

QUARREL BETWEEN HEPBURN AND GUSTAVUS

By a cavalier who came from the King on the 26th May, Hepburn received an order to have his troops in readiness to march; and, in obedience to a second, they left Munich on the 1st June, and advanced again to Donauwörth, the scene of their old operations, where they were to join the main army under Gustavus. There tidings came that Ruthven of Bandean and Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar had come up with Ossa, and cut to pieces a cuirassier regiment—capturing Hannibal, Count of Hohen-ems, with four hundred troopers and eight standards, which Sir Patrick sent to his garrison at Ulm. There, too, Gustavus issued letters of service to the Scottish colonels, John Forbes and Hamilton, to levy each a regiment of Swiss among the Protestant cantons. Those officers soon raised their corps among the hardy mountaineers of Voralberg; but these, being suddenly fallen upon, were routed and scattered. The two cavaliers were made prisoners, and remained "pittifully in bondage" for three years. Colonel Forbes afterwards entered the service of Louis XIII.

Hepburn reached the Danube on the 4th June, and was immediately despatched to the relief of Weis-

semberg, a place of vast importance, as it secured the retreat from Augsburg (where all their magazines lay) to Nuremberg. But the Bavarians retired; and after capturing the castle of Pappenheim, which belonged to the Count of that name, second marshal of the Empire, the brigade marched on to Fürth, *en route* laying the rich bishopricks of Aichstadt and Dillingen under contribution. The former was a small town said to have been founded by St Wilibald, the son of an English king, and was noted only for its reliques; but the latter possessed a noble Jesuit college, and a palace which was pillaged a little by the Scots.

On the 7th June the whole army, with the forces of the Duke of Weimar, entered Fürth, three miles from Nuremberg, between which and the enemy Gustavus resolved to take up a position. A body of horse were sent forward to take in Psalzbach, and Hepburn, with two thousand musketeers, followed to second them if necessary; but, not being required, they rejoined Gustavus, who fell back on Nuremberg to prepare for receiving Wallenstein.

That general was not many days' march distant, and was advancing with the utmost rapidity, mounting his infantry on all the country horses his foragers could procure. His reappointment infused a new ardour into the hearts of the discomfited Imperialists, and filled with the hope of vengeance the whole Catholic people, from the banks of the Oder to those of the Danube. On forming a junction with those of the Bavarian Elector, his forces amounted to sixty thousand men. They advanced at once upon Nuremberg, where, at the head of eighteen

thousand Swedes and Scots, Gustavus occupied a position which he was resolved to defend, and to make the pivot of all his future operations.[1]

He had been warmly welcomed by the lords of Nuremberg—twenty-eight chiefs of families who were distinguished by the name of Patricians—and the twenty-six burgomasters. Situated in the centre of Germany, or, as one historian says,[2] in the centre of the world, this decayed town (which in the fifteenth century numbered eighty thousand citizens) from its position covered all the vast conquests of Gustavus on the Rhine, the Danube, and the Maine; and these conquests included three hundred cities and walled fortresses, the fruits of two years' warfare, and the valour of twenty thousand Swedes, Dutch, and Germans, and twelve thousand Scots.

Nuremberg had early embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and from that period the arts of peace became changed for those of war, and a long period of protracted strife reduced her to the semi-barbarism of the rest of Germany. An old account of this city states that it had six gates, each defended by a large tower, (four of these still remain;) that it had thirty-eight fountains, and three hundred pieces of cannon. A still older authority[3] says that the castle, which is situated on a great rock of red stone, was well fortified, and possessed an arsenal deemed the best in Germany.

Here, then, it was that Gustavus with his veterans

[1] "The king had 132 ensignes of foot, which made up 10,767 in the MUSTER BOOKE, and 152 troopes of horse, which came to 7676; in all, 18,443 men."—*Swedish Intelligencer*, 1632.

[2] Bertius. [3] La Forrest.

resolved to withstand the force and skill of the great Wallenstein; and with pickaxe and spade the whole of his troops worked arduously to make up by art for their inferiority of numbers. The works included Nuremberg, the lords of which raised twenty-four companies of musketeers: each company carried on its colours a letter of the alphabet, from A to X. The burghers lent their hands and purses to push these operations for their own safety; and with a celerity that astonished even themselves, before the 26th of June, when Wallenstein appeared, the lines—flanked by bastions and salient angles, regular half-moons, and ditches twelve feet deep—encircled the whole city, whose time-worn castle, on its dark red rock, formed the centre of these redoubts, on which bristled the three hundred cannon of the citizens. "The whole camp," says Harte, "contained, as nearly as I can calculate—and the account came from Hepburn—about two hundred and nineteen clear square acres." The Pegnitz, which flows through the town, divided the whole into two semicircles, the communication between which was secured by several bridges; and the position afforded a view of the vast Franconian plain, with the dim blue mountains of Saxony and Bohemia in the distance.

Boasting that in four days' time the world should see whether he or Gustavus was its master,[1] Wallenstein encamped in sight of Nuremberg, near the village of Stein, three miles distant. He took possession of two hills, the Altenberg and Alta Feste, together with a ruinous castle on the summit of the latter, and a hunting-lodge in the wood below. He intrenched and palisaded

[1] Puffendorf.

the position, erecting numerous redoubts, with breast-works of earth, old trees, and barrels filled with sand and stones, broken waggons, and fascines. The ground was admirably chosen, as the whole country in his rear was devoted to him, and he could with ease receive provisions and ammunition from Munich and Vienna; while his hordes of ferocious Croats cut off the supplies of Gustavus and harassed his foragers, preventing any junction between his troops and those of Sir Patrick Ruthven, who occupied Swabia.

During these operations the Scottish troops elsewhere suffered severely. Count Pappenheim made a brisk attack on General Otho Todt, near the town of Staden, cutting off and putting to the sword fifteen hundred of his men, and taking several colours, among which were three belonging to Munro of Obstell's regiment, which had been led by Captain Sinclair. Their ammunition being expended, and their bandoliers empty, no alternative was left them but surrendering to Pappenheim's cuirassiers. Captain Sinclair remained a prisoner eighteen months before he could pay a ransom; and there were two lieutenants and one ensign (all named Munro) who were two years and six months captives in the same fortress, being unable to procure the enormous sums demanded by the Imperial government as the price of their liberty. Obstell, their colonel, was slain by the enemy in the March of the following year, 1633.[1]

Gustavus now summoned to his aid Duke Wilhelm of Saxe-Weimar and the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and ordered all his Swedish and Scottish generals on the

[1] Douglas Baronage.

Rhine, in Thuringia, and Lower Saxony, to march for Nuremberg. From the hills of Bavaria and the rocks of the Tyrol, from the banks of the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Oder, the Protestant soldiers of all nations came flocking to the banner of their great leader; and among these were the two regiments of Colonel Hamilton and the Lord Bellenden, the last remnant of the Marquis of Hamilton's Scottish forces. The whole of these were first assembled by the Rex-Chancellor at Kinzingen; and on the 16th August they marched into the trenches at Nuremberg fifty thousand strong, fully armed and equipped, with sixty pieces of cannon, and four thousand waggons.[1]

Gustavus now found himself at the head of seventy thousand soldiers, without including the militia of Nuremberg, which mustered thirty thousand in case of need. Armed in buff and steel, one hundred and sixty thousand men confronted each other; fifty thousand chargers were brought forth to water every morning; and fifteen thousand pounds of bread were daily served out in the Swedish camp, without allaying the hunger of the soldiers.

Encouraged by these powerful reinforcements, Gustavus resolved to commence operations without delay against his great antagonist. Provisions were becoming scarce within the camp and city, for Wallenstein had captured two hundred waggons laden with food which were coming from Würtzburg, cutting off the escort, taking three standards and two hundred prisoners. The Swedes had also taken a similar convoy; but as much of the provision was destroyed, the famine waxed sore in

[1] Schiller.

Nuremberg, and excited the rage of the Swedish soldiers, so that many desperate skirmishes and *outfalls* took place, while the main armies remained in view of each other inactive.

On the 28th July, Gustavus marched one thousand musketeers and eight hundred horse to Bergtheim, to cover an attack that Colonel M'Dougal (whose *nom de guerre* was Dewbattel) was about to make on an Imperial magazine. These fell suddenly on the forces of Sparre, a sergeant-major *di battaglia*, whom Wallenstein had ordered to drive back M'Dougal. Sparre led his own regiment of musketeers, four troops of Gonzaga's horse, and four of Coloredo's, with twenty squadrons of Croatians, and a thousand Scottish and Irish musketeers, led by Colonel Gordon and Major Lesly, two Scottish officers who served the Emperor.

Among the rough and rocky ground, three miles from Altenburg, a long and desperate but desultory conflict ensued between these forces and those of Gustavus, which were ultimately successful. Each after the other the Imperial regiments were swept away in succession, and the one thousand musketeers of Gordon and Lesly alone stood firm, maintaining their posts behind every tree, rock, and wall, with the most steady gallantry. Gustavus frequently applauded their valour, and declared that if these were Scots, and fell into his hands as prisoners, he would release them unransomed; adding, that if all the Imperialists had fought as well, he must have lost the field that day.

Long and resolutely these brave Scots and Irish fought side by side, and from the cover of a thick wood kept

the Swedish troops in check until the mass of their less gallant comrades, the Germans, had effected a safe retreat; but on the flight of Gonzaga, (whom, although the nephew of the Empress, Wallenstein tried by a court-martial,) being left single-handed, Sparre, Colonel Gordon, and Major Lesly, were taken prisoners, and brought to the Swedish camp. Having on a former occasion violated his parole of honour, the first officer remained a prisoner; but three days after, Gordon and Lesly were released by the Swedish conqueror, who complimented them on their valour and spirit. Hepburn, Munro, and other Scottish officers, would not allow them to return for five weeks, during which time they had to visit and make merry with them all in succession, and were not permitted to bid adieu to Nuremberg until Gustavus was preparing to attack the Imperialists.

They returned to the camp of Wallenstein; and these were the two Scottish officers who, on the treachery of that great noble being discovered, so boldly slew him in the now ruined castle of Egar in Bohemia.

Colonel Gordon was a Presbyterian, yet he was created a marquis of the Empire, colonel-general of the Imperial army, and bearer of the golden key as high chamberlain to the Emperor.[1]

Major Walter Lesly was the youngest son of Lesly of Balquhain in the Garioch: he was captain of the body-guards, and colonel of a regiment. By the Emperor Ferdinand III. he was created Count Lesly and Lord of

[1] John Gordon, colonel of Tertzsky's regiment, was originally a private soldier. Four other Gordons, his relations, served the Emperor: one was a colonel, two were lieut.-colonels, and one a watch-master.

Neustadt, in Bohemia, an estate worth two hundred thousand florins.[1] He became a field-marshal, governor of Sclavonia, and Knight of the Golden Fleece—an order which he received from Leopold I. before his departure as ambassador to Constantinople.[2]

At this time, when the bravest and most experienced of his veterans looked forward with anxiety to the coming strife—for two of the most formidable armies that had been mustered since the war began were arrayed against each other, and all the clouds of battle which had desolated Germany hung, as it were, charged with thunder over one point—when the mastery of three hundred castles and fortified cities, and of many a ravaged kingdom and duchy, was to be lost or won by the issue of a single field, Gustavus, unfortunately for himself, quarrelled with Sir John Hepburn, who, with the Green Brigade, had so truly been his "right arm" on many a desperate day. Of the exact merits of the dispute there is no proper account preserved. Having had high words, Gustavus in his anger was so imprudent as to upbraid Hepburn with his religion, which was Catholic, and also to remark, tauntingly, the extreme richness of his armour and apparel.[3] Schiller adds that the colonel was

[1] Life of Wallenstein, &c.

[2] "This embassy was so magnificent that Father Taffernier, a Jesuit, his confessor and companion, printed a particular account of it. He died at Vienna, March 4, A.D. MDCLXVII., aged 67, and was succeeded by James, (elder brother to the late Count Patrick,) who gave timely succour to Vienna, and burnt the bridge and town of Essek when the Turks defended it, and was therefor made a privy-councillor and president of the council of war for Austria."—*Aberd. Collections*—Spalding Club.

[3] See Anderson's History of France, vol. v.

"offended with the King for having, not long before, preferred a younger officer to some post of danger; and rashly vowed never again to draw a sword in the Swedish quarrel."

This probably refers to the same circumstance which offended the haughty Sir John Hamilton—the storming of the keep of Marienburg by the Swedes, after the gallant Scottish infantry, through blood and fire and a wall of steel, had hewn them a passage with their pikes—a circumstance which these cavaliers of fortune never forgave. Of late there had been much discontent among them concerning the Marquis of Hamilton, whom they thought Gustavus had treated somewhat ungenerously; and still more concerning Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas of Mordington, (the captor of Creutzenach,) whom he had committed to a common prison for having unceremoniously presented himself in a tennis-court where he (Gustavus) and the King of Bohemia were at play—a punishment at which the English ambassador, Sir Harry Vane, remonstrated, and which the whole Scottish officers considered an insult to their character and country.[1]

The inborn spirit and fire which constituted a part of his chivalric character rendered Hepburn incapable of brooking sharp words, even from a king. The remarks on his courtly dress he might have treated with disdain, and forgiven, but those on his religion (which he prized as his life) never; for he had first left his native land to fight for Elizabeth Stuart, and not the Protestant cause. He resigned his commission on the instant, and haughtily withdrew.

[1] Fowler's Suethland and Poland.

As Gustavus loved him well, placed more confidence in Hepburn than any other officer, and had just appointed him to command half the infantry of his vast army, he (though also remarkable for his fiery temperament) "made several condescensions to Hepburn, and appeared particularly desirous of retaining so valuable an officer in his service; but the Scottish hero was inflexible."

Unable to brook an imaginary injury even for a moment,

"Sire," replied the fiery cavalier, laying his hand upon his rapier, "I will never more unsheath this sword in the quarrels of Sweden!"[1]

[1] P. Bougeant's Histoire des Guerres, Schiller, &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ALTENBURG AND ALTA FESTE

HEPBURN acted with becoming spirit in leaving the service of a prince by whom (though he loved and respected him) he considered himself injured; for he was too true a cavalier and soldier to permit the slightest insult to pass. "It was under these circumstances," says Harte, who is somewhat slow of admitting the merit of Scottish officers, "that Tilly lost the battle of Leipzig; and the valiant Hepburn resigned his commission, and refused to be reconciled to a master who condescended *to ask the continuance of his friendship.*"

The command of the Green Brigade now devolved upon his friend and companion, Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Munro; but as it was impossible for Hepburn to leave the beleaguered town of Nuremberg, environed as it was by the army of Wallenstein—whose wild Croats scoured all the surrounding country—like the Marquis of Hamilton, he contented himself by remaining as a spectator of those scenes amid which, but for that unfortunate quarrel, he would have shone the foremost.

The guards were always doubled at night, and the *perdues*, or advanced sentinels, were posted so far as half a mile from the trenches in the direction of the

enemy. The ramparts of Nuremberg bristled with pikes, and the whole vast force of Gustavus was ever on the alert. The fleet-mounted Croats were always on the prowl, scouring every road that led to the town; and in one day Colonel Munro lost three servants and five of his horses, taken by their riders; and so great became the scarcity of forage, by their vigilance, that many officers abandoned their chargers and served on foot.

Munro was made full colonel of the regiment he had so long commanded as second: his commission was dated 18th August. Major John Sinclair received the lieutenant-colonelcy, and Captain William Stewart the majority of the battalion, which the casualties of war had reduced to seven companies.

The great suffering produced by want of proper supplies rendered it necessary for Gustavus to employ his vast army in active operations. On the 22d August he erected three strong batteries along the banks of the Rednitz, from which he cannonaded the Imperialists during the whole of that day; but Wallenstein remained immovable, for he had resolved by the mere force of famine to overcome the valour of the Swedish army.

Intrusting his strong camp to the militia of Nuremberg, Gustavus, on the festival of St Bartholomew, the fifty-eighth day of his encampment, crossed the Rednitz with his whole army in order of battle, and took up a new position near the small town of Fürth, which placed him exactly on the left flank of the Imperialists.

On this day Hepburn, having resigned, had no command; but, when such an encounter was to take place, could he remain behind in Nuremberg? Arming him-

self completely in his magnificent suit of inlaid armour, a close casque with gorget, breast and back-pieces, pauldrons, vambraces, and gauntlets, with pistols at his saddle, as if going on service, he mounted his charger, and rode near the King by the side of Major-General Rusteine.[1] But though no longer at their head, he was as much exposed as his old comrades of the Green Brigade, for, as the troops advanced, the major-general was shot near him.

Posted on the steep and rocky heights of the Alta Feste, and that crowned by the ruined Altenburg, with the Biber and the Rednitz flowing at their base, the whole intrenched and palisaded position of the Imperialists shone with long lines of polished helmets, that glinted above the green breastworks and hastily-constructed barricades. Tall pikes and polished arquebusses glittered incessantly in the sunshine, and the brass muzzles of eighty pieces of cannon peered forth from under the shade of every rock, bush, and tree. Here and there, in the foreground, a circle of crows or ravens, wheeling above the long grass, marked where lay a dead horse or unburied soldier, shot in some recent skirmish.

As the dense battalions of the Swedes approached, a tremendous cannonade began. The musketeers and arquebusiers volleyed from flank to flank, and the roar seemed as if it would rend heaven; while the whole hills, from the river at their base to the ruins on the Altenburg, were sheeted with fire and enveloped in snow-white smoke.

[1] Munro, &c.

Hepburn still continued to look on as a mere spectator amid that terrible cannonade, which was ploughing the earth under his horse's feet, and mowing down the columns like grass around him, even when a part of his old brigade advanced to storm the ruined fortress, the highest point of those hills from the summit of which Wallenstein, calmly and securely, from his artillery shrouded in smoke, poured fire and death upon the plain below. And now came the tug of war, to which the great battles of Prague and Fleura, Leipzig and the Lech, were but holiday reviews.

Resolving at once on the point of attack, Gustavus ordered four columns, each consisting of five hundred men, to assail the old fortress,

"I will not believe there is a God in heaven if they take that castle from me!" said the energetic but impious Wallenstein, as he shaded his eyes with the peak of his helmet, and observed this movement with confident disdain.

Selected from different regiments, these two thousand "chosen musketeers, mostly Scotsmen," says Colonel Mitchell,[1] "as an old Nuremberg writer of the period informs us," left their colours at the foot of the mountains, and, supported by a column of pikes, advanced under a tremendous fire from eighty pieces of ordnance to storm the enemy's works. Crashing through steel and bone, rending limbs and trunks to shreds and fragments, whole sections of them were swept into eternity. But still the main body pressed gallantly forward, clambering up the steep natural glacis with ardour; for the

[1] Life of Wallenstein.

Scots knew well that, if *they* failed, no other troops would attempt it. "Exposed to the whole fire of the enemy's artillery, and infuriated by the prospect of immediate death," says Schiller, "these intrepid warriors rushed forward to storm the heights, which were in an instant converted into a flaming volcano."

But their bravest efforts were unavailing: no impression could be made on troops so well protected by works which nature and art had strengthened to the utmost. They were compelled to halt, to waver, to make one more desperate attempt, and then retire down the steep precipices over which their killed and wounded were rolling in scores.

Five other columns were successively ordered up to the assault, and five times they were swept away; and vast piles of their dead and wounded rose by the water side ere the attack on the mountain trenches was finally abandoned.

In the mean time a sharp conflict had taken place between the Imperial cavalry and the Swedish left wing, which rested among the thickets of the Rednitz; and during these operations, Wallenstein on one side and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar on the other had each a horse shot under him; while Gustavus had one of his large jack-boots torn off by a cannon-ball.

Sheathed in bright armour, Wallenstein's cuirassiers, the very flower of his army, filed forth from the trenches at full speed, and, forming squadrons, came on unseen among the smoke. Riding right through a column of Swedish infantry, cutting them down in every direction, they captured General Tortensohn; while, as if to coun-

terbalance this partial success, Cronenberg's *Invincibles* —a magnificent regiment of fifteen hundred heavily-mailed horsemen, who attacked only two hundred Finland troopers—were routed and pursued by them under the very cannon of the Altenburg. The hills and the valley through which the Rednitz ran were enveloped in smoke, and the din of the cannon and musketry was incessant. Eighty heavy ordnance, we have said, boomed without intermission from the Imperial lines; and those of Gustavus replied that day by two hundred thousand rounds—a quantity that seems almost incredible.

Of all the attacks made on Wallenstein none appeared so practicable as one proposed by Duke Bernard, who communicated it by his aide-de-camp.

"Is there no able officer who will hasten there, and examine this ground for me?" said Gustavus, looking round him as the cavalier rode off; but so great was the confusion and slaughter that none appeared at hand save the brave Hepburn, who, generously forgetting his quarrel, made an immediate tender of his services.

"Go, Colonel Hepburn," replied the King gratefully; "I am much obliged to you."[1]

Dashing spurs into his horse, Hepburn galloped across the field, which was still swept by the fire of the Imperialists; and, by the light of the evening sun, having reconnoitred the approach as well as the thick vapour that overspread it would permit, he returned to the King —losing by the way a faithful sergeant who had followed him, who was shot by his side.[2]

"Sire," said he, "the attempt is practicable."

[1] Harte. [2] Hollings.

"Sir," replied Gustavus, after he saw the hill himself, "you have made me a true and faithful report, yet I must not make my principal impression here; it demands, at least, my whole body of infantry, and then the artillery and cavalry are left at the mercy of the enemy, who may thus, if he choses, assault me in two places at once."[1]

Duke Bernard's troops, among which were still the Scottish regiments of Hamilton and Bellenden, carried the hill by storm, driving back the Imperialists with great loss; and five hundred musketeers of the Green Brigade under Colonel Munro pushed gallantly forward, and posted themselves far in advance, keeping possession of the ground they had gained until five hundred more of their comrades, under Lieutenant-Colonel John Sinclair, came up to strengthen them: and these thousand Scots maintained their dangerous post all night. Colonel Munro was severely wounded in the left side by the "clicket" of his rapier, which a ball had driven against his coat of mail, battering it flat; Captain Patrick Innes, having exposed himself by flourishing his sword and crying "*Vive Gustavus!*" received a ball in the helmet, which pierced his brain; Lieutenant-Colonel Mackean was killed; Captain Traill, of Lord Spynie's regiment, received a shot which pierced his throat and gorget of steel through and through; Captain Vaus, of Foulis's regiment, was struck in the shoulder; Hector

[1] "This account," says Harte, "hath been delivered down to us by Hepburn himself, a person who at that juncture bore his master some ill-will." This episode of his life, and another which follows, are related by Harte somewhat differently from what they are to be found in the pages of Schiller and other writers.

Munro, of Catvall, was shot through the head; and an immense number of other Scottish officers and soldiers were killed and wounded.

Gustavus lost one Major-General and many Lieutenant-Colonels, among whom was the Count Erpach, (a prince of the Empire) whose post, according to some accounts, Hepburn is said to have taken at the royal request during the engagement; while the loss on each side appears to have been about two thousand five hundred killed and wounded.[1]

Another account says that Wallenstein had four thousand killed and "neare sixe thousand wounded, so that all the hospitalls and lazarettos were sufficientlie filled."[2]

"Our briggads of foote had scarce bodies of pikemen left to guard their colours," says Munro; and the musketeers had suffered in an equal degree.

Night was now coming on, and several Swedish regiments which had advanced too far by the base of the hills were in danger of being cut off by Wallenstein's cavalry, as they were too spirited and too highly disciplined to retire without an order. Gustavus was extremely anxious to communicate that order to them; but the duty seemed fraught with danger, as they were far off, and several masses of the enemy lay between. Trusting to the well-known generosity of the haughty Hepburn, Gustavus in his anxiety applied to him, and, after a few compliments to his character and courage, requested him to "order those regiments to retreat."

"Sire," replied the brave cavalier, "this is the only

[1] Harte. [2] Sir J. Turner's Military Memoirs.

service I cannot refuse your Majesty, *for it is a hazardous one!*" and, drawing his long rapier, rode off to execute the duty![1]

Elated with this opportunity of gathering fresh laurels, and of distinguishing himself before that royal leader by whom he deemed himself injured, Hepburn once more dashed across the field towards the foot of the mountains, cutting a passage, sword in hand, and by main strength of steed and arm, through the bands of straggling Croats who strove to intercept him, and, delivering the orders of Gustavus to the regiments in question, formed them in column. Although no longer a commissioned officer, they knew and revered him too well to disobey; and he conducted their retreat in so masterly and able a manner that the Imperial cavalry dared not molest them. It was acknowledged by the whole army, that, but for Hepburn's daring and decision, these troops must have been utterly cut off. He marched them to the King's post—

"And now, sire," said he, sheathing his rapier, "never more shall this sword be drawn in your service: this is the last time I will ever serve so ungrateful a prince!"[2]

Wallenstein still remained immovable within his trenches, and after ten hours of incessant fighting[3] the troops of Gustavus drew off. The red fire of the artillery died away; even the pattering reports from the calivers of the hovering Croats ceased; and the twilight darkness of the summer night spread its mantle over the gory rivers, and the corpse-covered approaches to the Imperial camp.

[1] Schiller. [2] Modern Univ. Hist., vol. iii. [3] Puffendorf.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HEPBURN LEAVES THE ARMY.

A THICK mist arose, the night became cold and wet, and the poor wounded soldiers lay bleeding on the field. Many of them were half immersed in the water of the Rednitz, or buried under piles of dead men and horses, fallen stockades and breastworks—enduring thus additional miseries, which death terminated before morning.

By grey dawn the first thought of Gustavus was the Scottish musketeers of Sinclair and Munro, who lay far in advance among the rocks, immediately under the ruins on the Altenburg.

"Is any officer of the field near me?" he asked one of his attendants.

"There is none but the Colonel Hepburn," was the reply; and that gallant soldier, who, having no post to repair to, had remained near him, and slept in his armour by the side of his charger, appeared immediately.

"Colonel Hepburn," said Gustavus, "may I beg of you to make one visit to our poor soldiers on the Altenburg, and observe if there is any place from whence ordnance may act against the old castle."

Notwithstanding his indignant threat never to serve again, touched by the trustful confidence of the King,

and anxious to see how his old comrades were lodged, Hepburn rode to the position occupied by the wounded Munro and his gallant companions, and after a short time returned safely to Gustavus.

"I found, sire," said he, "the Scottish musketeers almost buried among mud and water, but have discovered a piece of ground from whence, if the earth were raised a little, four pieces of battering artillery might be brought to bear against the Altenburg fortress, at the distance of only forty paces."

"I had rather that you had found me a place at ten times that distance," replied the King with emotion; "I cannot bear the thought of seeing my brave soldiers torn to pieces a second time."

After a short consultation (continues Harte) Gustavus gave orders for a general retreat, before which he went in person to draw off the thousand Scots on the Altenburg; and seeing Munro so severely wounded that he was scarcely able to walk, he took that officer's half pike, and, desiring him immediately to retire as fast as he could, closed up the rear of the whole, marching on foot like a subaltern officer.

Though a retreat was decided on, it was not put in execution for fourteen days after this affair, during which time the armies remained in view of each other without hostility, but suffering excessively by the scarcity of food, till the 14th of September, when, after leaving five thousand men (the Laird of Foulis's regiment and four others) in Nuremberg under General Kniphausen, Gustavus marched from his trenches, and with drums beating and colours flying commenced a retreat

towards Neustadt, leaving no less than ten thousand citizens and twenty thousand soldiers dead behind him, in and around Nuremberg; for such were the terrible effects of sickness, famine, and the casualties of war.

Around the city the summer fields and pastures were trampled into mire by the rolling cannon and marching columns; villages were in ashes, and the plundered peasantry lay by the highways faint and dying; "dead bodies infected the air; and bad food, the exhalations from a population so dense, and from so many putrifying carcasses, together with the heat of the dog-days, produced a desolating pestilence, which raged among men and beasts, and, long after the retreat of both armies, continued to load the country with misery and distress."

The right wing led the van as Gustavus marched, and Bernard, duke of Saxe-Weimar, with a thousand horse, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sinclair with five hundred musketeers of the Green Brigade, covered the retreat of the whole army to Neustadt, where Gustavus halted for five days to refresh his troops.

Hepburn attached himself to the diminished retinue of his countryman the Marquis of Hamilton.

This noble, who had expected the full command of all the volunteers from Britain who followed the fortunes of Gustavus, on the dissolution of his forces petitioned for a new army, but was amused by the King with evasions and delays. High words ensued between them, and the haughty chief of Châtelherault repelled pride with pride, and defiance with defiance. In this quarrel Sir John Hepburn sided with the Marquis against Gustavus,

who spoke somewhat bitterly of Charles I. Upon this, Hamilton at once laid down the nominal commission of general which he bore in the Swedish army.

At Neustadt, Sir John Hepburn took leave of Gustavus, and obtained permission to accompany the Marquis, who was about to return to London, together with Sir James Hamilton of Priestfield and Sir James Ramsay, called the *fair* colonel, who ended his life more peacefully than his namesake, the valiant governor of Würtzburg, who in 1638 closed a long and brilliant career of military achievement in the castle of Dillingen, on the Danube, where he was cruelly starved to death, a prisoner of war in the hands of the Imperialists.[1]

All the Scottish officers then serving in the Swedish army accompanied Hepburn and his three companions along the road a long German mile from Neustadt; and when the moment came that these gallant cavaliers were (as Colonel Munro says) to bid "a long good night to all their loving camarades, the separation was like that which death makes betwixt friends and the soule of man; being sorry that those who had lived so long together in amitie and friendship, also in mutuall dangers, in weale and woe, should part; fearing we should never meet againe, the splendour of our former mirth was overshadowed with a cloud of grief and sorrow which dissolved in mutuall teares."[2]

So parted these brave men—Hepburn, with the Marquis, Ramsay, and Hamilton, to pursue their journey to England by the way of France; while their comrades prepared for advancing to relieve Raine, on

[1] See his Life by Lord Hailes. [2] The Expedition, 1637.

which duty we must leave them: but many a long and weary march under the summer sun and the winter storm, many a tentless bivouac and night of misery, many a day of blood and danger were before them ere again, on the banks of the Rhine, they saw their old commander, with his helmet on his brow, and in his hand the baton of a *maréchal-de-camp*. They had to capture Raine and Landsberg, to scour the shores of the Danube, to storm Kautbeuren, besiege Kempten, and fight the great battle of Nordlingen, where, on the 26th of August 1634, Munro's regiment was literally cut to pieces, *one* company out of twelve alone surviving, but surviving in victory.

One month after Hepburn left him the great Gustavus fell. Exhausted by incessant toil, and decreased in numbers, the regiments of the Green Brigade had been ordered into Bavaria for quarters of refreshment, and before their departure he thanked them for their services and valour on all occasions, and then marched into Saxony, never to see his favourite soldiers again; for on the 6th November 1632, in a second battle near Leipzig, on the plains of Lützen, he was slain by the Imperial cuirassiers; and it is remarkable that this unfortunate occasion was the first in which he had engaged the enemy without the mass of his Scottish troops.

He received five wounds in the body, and was shot through the head. With him were buried the hopes of the Elector Frederick, who, finding the Bohemian throne was lost to him for ever, died soon after of grief and chagrin. The blood-stained doublet of Gustavus is

preserved in the arsenal of Vienna,[1] and his plate armour now hangs in the armoury of Dresden.[2]

His sword, which from the extent of his conquests was thought to be enchanted, was said to have been in possession of St Machars' masonic lodge at Aberdeen,[3] during the eighteenth century; but a second was shown in the arsenal at Stockholm, and a third at Vienna. His large-rowelled spurs, which were richly ornamented and gilt, are now preserved in the museum of the Scottish Antiquaries at Edinburgh.

"I told you I had promised my Lord Buchan a piece of antiquity for your collection," says Sir G. Colquhoun, Bart., in a letter to the secretary, dated 8th July 1761. "I send you herewith a curious pair of spurs, which were taken off the heels of King Gustavus Adolphus, (when he was killed on the field of battle) by Col. Hugh Somerville, a Scottish gentleman, then his aide-de-camp."[4]

[1] Spencer's Germany. [2] Visit to the Hartz Mountains.
[3] See *Edinburgh Advertiser*, March 25, 1768.
[4] MS. Letter, Antiq. Soc., kindly communicated by D. Wilson, Esq.

CHAPTER XXV.

MARÉCHAL-DE-CAMP

In the autumn of 1632, Hepburn, with the Marquis of Hamilton, Captain Masham, and a few other soldiers of fortune, who had bid farewell to the German wars, arrived in London, which (instead of its great and dusky dome) had then the square Gothic tower of old St Paul's Church, which had been recently repaired, after its first conflagration in 1561; and the same broad noble river—but spanned by the venerable bridge on whose battlements the heads of Wallace, Frazer, Seton, and many a Scottish hero, had mouldered in the sun and wind.

King Charles received the Marquis (who was one of his favourite peers) with the utmost affection a prince could show a subject,[1] and also the gallant Hepburn, of whose achievements he had heard so frequently. It was probably at the palace of St James's, where, in the preceding November, the King's daughter, Mary, had been born, that the Marquis presented Hepburn to him.

"On his arrival at court," says the historian of the British army, "his fame having preceded him, he was knighted;" but there is certain evidence that he obtained his spurs soon after he entered the service of Gustavus;

[1] Memoires of the Dukes of Hamilton and Castleherauld.

ıether at the hand of that monarch, or by patent
ing Charles, is unknown. So much doubt pre-
s to this, that another writer [1] states he was
ed by King James VI.; but that prince died in
ınd we have shown that Hepburn did not arrive
lon till the close of 1632, seven years after.
ppears to have resided in the English metropolis
e time, and, while there, to have become intimate
ıe compiler or editor of that very rare quarto
ıtitled "*The Swedish Intelligencer*, wherein, ovt of
est and choysest informations, are the famous
of that warlike prince (Gustavus) led along, &c.
for Nath. Butter and Nicholas Bourne, 1632."
s preface to that remarkable record of the Ger-
rs, the editor (who is generally believed to have
her Sir Thomas Roe or William Watts of Caius
, Cambridge) informs us that his "care was to
ut and get acquaintance with such gentlemen as
n personally present in the actions" he relates.
quaint and rude in its style, this work is inte-
as being written down from conversations the
ad with Sir John Hepburn, Lord Reay, and other
ı officers who served the King of Sweden.

discontents between Charles I. and the people
land and England were at this time gradually
ting, and the Puritans of London openly reviled
cause, to gratify the clergy, he had ordered the
of the half-ruined church of St Paul, the removal
old church of St Gregory, and the demolition of
and houses for the extension of the edifice,

[1] Hamilton.

all of which raised an immediate outcry against the superstitions of Popery—for so the ignorant and unthinking bigots of the time termed the reparation of that venerable fane. About the same time, Charles had proposed the complete restoration of the ancient cathedral church of St Andrews in Fifeshire, which had been so barbarously destroyed by Knox and a mob at the Reformation.[1]

Considerable obscurity involves the actions of Hepburn during the few months of his sojourn in Britain; and thus it is impossible to state whether or not he visited his native village of Athelstaneford before making an offer of his services to the King of France—which he appears to have done before the close of 1632, and before King Charles proceeded to his coronation in Scotland—as early in the following year he obtained from Louis XIII. the command of a regiment composed of various old Scottish companies, which for some time had served independently in the army of France.

His new commission as colonel is dated 26th January 1633.[2]

Father Louis Laguille, the Jesuit, mentions that Hepburn obtained the rank of *maréchal-de-camp* on arriving in France. This appointment, which was first created by Henri IV. in 1593, (and was revived by the late Emperor after the Revolution,) invested the holder with the rank of a general officer, and he was second only to a lieutenant-general. It was his duty to see the army properly disposed of in camp or quarters; to be present

[1] MS. Letter of the King in Gen. Reg. House.
[2] Annual Army List—Succession of Colonels.

at all movements that were to be made; to be the first to mount his charger, and the last to quit him. He commanded the left wing in all advances and attacks.[1]

At this time there were many Scottish officers and soldiers in the French army, which was then at the summit of its chivalric spirit and military splendour. Among these the quaint old translator of Rabelais enumerates "Sir Andrew Gray, Sir John Seaton, Sir John Foulerton, (Campbell) the Earl of Irvine, Sir Patrick Murray, Colonels Erskine, Andrew Lindesay, Mowat, Morison, Thomas Hume, John Forbes, Livingstone, John Leslie, and others, all colonels of horse and foot under Louis XIII. of France."[2]

When Hepburn entered his service, Seaton was the oldest Scottish officer in it—having been a captain in the French Guards so early as 1608.[3]

Many more than can be enumerated in these pages followed the oriflamme at this time, all Scotsmen of gallant spirit, and cadets of the oldest baronial families.

James Campbell, lord Kintyre, (son of the Earl of Argyll,) afterwards created Earl of Irvine, commanded a regiment of infantry. Andrew, afterwards Lord Rutherford of Hunthill, commanded another. He became a lieutenant-general, and remained in the French service until the Restoration.[4]

From the days of Charlemagne to those of Louis XIII. the French troops had always shown what they could achieve when properly led; and, at the period when Hepburn went to France, she had obtained a well-

[1] James's Military Dictionary, 1805.
[2] Sir Thomas Urquhart.
[3] Memorie of the Somervilles.
[4] Douglas Peerage.

deserved pre-eminence over the rest of Europe in all military matters. Among the great masses of soldiery composing her armies at this period may be particularised the cuirassiers and archers of the Scottish Guard, all being gentlemen of the first families in Scotland, clad in white surcoats and gorgeous half armour of the brightest steel—a body whose origin was coeval with the Crusades, and whose name is associated with the most glorious days of France. They took precedence of all French troops, and were commanded by George Gordon, marquis of Huntly, called in France, le Marquis de Gourdon.[1] They possessed innumerable privileges and immunities, concerning some infractions of which Lord Colville visited France by order of James VI. in 1623.[2]

In the year 1643 there were borne on the lists of the French army two other Scottish regiments of guards—viz. :—

"*Regiment des Gardes Eccossoises de treize compagnies, faisant ensemble* 1500 *hommes.*

"*Regiment des Gardes Eccossoises de* 1700 *hommes, en dix-sept compagnies arrivées d'Eccosse.*"

In that year M. de la Ferte-Imbaut bore the rank of Colonel-General des Ecossais. Both these corps were afterwards incorporated with Hepburn's regiment, when it was commanded by Douglas, earl of Dumbarton.[3] In

[1] Gilbert Blakhal's Narrative.

[2] Papers relating to the Scottish Archer Guard—Maitland Club. In the Advocates' Library is preserved a volume entitled *Scots Guards*, containing ten documents, having reference to an ineffectual interference by his Majesty, in 1611, for the remedy of certain grievances complained of by the Scots archers at Paris. Denmylne MSS.

[3] Père Daniel.

1635, there were also the two Scottish regiments of Colonels Lesly and Ramsay.

The Gendarmes Ecossais wore coats of scarlet richly laced, and were still the *first* troop of the old gendarmerie. The price of a captaincy was a hundred and eighty thousand livres, that of a cornetcy sixty-two thousand livres —nearly double the sums required for similar commissions in any of the other troops.[1] Patrick Gordon was their *maréchal-de-logis*.[2]

There were also those chivalric old infantry regiments called *Vieux Corps*, some of which were embodied so early as 1562, officered by the French chevaliers, who were then distinguished for their keen sense of honour and the splendour of their courage beyond all the noblesse of the Continent; and no troops in Europe surpassed in aspect and bearing the French Foot Guards, which were entirely composed of chosen men of France proper, and in which no stranger, not even a native of Savoy or Alsace, could hold a commission—consequently the greatest jealousy existed between them and the Swiss Guards.

Les Mousquetaires consisted of two companies raised in 1622, and were composed entirely of young men of noble family, who were commanded by the King in person: but Cardinal Mazarin afterwards added another

[1] Prix des Emplois, ou Charges Militaires.—Mil. Dict.

[2] Blakhal's Narrative of service done to three noble Ladyes. The name of the Scottish company of Guards was retained in France until the Revolution. *Vide "Commission au* Sr Charles Grant, *Vicomte de Vaux, Sous-lieutenant des Gardes-du-Corps du Roi en la* Compagnie Ecossoise, *pour tenir rang de lieutenant-colonel de cavalerie."*—Mémoires de la Maison de Grant, par C. Grant, Vicomte de Vaux.

company, as his own personal guards. Their captain was the Comte de Treville. The Gendarmes de la Garde were commanded by François de l'Hôpital, marshal of France.[1]

Les Chevaux Legers de la Garde were a corps of two hundred chevaliers of Navarre, whose boast was that they had never lost either a banner or a kettle-drum. They were commanded by the Marshal de Schomberg, and, like the rest of the light horse, were armed with cabossets, or small helmets, light armour, and pistolettes.

There were four colonel-generals: one of French cavalry; another of German Reiters; a third of the infantry of France: the Marquis de Coslin was colonel-general of the Swiss; the Duke de Meilleraye was grand-master of Artillery; and the Chevalier Antoine de Ville, author of an excellent treatise on Fortification, was chief of the Engineers.

A strong force of half-savage Croatian and Hungarian cavalry was subsidised by Louis XIII., and in these troops originated the hussars of other European armies. They were armed with the lance—a weapon which, according to the Count de Montecuculi, is "la reine des armes pour la cavalerie." The dragoons, first raised by Marshal Brissac in 1600, wore buff coats having deep skirts, and open helmets with iron cheeks; but armour, being considered cumbrous, was, with the exception of the morion, back and breast plates, with tassettes, which were worn by pikemen, generally confined to the heavy horse and pistoleers.

The cavalry of this period were divided into *Lanciers*, wearing close casques, body armour, buff coats, cutting

[1] Histoire de la Milice Française : 1721.

swords, pistols, flasks, and cartouch-boxes; *Cuirassiers*, similarly armed; *Arquebusiers*, in buff coats, back, breast, and pot, with arquebusses two feet six inches long, touch-box, and pistols—each having a strap fastened to the stock of his piece, "by which, being on horseback, he hangeth it at his neck, keeping his burning match and the bridle in the left hand."[1]

Some of the French cavalry had escopettes, which shot dead at five hundred paces.

The civil staff of every regiment consisted of a provost, clerk, chirurgeon, *fourier de campement*, and provant-master for provisions.[2]

A blow with a drumstick, or being sent to the *gamelle*, (*i. e.*, a wooden bowl—meaning exclusion from mess,) were the punishments for slight offences among the soldiery; and death by the bullet for everything that involved a point of honour. If women of loose character were discovered in camp or quarters, they were subjected to the operation of *les baguettes*, and, with two drums beating the *marionettes* before them, were conducted beyond the outposts.

As colonel of a regiment, Hepburn wore armour of any style or decoration that pleased himself; and, amid the military splendour of the French army, could indulge without reprehension in that profusion and display which was so distasteful to the plain Gustavus Adolphus. The mail of a gentleman of that period was usually light, and exquisitely polished, cut, and gilded. A white silk scarf was worn over the shoulder of the French

[1] Militarie Instructions for the Cavalrie. Cambridge, 1632.
[2] Sir Thomas Kellie's Militarie Instructions. Edin. 1627.

officers, and their hair hung in profusion upon their shoulders, and collars of rich lace, which were spread over gorgets of gilded steel. The hilts of their rapiers, the tops of their knee jack-boots, the housings of their horses and holsters, were fringed and tasselled with gold or silver; and nothing could be more brilliant and splendid than the aspect of a regiment of horse or foot, when the sun shone on all the glittering points of their equipment.

In France, Hepburn gained the friendship of the Cardinal Dukes of Richelieu and La Valette, and he bears a prominent part in the letters and correspondence of these great churchmen. The former never mentions him without admiration, respect, and frequently affection. They had many interviews on military and other matters of public importance; for Richelieu enjoyed Hepburn's lively conversation, frank manner, and his bold projects, or *chimeras*, as he called them.[1] The Scots still enjoyed, as of old, the greatest favour at the court of Louis XIII., whose confessor was Father Gordon, (surnamed Lismoræus,) previously Principal of the Jesuit College at Toulouse.[2]

The long and friendly intercourse between Scotland and France was at this time so well established, by the ancient league of Robert II. and many an after treaty, that when Englishmen travelled to Paris they found it conducive both to their comfort and safety to pass for Scotsmen. The recollection of this remarkable alliance, which the Union destroyed, still lives in the southern provinces of France, where the ancient man-

[1] Lettre CX., Richelieu to M. Chavigny. [2] Book of Bon Accord.

ners have been less corrupted by the taint of republicanism. "The appearance of the Highland regiments revived these recollections," says General Stewart of Garth; "and when travelling through Gascony, Languedoc, and Provence in 1814, I generally found that the mention of my name met with a desire to know if I was from Scotland, accompanied by many observations on the friendly connection which so long subsisted between France and Scotland, concluding with an expression of regret at the interruption of that ancient intimacy."[1]

Hepburn's new Scottish regiment was considerably above a thousand strong, and was principally composed of pikemen, whose gallant and soldierlike aspect was long remembered in France. *Fier comme un Ecossais*—"Proud as a Scotsman," was an old and well-known saying among the French, when speaking of these haughty and spirited soldiers of fortune. One of those pikemen, John Middleton, distinguished himself on a hundred occasions; and, from being a poor private soldier, rose in future years to be Earl of Middleton, lieutenant-general of Scottish cavalry, governor of Edinburgh Castle, and died in command of the Scots and English troops at Tangiers in 1673; and it was ever his boast that he had first trailed a pike under the great Sir John Hepburn in Alsace and Lorraine.

[1] Military Annals of the Highland Regiments.

CHAPTER XXVI.

INVASION OF LORRAINE, ETC.

WHILE Germany was in the same state of war and desolation that Hepburn had left it, the great Cardinal-Duke de Richelieu ruled France with a bold and vigorous hand. Feared by one party and secretly hated by another, he held the reins of government in defiance of both, and defeated every conspiracy formed for his overthrow, by making the intrigues of the Duke of Orleans and the queen-mother recoil upon themselves.

In order to render his able services as a minister more necessary to France and his sovereign, he resolved to engage them in a war with Austria—a measure which, before the fall of Gustavus Adolphus, would have produced the most extraordinary events; but being proud, and jealous of the Swedish conqueror, the Cardinal avoided that measure until the power of the Swedes was completely broken by the fatal event at Lützen, and their defeat at the disastrous battle of Nordlingen.

That overthrow made him resolve immediately to put Louis XIII. in possession of Philipsburg and the fertile province of Alsace, on condition that France should openly join the league against the Emperor; and Louis, though surnamed *The Just*, acting, as usual, under the

influence of favourites, at once entered into the measure.

Jacques Nonpar, the Marshal de la Force, in the spring of 1634 opened the new campaign, which was to carry the limits of France far beyond the frontiers of Picardy and Champagne; while Charles, duke of Lorraine, towards whose territories he was marching, enraged that Louis had lately seized some of his lands, joined the standard of the Emperor with eight hundred horse and two thousand foot, leaving garrisons in all the strong places behind him.

Sir John Hepburn with his Scottish regiment marched on this expedition, before the undertaking of which Richelieu, who considered his advice on military matters of the highest value, held many conferences with him; and in one of his letters to La Valette says, "If we could beat Monsieur de Lorraine with the troops that the Marshal de la Force commands in those parts, then we might employ the above-mentioned army in *that affair* which Colonel Hepburn and I talked about at Compiègne. We expect the return of the Sieur Ferrier,[1] to know whether we must reinforce the Marshal de la Force with horse alone, or horse and foot together."[2]

But on restoring the balance of power, which had suffered by the fall of Gustavus, Richelieu formally denounced war against the Empire, and a French herald

[1] "The family of *Ferrière*, or *Ferrier*, is not less distinguished in Britain than in France," says the Vicomte de Vaux—"Voyez un lettre du Comte Achard, Seigneur de Mesnil-au-Grain, captaine de cavalerie au service de France, un des représentans de la famille."—*La Maison de Grant.*

[2] Richelieu to La Valette, 15th May, 1635.

proclaimed it at the gates of Brussels. The Marshals Coligni de Chatillon and de Maillé Bregé, with twenty-six thousand men, advanced towards the Spanish Netherlands; a second army under the Marshal de Crecqui entered Milan; a third, under the Duc de Rohan, occupied the Valteline; a fourth, under the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, moved towards the Rhine; and a fifth, under Jacques de la Force, our Scottish *maréchal-de-camp*, and the far-famed Vicomte de Turenne, unfurled the oriflamme in the fertile province of Lorraine.

Considering himself as experienced in war, from having commanded in Italy and superintended the siege of Rochelle, the able Richelieu spared no expense in the execution of his vast military projects. Orders were issued, which put the whole of these armies on the best footing for active service; and the excellence of their furniture, artillery, baggage, caissons, and armour, surpassed all that had hitherto been seen in France.

After capturing the small town of Biche, on the Alsatian frontier, with its citadel, which stands on a rock, and was deemed impregnable, they advanced to La Mothe, which they invested early in the month of March 1634, and there Hepburn had soon an opportunity of displaying his skill in besieging. The young Marquis de Toneins, the Vicomte de Turenne, and other nobles who commanded regiments on this expedition, were little more than twenty years of age; and Hepburn, though bearing the baton of a *maréchal-de-camp*, was only six-and-thirty.

This fortified town is situated on the summit of a steep and rocky mountain (the highest ground in the vicinity)

and by its cannon swept three neighbouring eminences, as well as the lower approaches. The rocks were impervious to sapping and mining; and at their feet flowed a small stream, which fell into the Maese a little below. Like many others, this town was called impregnable; it had but one gate, over which frowned a row of brass ordnance. It was traversed by one street, and had only one church, the spire of which was rendered a conspicuous object by the loftiness of its situation.

The ancient fortifications were in a form nearly oval, and surrounded the rocks; but the Lorrainers had added several outworks, strengthened by deep fosses and stone-faced ramparts. M. d'Ische commanded the garrison, which was numerous and resolute, as well as the *bourgeois*, who were all in their armour, and devoted to Charles of Lorraine.

Louis XIII. did not think the possession of this place necessary to render his conquest complete, says the Abbé Augustin Calmet, as it was far off from the usual roads, detached from the body of Lorraine, a place so little and difficult of access that it was alike useless as a place of retreat, or for maintaining a strong garrison of soldiers. Nevertheless, as the Imperialists were still fifty leagues distant, Hepburn and La Force drew round it a line of circumvallation, consisting of a trench and breastwork of earth, for the double purpose of enclosing the town and of preventing its relief by the enemy, should they come up in time. On this line were seven batteries, mounting thirty pieces of cannon; and although an assault was only practicable on one point, they resolved to make four, and dug five mines with the

greatest difficulty, because the rock was as hard as adamant.[1]

On the place being summoned, Monsieur d'Ische refused to surrender; and the Marshal having made all his dispositions, and foreseeing that the defence would be protracted, left the *Maréchal-de-camp* with his Scottish regiment, the Marquis de Toneins, and the Vicomtes of Turenne and Arpajou, with their regiments, to continue the siege, while he penetrated with the main body farther into Lorraine.

Hepburn commenced his trenched approaches towards the place, and suffered severely from the incessant cannonading, which tore down the loose parapets, and buried his killed and wounded soldiers, armour, drums, and everything, under vast heaps of earth, interrupting the progress of the works, which were still further retarded by several sorties of the besieged, who in the night frequently fell upon the outguards and workers with clubbed arquebusses and levelled pikes. The gay young Marquis de Toneins, son of La Force, who at the head of his regiment of pikemen had attempted to storm a bastion, was repulsed with great loss; for the fire from the angles of the ramparts swept away his soldiers in scores, and hurled them over the rocks into the water below.

Next day his rival, the Vicomte de Turenne, mounted the trenches with *his* regiment of infantry, and advanced to assault the same bastion, while, by his rising reputation, Hepburn and the whole army were attentive to his progress. Amid clouds of smoke, a line of mingled fire and steel that flashed from the steep ramparts, the gal-

[1] Histoire du Vicomte de Turenne.

lant Turenne led on his soldiers, with his visor up, his sword drawn in one hand, and the white banner with the silver lilies in the other. Ever and anon great breaches were made in his ranks by enormous stones, which were hurled from the ramparts, and which, says the Chevalier Ramsay (knight of St Lazarus,) "by falling on the points of the rocks, split into a thousand pieces, killing and wounding all who dared to approach."

Animated by the brief success of the preceding day, the Lorrainers fought with ardour; but their efforts were vain; and with pleasure Hepburn, from his lines, saw the bright helmets of Turenne's regiment glitter on the enemy's works, which they carried and won by dint of sword and pike; and the frequent waving of the white oriflamme announced to the troops below that the Vicomte had effected a lodgment among the outer fortifications.

On the 15th May, Hepburn sent eighty of his Scottish musketeers to one of the three eminences near the town, which, from its position, enabled them to sweep one of the enemy's works in flank; but they were boldly repulsed by M. d'Ische, the governor, who sent two successive bodies of musketeers to drive them back—a movement the result of which he watched from the ramparts. He also gave permission to as many of the bourgeois as pleased to take part in this action.

Accordingly, all sheathed in body armour, but variously equipped with swords, pikes, arquebusses, (which they fired over rests like a hayfork) partisans and poleaxes, a strong band of townsmen now issued from a postern gate, and, encouraged by their numbers, made a furious

attack upon the eighty men of *Le Regiment d'Hepburn.* But the Scottish musketeers kept shoulder to shoulder like a wall of burnished steel, and fired with deadly precision as they retreated slowly with their faces to the enemy. Eighteen of their number being killed and wounded, the rest were obliged to retire as fast as possible, and were pursued by the inflated *bourgeois* until Hepburn sent a squadron of the gendarmerie, who suddenly filed out of the trenches, fell upon them sword in hand, and, by nearly cutting them entirely off, enabled the Scots to rejoin their regiment.

During these operations M. d'Ische, the governor, was killed by a musket-ball. His son succeeded to the command; but so vigorously had Hepburn pushed the siege, and intercepted all supplies, that by this time the Lorrainers were reduced to the greatest straits, and with despair saw their wives and children famishing around them.

Having skilfully lodged his own regiment in the fosse, at a place where the cannon of the enemy could not molest him, the Marquis de Toneins and other French officers made a similar attempt, but failed to obtain so sheltered a lodgment; and the besieged fired so rapidly, and hurled such showers of bullets, stones, burning brands, and other missiles, that, after enduring them for eight days, they were obliged to draw off their soldiers and retire.

At seven in the morning of the 25th July the besieged perceived a number of *échelles* (or scaling-ladders) prepared near Hepburn's post, at the foot of the battery and *des batteries royales*, which caused them no small alarm, as a general assault was expected; and eighty mus-

keteers, who had gained the angle of his trench to enfilade any intended attack, were furiously repulsed by the Scots with the loss of many killed.

Further resistance being considered vain, the fortress capitulated on the 28th July, after a siege of nearly five months, during which Hepburn's regiment lost one captain and a great many soldiers.

In this affair Hepburn and Turenne distinguished themselves so much by their prudence and gallantry, that their exertions were considered the chief cause of gaining the place; and the Cardinal de Richelieu gave the latter, though only in his twenty-third year, the commission of *maréchal-de-camp*. This rank was then of the first dignity, next to a Marshal of France, where as yet Lieutenant-Generals were unknown; but it was an elevation which wounded the pride and piqued the jealousy of his military rival, the young Marquis de Toneins, whose petulance evinced itself on several occasions.[1]

[1] Histoire Ecclésiastique et Civile de Lorraine, fol. 1728. Histoire de Turenne, par le Chevalier Andrew Ramsay: Paris, 1735.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HEPBURN CROSSES THE RHINE

In all French works of the period, Hepburn's name is invariably spelt *Hebron*, and sometimes *Esbron*. Père Daniel gives the following reason :—

"Le Chevalier Hepburn," says he, when writing of the regiment de Douglas, "étoit un homme d'un mérite distingué, qui fut fort aimé du Roy Henri IV. et de Louis XIII.; on l'appelloit en France 'le Chevalier d'Hebron,' *son nom d'Hepburne étant difficile à prononcer*." But the reverend father was mistaken, so far as regarded Henry IV.

On the fall of La Mothe, as no other place in Lorraine dared to hold out for the ancient lords of the province, Sir John Hepburn received orders to rejoin and co-operate with the Marshal de la Force, who, with twenty-five thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry, was on his march towards the German frontier, to oppose the Imperial army which was preparing to enter Lorraine.

In obedience to these orders, at the head of his own and six other regiments of pikemen and musketeers, seven squadrons of horse and a train of artillery, on the 19th December he crossed the Rhine and advanced to Mannheim, where he took up a position near the river

and town, which had been strongly fortified thirty years before; but its situation, being lower than the Rhine, was so unhealthy as to render active operations immediately necessary, and he sent forward parties of cavalry to reconnoitre the Imperialists, who were about to form a junction with the troops of the Marquis d'Aytona, and those of Prince Thomas de Carignan, brother of the Duke of Savoy.

Having thus with the vanguard so boldly secured the passage of the Rhine, and enabled the Marshal de la Force to cross that important river with all his army, Hepburn next pushed on with his column to relieve Heidelberg, marching by the beautiful vale of the Neckar, in view of the ruin-crowned rocks of the Odenwald, which were covered with vineyards, forests, and moss-grown orchards, then, however, leafless and bare, for the season was winter. One day's journey brought him to that ancient city, which is situated on the margin of the Neckar, and is overshadowed by the dark mountain of the Geissberg. There a small garrison of his old brothers in arms, the Swedish veterans of Gustavus Adolphus, were defending themselves with characteristic resolution against an overwhelming force of Imperialists.

The famous capuchin, Father Joseph du Tremblay, usually accompanied the French army at this time, and, as he pretended to have great skill in military matters, frequently contrived to thrust himself into councils of war, and would there give his opinion with the utmost confidence to the oldest and most distinguished of the French marshals.

As the army approached the Rhine, he was one day, during a halt on the march, exhibiting his talents in this manner to Hepburn, and, with a large map spread before him, was pointing out a number of strongly-fortified towns, which he affirmed could be reduced with the greatest ease. Leaning against a culverin with a baton in his hand, and his helmet open, Hepburn listened for a time to the garrulous capuchin, as he pointed from fortress to fortress, and then said with a smile—

"Go not so fast, good Father Joseph, for, believe me, towns are not taken with a finger-end," a reply which became a current jest or anecdote in the French army for many years after.[1] This capuchin was the spy, the friend, and tyrannical favourite of Cardinal Richelieu—that terrible Father Joseph, who was then styled "his Grey Eminence," and who now figures so prominently in the romances of de Vigny and Dumas. Acting as the Cardinal's secret informer, he kept a strict watch over all the leading nobles and the generals of the army. A frightful character is given of him in a work published in 1635, entitled *La Vérité Défendue*, and in his own memoirs, which are also given to the world.

The season, we have said, was winter; the mountains were mantled with snow, and, swollen by the dissolving ice, the Neckar foamed on its winding way towards the Rhine through the rocky gorges of the valley; and the boom of the adverse cannon reverberated incessantly among the oak-covered summits of the Geissberg, and the darker rocks of the Kaiserstuhl. High and hoary, the stately electoral palace, from the steep brow of the

[1] Anderson's Hist. France, from *Les Mémoires de Pontis*, &c.

Juttenbuhl, overlooked the city, on the close roofs of which a stone might have been thrown from its broad paved terraces. It was then, or shortly after, according to Ray, an old traveller, enclosed by a strong wall and deep ditch. An inscription over the gate imported it to have been built by Louis V. in 1519, but several parts, called the *English Buildings*, had been added. These were erected immediately under the eye of the same Elizabeth Stuart for whom Hepburn and so many Scottish cavaliers had drawn the sword; and she had tastefully fashioned it after the florid architecture of her happy Scottish home—the old palace by the loch of Linlithgow. Now the Heidelberg is one of the most imposing ruins in Europe, and is embalmed in the annals of renown for its long-passed glories and its mighty tun, which held five hundred and twenty-eight hogsheads of wine.[1]

Hepburn broke the blockade of the Imperialists sword in hand, and after several sharp conflicts, in which he always fought at the head of his own regiment, and showed the most brilliant courage, he drove them completely out of the vale of the Neckar, and relieved the exhausted Swedish veterans, who, on the 23d December, gladly delivered over to him the strong city and castle of Heidelberg, with all their cannon.

On thus obtaining this important post from his allies, King Louis sent orders to the Marshals de la Force, de Brézé, and Hepburn, not to move beyond the mountains of the Bergstrasse until both Mannheim and Heidelberg were fortified as well as their situation would permit;

[1] Taken to pieces in 1664, when another of six hundred was built.

and in the mean time one hundred and fifty thousand more troops were levied in France for the next campaign. The expenses of the war were so enormous that the treasury soon became exhausted; and such vast bodies of troops were poured toward the German frontier that Paris was left open and defenceless.

However, the Marshal de la Force and Hepburn, whether with or without orders it is impossible to say, marched to Landau, where they formed a junction with the Swedish army of Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar, who had long been hovering on the Rhine, and holding at bay the Counts of Galas and Mansfeldt, two generals of the Empire. By the result of the Diet of Worms, it was decided that the troops of Duke Bernard should be taken into the pay of France. They consisted of four thousand horse and seven thousand foot, the latter being almost entirely Scotsmen. "This was a small army," says the old author of Richelieu's *Memoirs*, "but there were none save brave and experienced men in it; and the officers were all soldiers of fortune, who expected to raise their fame by the sword alone." [1]

These veterans were the remnants of the thirteen gallant Scottish regiments that had served Gustavus Adolphus so long, and among these were all that survived of the Green Brigade, (the regiments of Ramsay and Munro, the latter reduced, as we have said, to one company after the slaughter of Nordlingen,) and Hepburn's own corps, which had served with him twice in Bohemia. All greeted their old commander with acclamation and joy, by beating the Scottish march as he

[1] Richelieu's Memoirs, edit. 1695.

approached, while a deafening cheer rang along their sunburnt lines, and the last solitary piper of Mackay's Highlanders blew long and loudly a note of welcome on the great war-pipe of the north; and, as they all wished to "take service" under him in France, the whole were incorporated into one corps, to be styled in future *Le Régiment d'Hebron.*

It consisted[1] of 3 field-officers—viz., the colonel, the Lieutenant-Colonel Munro, and Major Sir Patrick Monteith; 45 captains; 1 captain-lieutenant; 45 lieutenants; 48 ensigns; 4 surgeons; 6 adjutants; 2 chaplains; 1 drum-major; 1 piper; 88 sergeants; 288 corporals; 288 lance-pesades; 96 drummers; and 48 companies, consisting of 150 musketeers and pikemen each—making a grand total of 8316 men; and forming altogether, when their experience and valour, spirit, bearing, and splendour of equipment are considered, one of the finest regiments that ever unfurled its banners in battle. In itself, it represented many other corps; the Bohemian bands of Sir Andrew Gray, all the Scottish regiments of Gustavus, and even the Scottish Archer Guard of the French kings, to which venerable body many of its officers belonged.

This regiment was ordered by Louis XIII. to take the right of all others then being embodied.

"The king has granted to Colonel Hepburn," says Richelieu in a letter to the Cardinal de la Valette, "the ransom of Metternich, and to his regiment *precedence* before all the new ones of twenty companies that have been raised since."

[1] In 1637, Reg. Return in Hist. of 1st Foot.

Several Scottish officers still remained in the service of Sweden, but Marshal Leslie quitted the army of Queen Christiana two years after this period. At Melville House in Fifeshire there is still preserved a document entitled, "Passport, under the seal and signature of King Charles, to Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie, *Equitem Auratum*, dated at Westminster, 20th March, 1637,"[1] by which that wary old Presbyterian chief secured a safe-conduct home, to unsheath his sword against the very monarch who granted it. Many who never returned to Scotland attained the highest honours in the land of their adoption: the chief of these was Field-Marshal Sir Robert Douglas, of the house of Whittinghame in East Lothian, who became Councillor of Sweden, and of the college of war, Lord of Shalby, Hochstaten, and Earl of Schonengem. He died on the 14th June 1662 at Stockholm, where he was solemnly interred, his magnificent funeral being attended by the queen and court. "First marched four companies of horse in their armour, carrying the muzzles of their pistols downward, one beating the kettle-drums, and three trumpets riding before them; five companies of foot carrying their muskets under their left arms and trailing their pikes." His obsequies were of the most gorgeous description; the several pieces of his armour were borne on cushions of velvet, together with a hundred standards taken by his brigade in battle, each being borne by an officer in black. The funeral sermon lasted three hours; and, when the body was lowered into the vault, one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon were twice discharged, while

[1] Melville MSS., kindly communicated by the Hon. Leslie Melville.

"all the horse and foot souldiers gave two pales of shot."[1]

He was among the last surviving of the Scottish veterans of Gustavus Adolphus.[2]

[1] Funeral of Field-Marshal Douglas—Spots. Miscell.

[2] His son was Governor of East Gothland, and married a sister of Count Steinbeck, by whom he had three sons, first Count William Douglas, aide-de-camp to Charles XII., who was made prisoner at Pultowa in 1709, and two others, one of whom became a general in the Russian service, and the other a captain in the Swedish Guards.—Wood's Peerage, &c.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LE REGIMENT D'HEPBURN

As the strongest attachment existed between this corps and their leader, who had been their companion in all the toils and dangers of the German wars, and as he was distinguished beyond all other officers in France for his chivalric daring and fortunate decision, the greatest achievements were confidently expected from them by King Louis and his court; nor were these expectations disappointed; and volumes would be required to relate the instances they displayed of valour and headlong courage in the new campaign in Germany, under the Cardinal de la Valette.

This celebrated Churchman assumed the supreme command in 1635, about the same time that the Marshal de Chatillon carried all before him in Luxembourg, defeating sixteen thousand Spaniards commanded by Prince Thomas de Carignan, with the loss of only fifty men, according to one account; of sixty troopers and two hundred foot according to another.[1]

This century beheld three cardinal priests of the Sacred College, Richelieu, Sourdis, and La Valette,

[1] Hist. of Earls of Flanders, 1701. Hist. of United Provinces, 1705.

accoutred in armour, and marching, sword in hand, at the head of their respective troops.

The greatest preparations were made by the first of these great ministers for carrying on the war with vigour, and the name of Hepburn is ever prominent.

"On the twentieth of this month," says the Cardinal in one of his letters, "the Messieurs d'Angoulême and de la Force will be reinforced by Matignon's regiment of horse and above two thousand five hundred gentlemen. Besides this, we shall have at Langres a body of eight hundred horse and one thousand dragoons to hinder the enemy's insults on that side. The levies of the Switzers are completed. We are raising twenty regiments (of foot) and four thousand horse, as I have already sent you word; and besides this we are going to raise two thousand horse of the new cavalry, about which you wrote me. They will carry a cuirass, a helmet to cover the cheeks and nose, a carabine and pistol; and I believe we shall call them the Hungarian Cavalry, unless *Monsieur Hebron* gives us a better name. There is no question but we shall have forces enough; all the difficulty will be to employ them well. Endeavours will be used on one side to beat back the Duke of Lorraine. As for you, my lord, I do not doubt but you will do what is possible. The King has not ordered what you *are* to do, but has such good opinion of your prudence and conduct that he leaves you to act at your own discretion; for he knows that you will weigh everything deliberately before taking the last resolution."[1]

In September, Louis was to take the field at the head

[1] Richelieu to La Valette, August 11, 1635.

of fifteen thousand foot, to support the Cardinal; but, instead, he marched to the frontiers of Lorraine, to press the war more vigorously against Duke Charles.

Frequent quarrels and jealousies ensued between the regiment of Hepburn and that of Picardie, which was then commanded by Louis de Bethune, Comte, and afterwards Duc de Charost.[1]

Raised in 1562, and being the oldest regiment in France, the latter were somewhat anxious, on all occasions, to obtain precedence, and take the right flank of *le Régiment d'Hebron*, which, in consequence of being incorporated with some of the Scottish Archer Guard, (which dated its origin to the days of St Louis and the eighth Crusade,) considered its right to certain military honours indisputable. The Regiment de Picardie treated these claims to antiquity with ridicule, as being somewhat overstrained, and gave Hepburn's corps the *sobriquet* of *Pontius Pilate's Guard*, which the Royal Scots retain at the present day.

On one occasion, after a sharp dispute on some contested point of honour, a Scottish cavalier of Hepburn's said, laughingly, to an officer of the regiment de Picardie—

"We must be mistaken, Monsieur; for, had *we* really been the guards of Monsieur Pontius Pilate, and done duty on the Sepulchre, the Holy Body had never left it;" implying that Scottish sentinels would not have slept on their posts, whereas those of the regiment de Picardie did.

Neither advantage nor glory accrued to France from

[1] Père Daniel.

placing the Cardinal de la Valette at the head of an army; and not one event corresponded to the great measures he had concerted, although he had both Hepburn and Turenne with him.

Count Galas, the veteran and experienced general of the Emperor, had fixed his headquarters at Worms, from whence he daily sent forth detachments to ravage the country, and surprise the towns garrisoned by the Swedish allies of Louis XIII. Mansfeldt blocked up Mentz, and Galas stormed the strong town of Kaiserslautern, where the old Yellow Brigade of the immortal Gustavus perished to the last man, in defence of the breaches, ere the Duke of Weimar could relieve them; and, pushing on from thence, had invested Deux-Ponts; but the Duke's army being by this time reinforced by La Valette with eighteen thousand troops, among which was Hepburn's strong regiment or division, the Imperial general was soon compelled to abandon his undertaking.

The united forces of the Counts of Galas and Mansfeldt amounted to twelve thousand horse and fifteen thousand foot; and, as the Duke of Lorraine was approaching to form a junction with them, it was feared he would burst into France, and by fire and sword avenge his outlawry and expulsion. Weimar and La Valette did all in their power to oppose their progress; and to see a Protestant soldier and a cardinal priest, both in their helmets, riding side by side under the same banner, was considered somewhat remarkable in that age. During these operations, the Duke of Lorraine having obtained intelligence that Hepburn and the Cardinal de

la Valette, with an escort of five hundred chosen cavalry, were proceeding, by a certain obscure route, with the military chest for the payment of the troops, made a bold attempt to intercept them among the mountains. Receiving some hint of his intentions, they fortunately escaped by a forced march, and before Duke Charles took possession of the point of attack, Hepburn and the Cardinal, with their convoy and treasure, had passed it.

By his superior numbers, Galas was enabled to make such dispositions that the Cardinal and his two camp marshals could neither forage with safety, nor fight him with any prospect of success. Their supplies were intercepted, and the French troops became reduced to the greatest straits: they had to subsist on roots and herbs which they gleaned about the mountain villages, and to forage their horses on the strewn leaves of the autumn woods; while sickness and fever thinned their ranks, and the incessant onslaughts and "outfalls" of the German Reiters and light-armed Croatian cavalry left them not a moment for rest or repose.

At the village of Fresche, the Duke of Lorraine fell unexpectedly upon the troops of Hepburn and Turenne, when a furious conflict ensued.

While the main body disputed the ground manfully with the fresh levies of Lorraine, Hepburn, by a circuitous route, led two hundred of his Scottish musketeers to a height on their left flank, while the Chevalier Orthe, a brave captain of the Regiment de Turenne, appeared with a hundred others on their right; and both at once poured in a cross fire, which threw the Lorrainers into immediate disorder. Following up the effect of this

mousquetade, Hepburn gave the order to "Charge!" and rushing down the green hill-sides on both flanks, with that hardy enthusiasm which leaves no time for considering or calculating the danger incurred, the three hundred Scots and French fell on so furiously with their clubbed muskets that the soldiers of Lorraine were routed in an instant.[1]

Famine and disease at last compelled the Cardinal to yield; but a contrivance of Duke Bernard saved him from ruin, and enabled their soldiers to make a more speedy retreat. He burned his own baggage as an example; Hepburn and other officers immediately destroyed theirs; the cannon were secretly dismounted and buried: and thus, completely disencumbered, the army commenced its homeward retreat towards St Avend, where one of their garrisons lay. But Galas twice overtook, and compelled them to seek the wilder mountain route towards Vaudervange, a town which had suffered severely during this protracted war. Crossing the Rhine at Bingen by a bridge of boats, they marched with the utmost rapidity, but the enemy were ever at their backs. Taking the post of danger, Hepburn covered the rear, and many a desperate stand was made by his sturdy Scots against the elated Imperialists. "They fought for eight days together almost without intermission, leaving the ways by which they retreated more remarkable by the blood of their enemies than by their own![2]

Without food, not daring to halt, and encumbered by their arms, armour, and ammunition, and suffering under

[1] Histoire de Lorraine, folio.

[2] Memoirs of the Duke d'Espernon, folio: London, 1670.

all the misfortunes incident to want and excessive fatigue, the dejected French troops traversed the pathless woods and mountains of the district, pursued by the Imperialists, who covered all the country. One part of the army, chiefly Hepburn's veteran Scots, marched with greater order and steadiness; but there were others who hoped, by escaping the vigilance of their officers, to throw themselves upon the enemy, that by being taken prisoners they might at least have the pangs of ravening hunger assuaged, or their miseries ended by death.[1]

During this unhappy time Hepburn and the gallant Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne were as eminent for the manner in which they consoled and encouraged the disconsolate, the sick, and the weary, as for the spirit and decision with which they quelled the mutinous and disorderly. A number of sick and wounded, who were conveyed in baggage waggons, were at last abandoned to die by the way, to become the prey of the wolf, the eagle, or the *death hunters*—a band of female fiends who generally followed the army like a flock of vultures, to strip the dead and the wounded, many of whom perished under their knives and poniards. Of all the troops on this frightful retreat, it was generally remarked that none suffered less than the hardy Scots of *le Régiment d'Hebron.*

Marching on by day and night without a moment's repose, they were at last, when reduced by various casualties to no more than sixteen thousand men, attacked by Galas, who, at the head of nine thousand Imperial cavalry, all splendidly mounted and freshly equipped, had rapidly traversed the duchy of Deux-Ponts,

[1] Memoirs of Vicomte Turenne.

passed the Sarre, entered Lorraine, and waited for them among the heights between Vaudervange and Boulai.

There, in a narrow defile between the wooded mountains, a long and desperate conflict took place. Hepburn and his Scots behaved with a valour that was increased to desperation by the danger of their predicament; and by his skilfully posting them among the steep rocks that overhung the gorge, so close, deadly, and concentrated was the fire they poured upon the Imperial ranks, that the great masses of Galas's mail-clad cavalry were compelled to retire, leaving the mountain-path strewn for miles with killed and wounded men and horses, over which the retreating troops were compelled to pick their way.

After this the French and Scots marched to Pont-à-Mousson, the Swedes to Moyenvie; while Galas, on being joined by his main body, encamped near Zagermunde, that he might be ready to join the Duke of Lorraine.

The latter had repossessed himself of several of his patrimonial castles and cities, and had been joined by a strong Imperial force under John de Werth. Their junction with Galas rendered them formidable enough to reduce all Lorraine, and winter on the confines of France if they chose. The greatest alarm prevailed at Paris; new councils of war were held, and the levy of a new army ordered: thus Hepburn's friend, the great Richelieu found himself on the very brink of ruin, by the ebbing of that flood of war which, for the glory and aggrandisement of France, he had rolled beyond Lorraine—and thus, amid doubt and dread, closed the year 1635.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SAVERNE BESIEGED—THE LAST DAYS OF HEPBURN

It might prove tedious, perhaps, to recount the many brilliant actions and encounters in which Hepburn and his soldiers distinguished themselves, while serving in Lorraine, during the spring of 1636, with the army under Bernard, duke of Weimar; but so eminent were his services, his valour as a soldier, and skill as a leader, that Louis XIII. ordered the diploma of a Marshal of France to be expedited under his great seal, for *le Chevalier d'Hebron*, as he was named at the court of Versailles.

Charles IV., duke of Lorraine, against whom they fought, was a brave and generous prince, and though in early life destined for the church—having, indeed, been coadjutor-Bishop of Toul—on relinquishing the mitre for the helmet, and espousing his cousin, the beautiful Princess Nicola, he had fought at Prague, and earned the reputation of being one of the best generals of the time.

The summer of 1636 saw the war recommenced with renewed vigour. Marshal Crecqui made some progress in Milan, where he stormed the castle of Fontaine, losing in the assault the gallant Marshal de Thoiras; but

thereafter the Spaniards carried the war into Picardy, and captured La Chapelle, Brai upon the Somme, Bohain and Corbie, carrying terror even to the gates of Paris. The disinterested ability of Richelieu, however, soon raised fifty-two thousand troops, by whose activity all these places were retaken.[1]

The Cardinal took every means to insure the success of the new campaign, and, after frequent consultations on the subject with Hepburn and the Duke de la Valette, he concluded a treaty with Duke Bernard, in which it was stipulated that, in consideration of an annual subsidy, he should maintain, for the service of France, eighteen thousand men, whom he was to command, as being general of those German troops whose princes were in alliance with Louis against the Emperor; that he should take an oath of allegiance to the former, who would cede to him the noble province of Alsace.

Immediately on the conclusion of this treaty, Hepburn (who had not yet received from Paris his diploma of Marshal) with his strong Scottish regiment of eight thousand men, and the Cardinal de la Valette, with a body of French troops, joined Duke Bernard. The bad success of the last campaign had so much discouraged the Cardinal that he would have renounced the trade of war altogether, had not Richelieu obliged him to assume command of the army; and he opened the new campaign with the siege of Saverne, which had been taken in the close of the preceding year. It was obstinately defended, as the garrison daily expected to be relieved by the Count Galas, who had appointed Colonel

[1] History of the Earls of Flanders.

Mulheim governor, and made him a promise to that effect.

It was doomed to be the scene of the gallant Hepburn's last military service.

Favoured by his well-known skill, the Dukes of la Valette and Saxe-Weimar made all their approaches under his eye and with his advice; and thus the place was invested early in the month of May.

Situated among chestnut woods, the town of Saverne, or Elsace-zaberne, is situated on the margin of the winding Sarre, and is overlooked by the beautiful mountains of Alsace. A strong castle, that in former days had been the residence of the Bishops of Strasburg, which crowned the summit of a steep and lofty rock, defended the city. The only approach to this citadel was by a narrow pathway, hewn through the solid rock by the vassals of an ancient bishop. It was steep, narrow, difficult of access, and was swept by the depressed ordnance of the strong ramparts that overshadowed it.

Being brave, numerous, and determined, the utmost resistance was expected from the garrison of Colonel Mulheim; and when the place was first invested by La Valette, a delay which occurred in bringing up the French artillery (consequent to the deep and devious nature of the mountain paths) deferred active operations for a time, and enabled the besieged to put Saverne in the best possible state of defence.[1]

On the arrival of the cannon, hostilities were commenced on two points, Hepburn and the Cardinal-Duke

[1] Histoire d'Alsace, folio: Strasbourg, 1727.

assailing one side, and Bernard of Saxe-Weimar the other.

By the 9th of June the batteries of the latter had effected a breach in the town wall, and the French, Scottish, and German regiments advanced to a general assault.

It was a bright summer day; the weather was intensely warm, though in the north of France, and the sun shone brightly on the polished helmets and pike-heads of *les enfans perdus* as they advanced over the rough heaps of masonry that led to the breach in the shattered ramparts. On they went, column after column, with their drums beating, the pikes in front, and banners bending forward; while close and fast the musketry volleyed from the rear, replying to the closer and more deadly fire poured upon their ranks from every angle of the works above and below.

Fast fell the dead, and faster still the wounded on every side, till, met at the summit of the breach by Colonel Mulheim and his heavily-armed Germans, the career of the forlorn hope was stopped, and a close and deadly struggle ensued. Nothing was heard for a time, says an eyewitness, but the clash of swords and pikes, with the heavier blows of clubbed muskets and swinging partisans, as they struck fire from the tempered corslets and morions, amid which the tall plumes of Hepburn, Turenne, and Count Jean of Hanau were seen floating in the foremost ranks; while the shouts of the victorious, the cries of the despairing and the dying, the roar of the muskets, arquebusses, and pistols, with the deeper boom of culverin and canon-royale, seemed

to lend only a greater stimulus to the fury of the assailants, who fought blindly on, amid corpses, ruins, and smoke, fire-belching bombardes and bristling pikes, till whole companies of them were hurled from the summit of the breach, to perish miserably on the advanced weapons of their comrades, or on the rocks below.

The combat upon the ruins continued for three consecutive hours, (according to Father Louis Laguille,) till the resolution of the besieged, together with the approach of night, compelled the troops of the Cardinal to retire at last. They left four hundred men lying dead and dying among the crumbling masonry, with several officers of distinction—the chief of whom, Count Jean Jacques of Hanau, was found shot through the head, with his magnificent armour trampled flat, and drenched in blood.

Two days afterwards, a second assault was attempted with as little success; and then a third, which was also foiled, after the most lavish expense of blood and toil on both sides.[1]

Despite Colonel Mulheim's assurances of relief from the Count Galas, many officers and soldiers of the garrison, who had left the army of Sweden and taken service under the Emperor, dreaded to undergo the punishment of desertion, (which they feared might be their meed if they fell into the hands of their old commanders, Hepburn and Duke Bernard,) and, acting under this impression, they made a desperate attempt to leave the town by a postern gate; but, being discovered by the

[1] Histoire de Turenne.

Scots of *le Régiment d'Hebron*, they were repulsed in the essay, with the loss of thirty killed and twenty taken prisoners.[1]

Piqued at a resistance so obstinate, La Valette and Hepburn ordered the fire of their batteries to be redoubled, and every means were taken to render the next assault successful.

"It was in this interval," says Father Louis Laguille, "that the French army had the grief to lose Colonel Hepburn, a general of very great experience, who, after long service in Sweden, had lately passed into that of France, with the rank of *maréchal-de-camp*."

Having somewhat rashly volunteered to examine the principal breach, with his usual coolness and temerity he approached too near, and at a time when the strong batteries of the town and castle were all firing on the trenches with greater fury than ever. At that crisis, a ball shot from the ramparts, either at random, or by some musketeer whom the glitter of his rich armour had attracted, struck the brave Hepburn in the neck, where his jointed gorget failed to protect him, and he sank from his horse, to be borne away by his faithful Scottish soldiers, a party of whom immediately rushed forward to his assistance.[2]

His fall was the signal for a fourth general assault.

Anxious for revenge, led by the brave Vicomte de

[1] Histoire d'Alsace, &c.

[2] "Le combat fut fort opiniastre en ceste prise, et de telle façon que le Colonel Hebron, Ecossois, y fut tué d'une mousquetade dans le col, qui luy passoit dans les reins, ayant laissé une réputation digne de sa valeur, fidelité, et expérience au fait de la guerre."—*Mercure François*, tom. xxi.: 1636.

Turenne, a strong column of French and Scottish troops advanced to the same breach near which Hepburn had fallen but a few minutes before. Sword in hand, the Vicomte led the dangerous way, and, exposed to a terrible fire of cannon and musketry, crossed the fosse, mounted the breach, and, though his right arm was broken in the assault, stormed the walls, and effected a complete lodgment for his troops within the town.

Ere this was achieved, with the familiar din of the distant strife in his ears, Hepburn expired, with his unbuckled armour on, his sword by his side, and the friends he loved—the comrades of his Bohemian wars, his Swedish and Bavarian triumphs—standing sadly and darkly around him. He died like the hero he had lived, in the blood-stained trenches, with the Scottish standard drooping over him, and surrounded by the dead, the wounded, and all the frightful debris of that protracted siege, just as the sun set behind the mountains of Alsace.

His last words were touchingly expressive of regret that he should be buried so far from the secluded kirk-yard where the bones of his forefathers lay.

So fell this brave soldier of fortune, ere the baton and diploma, that would have made him a marshal of France, could reach the camp of La Valette. It was on the 21st day of July 1636, and when he was not more than in his thirty-sixth or thirty-eighth year. The moment he expired the Cardinal-Duke notified the event to their mutual friend Richelieu, who that day month received the letter at Charonne, and replied as follows :—

"I cannot express to you, my lord, my great concern for the death of poor Colonel Hepburn, not only for the

great esteem I have for his character, but for the affection and zeal he has always testified for his Majesty's service. His loss has touched me in so sensible and lively a manner that *it is impossible for me to receive any comfort.* I do not question what you tell me in your letter, that it has afflicted yourself in particular; for, to tell the truth, he was a gentleman who was very necessary to us at this juncture. I have paid to his memory all the respect that lay in my power, to express my value for him, ordering prayers to be made to God for him, and assisting his nephew (George Hepburn of Athelstaneford) with what he requires, as if he were my own son.

"The ransom of Metternich is secured to him, and whatever is due to his uncle shall be most punctually paid him. Saverne costs us exceeding dear; but we must bear patiently what pleaseth God.

"I find it extremely difficult," continues the Cardinal, "upon whom to bestow the aforesaid colonel's regiment, because his eldest captain, who is related to him, is a Huguenot, and the Catholics earnestly petition to have it conferred upon one of their party, among whom we find the Sieur Douglas,[1] who is descended from one of the best families in Scotland. In the mean time nothing shall be resolved upon here, relating to this melancholy occasion, till we have received advice from you, which we desire you to send by the first opportunity."[2]

[1] Probably Lord James Douglas, son of the Marquis of Douglas, colonel of Hepburn's regiment in 1637, slain in battle, between Douay and Arras, October 1655. A monument was erected to his memory in the church of St Germain, Paris.

[2] Richelieu to La Valette, 20th July 1536.

All French military writers are lavish in extolling *le Chevalier d'Hebron* as one who, to the most consummate skill as a general, united the heroic courage of a soldier with every good quality that could endear him to his comrades.

"Thus," says the historian of the British army, "terminated the career of one of the best officers Scotland ever produced." Ever in the field, he was never an hour absent from the head of his soldiers; and, in every action in which he was concerned, "his name will be found associated with deeds of valour and heroism of particular brilliancy. He appears to have been celebrated equally for bravery, skill, and humanity; he was loved and esteemed by Gustavus Adolphus, and also by his companions in arms, both officers and soldiers; and his presence inspired confidence in the ranks of the brave Scots who fought under his command."[1]

His fall was deeply regretted by the whole army and court of France.

With his sword, helmet, spurs, and his marshal's baton laid on the coffin lid, his remains were borne, with every mark of military respect, to the city of Toul in French Lorraine; and there, amid all the most imposing solemnities of the Catholic Church, his Scottish comrades, and his kinsmen, George Hepburn of Athelstaneford, and Colonel Sir James Hepburn of Waughton, with the leading nobles and chevaliers of the French army, lowered him into the grave in the southern transept of that magnificent cathedral which overlooks the city; while, in honour of his high military rank and character,

[1] Richard Cannon.

his worth and goodness, the bells tolled, the cannon thundered from the ramparts, and the most solemn masses were said by the bishop for the repose of his soul.

And there they laid him down, (as he had regretted, in his last moments,) far from his Scottish home by the green hills of Dirleton.

Such was the respect borne him by the court of France that, many years afterwards, a noble monument to his memory was erected by Louis XIV. above the place of his repose.[1]

It is still to be seen in the left transept of the beautiful old church of Toul, and bears an epitaph suitable to the worth of him who so deservedly was deemed "*the best soldier in Christendom, and consequently in the world.*"

[1] Père Daniel's Military History.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

I.

It may interest some readers to learn the names (so far as they can be traced) of some of those gallant soldiers of fortune who served in the German wars. I present them, as they are to be found in the pages of Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, Munro's "List of the Scottish officers in chiefe, called officers of the field, that served his Majesty of Sweden, Anno 1632," a scarce pamphlet entitled, "The Scots Nation and Union vindicated from Reflections cast on them in an Infamous Libel, &c. London 1714," and many other sources.

Field-Marshals.

Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie, Governor of the cities on the Baltic, Commander in Westphalia, entitled "Scoticani fœderis supremus dux." There is a charter under the Great Seal of Scotland, granted 6th July 1635, in which he is styled *Generali Majori in Inferiore Saxonia.*[1] He was afterwards famous as Earl of Leven.

Sir Patrick Ruthven, Governor of Ulme and Mariburg, Colonel of a Dutch regiment, and afterwards Earl of Forth, died in 1651.

Sir Robert Douglas of Whittinghame; "commanded the left wing of Tortensohn's army, (at Jankowitz,) and led the charge of cavalry celebrated in military history as being the *first charge en muraille* ever executed against a formed body of infantry, and which on this occasion decided the fate of the day."[2]

[1] MS. Cart., Gen. Reg. House.

[2] Life of Wallenstein.

Generals.

James, Marquis of Hamilton, K.G., beheaded by Cromwell.

Andrew Rutherford, afterwards Earl of Teviot; killed at Tangiers, 1664.

Sir James Spence of Wormiston, Count of Orcholm, and Lord of Moreholme, afterwards Chancellor of Sweden.

George, Earl of Crauford-Lindesay; slain by a lieutenant of his regiment, whom he had struck with a baton, and who was acquitted by a court-martial; yet "General Lesly, being then governor of Staten, where the Earl was buried, caused him (the Lt.) to be immediately apprehended, and shot at a post."[1] The Earl was Colonel of a Dutch regiment.

Lieutenant-General.

Alexander, master of Forbes, afterwards a Colonel in the Scottish army that invaded England.

Major-Generals.

Lord Hugh Hamilton.

Sir James King of Barrocht, Governor of Vlotho on the Weser, and afterwards Lord Eythen in Aberdeenshire.

Sir David Drummond, Governor of Stettin in Pomerania; taken prisoner at Gartz, where he died of his wounds.

Sir James Ramsay, the Black Colonel of Scots, and Governor of Hanau; put to death by the Imperialists in the castle of Dillingen.

John Leslie of Maines.

Thomas Kerr, Colonel of Scots; killed at the siege of Leipzig.

Sir John Ruthven.

John Renton, killed at the siege of Novogorod in Russia.

William Forbes, (son of Lord Forbes,) killed before Bremer sconce.

—— Bonner.

—— Burdon.

William Legge, Governor of Bremer sconce.

Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels.

Sir John Hepburn, 1st Colonel of the Green Brigade, killed at Saverne, 1636.

[1] Scots Nation Vindicated.

Robert Munro, 2d Colonel, Green Brigade, afterwards Major-General of the Scots army in Ireland, and author of the "Expedition."

Sir James Lumsden, 3d Colonel of Green Brigade, Governor of Osnaburg; afterwards Major-General in Scotland, and Governor of Newcastle.[1]

—— Stargate, 4th Colonel of the Green Brigade during its first formation.

Sir James Hepburn of Waughton, killed in Lorraine, 1637.

Sir Donald Mackay, Lord Reay, Colonel of a Scots Brigade; died Governor of Bergen, 1649.

Sir James Ramsay the Fair, Governor of Brissac.

Sir David Leslie, Colonel of Horse, afterwards Lord Newark, and Major-General of Scots at the battle of Worcester.

Ludovick Leslie, Colonel of Scots; afterwards Governor of Berwick and Teignmouth.

John Leslie of Wardis, Colonel of Scots.

John Leslie, *the omnipotent*, Lieutenant-Colonel of Sir John Ruthven's regiment of Dutch.

Alexander Leslie, (son of Field-Marshal Leslie.)

Robert Leslie, Colonel of *the old* Scots regiment.

George Leslie, Governor of Fecht, where he was killed.

Sir John Hamilton, Colonel of Scots, resigned at Würtzburg.

Sir Frederick Hamilton, Colonel of a Scots and Irish regiment, afterwards Colonel under Charles I.

Sir James Hamilton, Colonel of Scots.

William Hamilton, son of Lord Abercorn, killed in Germany.

Alexander Hamilton of Redhouse, (called *Dear Sandie,*) Colonel of Scots, and General of artillery.

Hugh Hamilton of Deserf, Colonel of Dutch, created a baron of Sweden, 1654, and Knight of the Tower and Sword.[2]

Sir John Henderson, afterwards a Colonel in the Imperial service.

Robert Munro, the Black Laird of Fowlis, Colonel of Dutch horse and foot; wounded by a musket-ball, of which he died, and was buried at Ulm, 1638.

John Munro of Obstell, Colonel of Scots; slain on the banks of the Rhine.

Sir Hector Munro, Colonel of Dutch; died at Hamburg in 1635, and was "buried at Buckstehood, in the old land on the Elve."[3]

Assint Munro. (There were 27 Field-officers and 11 captains of this surname.)

[1] Turner's Memoirs.

[2] Hist. of House of Hamilton.

[3] Munro.

Sir John Ruthven, commanded a Dutch Brigade.
Sir Francis Ruthven of Redcastle, (nephew of Sir Patrick Ruthven,) Colonel of Dutch, and Governor of Monell.
James Seaton of Gargunnock, Colonel of a Swedish regiment.
John Seaton, his brother.
James Seaton. Lost a leg at the storming of Riga, 1621.
Sir John Kinninmond.
John Kinninmond, "with one leg, Governor of ——."
James Kinninmond.
Thomas Kinninmond.
William Kinnimond. (There were four Colonels of this name.)
Sir Arthur Forbes, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Master's Scots regiment; killed in single combat at Hamburg.
Alexander Forbes, *the Bauld.*
Alexander Forbes, (called *Finnes Forbes,*) Colonel of Finnes.
John Forbes, Colonel first of Dutch and then of Swiss. He afterwards entered the service of Louis XIII.
"Potaghee Forbesse, Lieutenant-Colonell to foote."—(*Munro.*)
John Forbes of Tulloch, killed at the battle of Nordlingen, 1634.
Francis Sinclair, (brother of Caithness.)
John Sinclair, (brother of Caithness,) Lieutenant-Colonel of Munro's regiment; killed at Newmarke.
David Sinclair, Colonel of Horse.
John Sinclair, his brother.
George Sinclair, Colonel of the Sinclair regiment, massacred at Kringellen in 1612.
Alexander Lindsay, Lord Spynie, Colonel of Scots; died in 1647; Muster-Master-General for Scotland.
Henry Lindsay, (son of the Laird of Bainshaw,) severely wounded at the battle of Lutzen, 1632; died at Hamburg 1639, leaving his property to the Lord Balcarres and Master of Spynie, with five hundred dollars to pay for his funeral.[1]
John Lindsay of Bainshaw, killed at Neu Brandenburg.
Alexander Lindsay, his brother, slain in Bavaria.
Sir George Cunninghame.
William Cunninghame, Colonel of Scots in Prussia.
Alexander Cunninghame, Colonel of Dutch.
Robert Cunninghame, Governor of Damiene,[2] killed at Woodstock in England.
Alexander Ramsay, Governor of Creutzenach, and Quarter-Master-General to Bernard, duke of Saxe-Weimar.

[1] Lives of the Lindesays. [2] Fowler's Suethland.

James Stewart, last Lord St Colme.
George Stewart, Lieutenant-Colonel of Conway's regiment, with three companies of which he was lost by shipwreck on the Danish coast.
Sir William Stewart of Auchintean and Newton-Stewart; he survived the Revolution, and died at a good old age.
Robert Stewart, Lieutenant-Colonel of Lumsden's pikemen, under Otto Todt.
William Baillie, Colonel of Dutch, and afterwards a Lieutenant-General in Scotland.
John Urquhart of Cromarty, "a valiant souldier, expert commander, and learned scholar."
Sir William Gunn, Lieutenant-Colonel of Sir P. Ruthven's Dutch regiment; afterwards knighted by Charles I. for his bravery at the Brig of Dee.
William Spence.
James Spence the younger.
James Scott, Governor of Riga and Colonel of Finnes.
Alexander Hay, Lieutenant-Colonel "of Dragooners."
Sir Henry Bruce, taken prisoner at Nordlingen, and left unransomed in the hands of the Imperialists.
James Johnstone.
Edward Johnstone.
William Troope, killed in the Pfaltz.
Hugh Somerville, A.D.C. to Gustavus Adolphus at Lutzen.
James Montgomerie, slain in single combat.
—— Edmonds, who captured the Count de Bucquoi.
—— Mackean, Lieutenant-Colonel; killed in storming the Altenburg.
—— M'Dougal, afterwards Major-General in the Imperial service.
—— M'Dougal, Lieutenant-Colonel, slain in Swabia.
—— M'Dougal, (usually called *Dewbattel;*) raised to the Colonelcy of the Life Guards, from the rank of sergeant, in four years. He attacked Landsberg, defended Sweinfurt, defeated the Austrians at Liegnitz, and performed many other brilliant actions.
Henry Fleming, Colonel of Swedes at the siege of Riga in 1621. It is difficult to ascertain whether this officer was really a Scotsman, or a cadet of the family of Fleming, created Barons of Sweden by Eric XIV. in 1561.
—— Beaton, Lieutenant-Colonel of Skeuttes regiment.
—— Henderson, Colonel commanding "the reserve of Scottish infantry" at the battle of Lutzen.

—— Muster, Colonel. At Riga, "Chapelle, a French officer, and Muster, a Scotsman, stormed the Sand Half-moon at the head of three thousand chosen soldiers."—(*Harte*, vol. i.)
—— M'Kenzie of Pitscardie, (brother of Seaforth.)
John Crichton, son of the Lord Sanquhar.
John Gordon, Colonel of Dutch.
Robert Hanna, killed in Alsace.
Sir William Lawson of Boghall.
Sir William Borthwick of Johnstone-Burn.
Ludovick Drummond, son of Lord Maderty, killed before Copenhagen.
Sir James Livingstone of Brighouse, afterwards Earl of Callender, and Field-Marshal of the Scottish army in 1651.
Sir William Bellenden, Colonel (alternately of Scots and English) in Silesia and Nether Lusatia.
Thomas Hume of Carrolside, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Rhinegrave's regiment of Horse; afterwards a Colonel in France.
Robert Lumsden of Bewhanie, afterwards slain at the storming of Dundee, 1650.
Thomas Thomson, Colonel of Swedes.
Sir John Meldrum, Colonel of Infantry.
—— Douglas, Colonel of German Reiters.
—— Sandilands, killed in the Pfaltz.
James Burdon, Governor of Dutchnieve. (?)
Robert Burdon, Governor of Rushnieve. (?)
Walter Leckie, Colonel of Swedes.
Robert Weir, killed in Saxony.
James Dickson, killed in the Pfaltz.
James Monipenny, Lieutenant-Colonel of Horse, promoted on the field of Leipzig for his bravery.
William Ogilvie, John Cockburn, Peter More, George Colin, John Nairn, Alexander Irving, Herbert Gledstaines, David Edingtoune, John Lyall, William Heron, William Philip, Liddel, Armstrong, Burder, Finlayson, Taylor, and Cuming of Relugas, were all Scottish Commanders of Horse and Foot in Sweden, but of them we know nothing more than the name.

MAJORS.

Francis Sinclair, many of whose descendants are still in Sweden.
George Pringle of Balmung, who married a daughter of Sir Patrick Ruthven.
Patrick Ruthven, killed at the battle of Nördlingen.
David King, of Sir J. Ruthven's regiment, killed at Nördlingen.

—— Bothwell, of Ramsay's regiment, killed at Würtzburg.
—— Sidserf, of Ramsay's regiment, killed at Nördlingen.
—— Mackenzie, afterwards Adjutant-General to the Emperor Ferdinand.
William Stewart, of Munro's regiment.
William Bruntisfield, of Sir J. Ruthven's regiment; "died of his wounds at Buckstehood in the Oldland."—(*Munro.*)
William Sennot, of Munro's regiment, died of the plague at Stettin.
John Forbes, David Munro, William Falconer, William Keith, Sanderson, Mill, and Cunninghame, were all Majors, with many more whose names are now lost, while an attempt to enumerate the captains and subalterns would be a fruitless task; but enough have been given to prove the truth of Burnet's assertion, that nearly the whole Swedish army was at one time officered by Scottish cavaliers. There were three English Colonels—Austin, Cassels, and Fleetwood.

II.

Military Attire—The Red Coat.

It has been shown that the troops of Gustavus Adolphus were divided and distinguished as the Green, the Blue, the Red, Yellow, and White Brigades; but body-armour and buff-coats were still so much worn that coats of one colour, or uniforms, were considered unnecessary in European armies; and though *scarlet* was at an early period considered as the military colour, there are no means of ascertaining the exact garb of *le Regiment d'Hebron.* The *Gendarmes Ecossais* wore scarlet, like other corps of the French Guards; but the Red Coat, from an early period, has been peculiar to England or Britain alone.

Thus, in 1547, in Patten's account of Somerset's expedition, it is mentioned that "Sir Miles Patrick being nigh, espied one in a *red doublet*, whom he took to be an Englishman."

David Ramsay, who was an officer of Gustavus, when appearing to fight a duel with the Lord Reay, wore a coat of scarlet, laced so thickly with silver that the ground of the cloth was scarcely visible.—(*Sanderson's History of England.*)

Colonel Mackinnon, in his History of the Coldstream Guards, and other writers, have attributed the adoption of the British uniform to William III.; though there is abundant proof of its having been common both to Scotland and England long prior to the Revolution.

Sir James Balfour, in his "Annales," records that, in the middle of February 1651, an English ship was made a prize by the Scots, who found in her "eleven hundred ells of broad clothe, seven hundred suttes of made clothes, and als many *Read Cottes*, two hundred and fifty carabines, five hundred muskets, with powder and matches."—(Vol. ii.)

Montrose at his execution wore a scarlet coat richly laced with silver; and the "History of Dunbar" mentions that human bones and pieces of *scarlet* cloth" have been found near Spottdean, where the dead were interred after the battle fought there in 1650.

Crichton, the cavalier trooper, saw a party of Scottish dragoons "in *red*" in 1676; and in 1684, the dress of the Coldstream Guards was a *red* coat lined with green, red stockings, red breeches, and white sashes. "The colonel, and other officers on duty, to wear their gorgets." [1]

In Sir Patrick Hume's account of Argyle's descent upon Scotland, (printed in Rose's observations upon the historical work of Mr Fox,) among the Scottish forces led by the Earl of Dumbarton, he says, "Wee saw in view a regiment of *red-coat* foot, too strong for us to attacque." Before the charge at Killiecrankie, Dundee is said to have exchanged his scarlet uniform for one of *green;* and that colour is "yet considered ominous to those of his name who wear it."—(*Browne's Highlands.*)

In 1698, by order of William III., it was ordained, "*that no person whatsoever* shall presume to use or wear scarlet or red cloth for livery, except such as are for his Majesty's service, or the Guards."

III.

Military Exercise—1627.

There is a very quaint and pedantic old work, entitled "Pallas Armata, or Militarie Instructions for the learned, and all generous spirits who affect the profession of Armes; containing the exercise of Infantrie, wherein are clearly set downe all the postures and motions belonging to battalions of foot; by Sir Thomas Kellie, Knight, Advocate, Captaine and Gentleman of his Majesty's Privie Chamber; printed at Edinburgh by the Heires of Andro Harte, 1627." This rare quarto affords a curious glimpse of the tactics and manœuvres of Scottish troops in the time of Hepburn.

[1] Royal Orders. Mackinnon.

"The armes which our pikemen are accustomed to carrie are: a headpiece, a morion, a gorget or craigpiece, a corslet or cuirace with taces; I have seen some wear puldrons or arme pypes, and those are defensive; his offensive armes are a sword, and picke of fifteen feet long, shorter than the Grecian.

"The armes of a musqueteer offensive, are a musquet, the barrell of the length of four feete, the bore of twelve bullets to the pound: bandalier with twelve charges at the least, a primer, bullet-bagge and pruning yron, with a rest of a length proportionable to his stature, and a sword. As for defensive armes hee hath none, although in some partes I have seen them weare an headpiece."

As an example of the rapidity and simplicity of a soldier's motions in the present day, as contrasted with those of the musketeer of 1627 when under arms, the following thirty-three words of command for firing *one* round, are given by Sir Thomas Kellie, as being then in use for the Scottish troops:—

"1. Take up your musquet and your staffe, (*i. e.*, the rest.)
2. Recover your musquet, and joyne your staffe to your musquet.
3. Take out your lunt, (*i.e.*, match.)
4. Blow your lunt.
5. Cocke your lunt.
6. Try your lunt.
7. Guarde your pan.
8. Present, or lay on by blowing your lunt and opening your pan.
9. Give fire!
10. Take downe your musquet, and carie it with the staffe.
11. Vncocke your lunt.
12. Put your lunt betwene your fingers.
13. Blow your pan.
14. Move your pan.
15. Shoote your pan.
16. Caste off your louse powlder.
17. Blow your pan lidde.
18. Cast about your musquet and traill your staffe.
19. Charge your musquet.
20. Draw out your ram-sticke.
21. Shorten your ram-sticke.
22. Put in your bullet, and ram downe your powlder and bullet.
23. Draw out your ram-sticke.
24. Shorten your ram-sticke.

25. Put up your ram-sticke.
26. Fetch your musquet forward with the left hand—hold it up with the right and recover the staffe.
27. Shoulder your musquet, and carie your staffe with it.
28. March, and carie your staffe in your right hand.
29. Sinke your musquet and vnshoulder your musquet.
30. Lay your musquet on your staffe.
31. Stād to your sentinell posture.
32. Hold your musquet in your staffe, with the left hand onlie in ballance.
33. Lay downe your musquet.

"Observe that all this multitude of postures in service are redacted to three—*make readie, present,* and *give fire!*

"The musquetier vpon a march is alwayes to have his musquet shouldered, and the rest in his right hand, his left vpon the butte-end or head of his musquet; although I have seen many souldiers *(and chieflie the lazie Dutches)* to carie their musquet with their hand upon the barrell, and the mouth before, which is an vnseemlie posture, and verie vnreadie for service."

In the present age, this manner of carrying arms, at *the trail,* is considered the most convenient for the soldiers. In an old English work of 1689, entitled, "The Perfection of Military Discipline after the newest method, as practised in England and Ireland, &c.; or, *the Industrious Soldier's Golden Treasury of Knowledge* in the art of making war," the words for firing are nearly the same as above. *Now* they are reduced to three.

IV.

Of Hepburn's Family, &c.

Some writers have fallen into remarkable errors respecting Sir John Hepburn.

Père Daniel, in his *Histoire de la Milicie François,* states that he was esteemed by Henri IV., who died in 1610; whereas Hepburn did not leave school in Scotland till 1614.

Hamilton states that he was knighted on his return from Sweden by James VI., who died in 1625, and Hepburn did not return until 1632.

Harte, in his *Life of Gustavus Adolphus,* says "the inflexible Hepburn took this opportunity of quitting the Swedish ensign, proposing, as it is thought, to make a tender of his services to

France, but in that kingdom had the misfortune to be killed in a *duel*;" a curious misstatement, when there is such abundant proof that he was killed at Saverne.

The *Old Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. x., states that he joined General Alexander Leslie, who was passing through Haddington with a company to join Gustavus Adolphus; but there is sufficient proof that he went with Sir Andrew Gray to Bohemia in 1620.

The *New Statistical Account* has a still more improbable story, to the effect that, when Major-General Sir David Leslie was encamped at *Gladsmuir*, (?) before the battle of Philiphaugh, Hepburn of Athelstaneford, and his five sons, paid a visit to the general, who was so much pleased with the appearance of one of them that he offered him a commission in the Scottish army. Young Hepburn, continues the reverend author, conducted himself with so much propriety and courage, that, when peace was restored to Scotland, he entered the service of Gustavus Adolphus, and afterwards became a marshal of France.—(Vol. ii., 1845.) He also refers to the interesting *Memoirs* of Sir John Hepburn—a work which never existed until the present was compiled.

The battle of Philiphaugh was fought near Selkirk in 1645, *nine years after* Hepburn had been in his grave, *thirteen years after* Gustavus was slain at the battle of Lützen.

Marshal Hepburn was succeeded in the command of his regiment by his cousin, Sir James Hepburn, heir-apparent of the ancient estate of Waughton, who had served with him in Germany. "The King has given the Scots Regiment to the Baron Hebron," says Richelieu to La Valette, Sept. 22, 1636, "which your letter did not a little promote." His relation, the senior captain, whom the Cardinal styled a Huguenot, was perhaps the same who is mentioned thus, in 1643, by Gilbert Blakhal, in his *Breife Narrative*, published for the Spalding Club:—

"Captain Leith is going to Scotland for a recrute to his company, and siclyke are Captain Foulerton and Captain Hebron: these will sie the Marquis of Huntly."

Whether Sir James was the *Coronall Hepburn* who is mentioned by Sir Thomas Hope, as being in England in March 1635, and being sent with a "pacquett to Lord Panmure, with one to him anent the Bishop of Canterbury and the Presentory of Maisondieu,"[1] it is impossible to say; but thus far is known, that he commanded *le Regiment d'Hebron* during the war in Alsace

[1] Hope's Diary—Bannatyne Club.

under the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, whose army was composed of French, Scots, and Germans; and that he was slain in 1637, fighting for King Louis in Lorraine, nearly one year after his uncle's fall at Saverne. Lord William Douglas succeeded as colonel of the regiment, and was also slain near Arras in 1655; and was in turn succeeded by his brother George, Earl of Dumbarton, who so bravely defended Treves, and so eminently distinguished himself among the Scottish cavaliers at the Revolution. Prior to that event, the regiment (then diminished to two battalions) had entered the Scottish service, and continued as part of our national establishment under Frederick, duke of Schomberg, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne; Sir Robert Douglas of Glenbervie, who was slain rescuing its colours at the battle of Steinkirke; and Marshal the Earl of Orkney, under whom, at the Union in 1707, it was incorporated with the British army, and is now known as the *First, or Royal Scots Regiment of Foot.*

Sir John Hepburn's monument is on the western side of the left transept of the great cathedral of Toul, and is marked as "l'Epitaphe du Colonel Heilbron" in the Abbé Augustin's plan of the church, engraved in 1728. Immediately opposite is the *Chapelle de la Blanche Mère de Dieu*, and behind it rises a lofty Gothic window.

In March 1639, "the brethren and sisters of umquhile Collonel Sir John Hepburn, having submitted all questions and rights which they might pretend to the goods, gear, and means of the said umquhile Sir John, to the Laird of Waughtoun and some other friends, wherein the submitters were bound, and did refer to the said friends, to determine what proportion of the said goods should be given to George Hepburn, son of the eldest brother of the said Sir John, which George was then in France, at the time of making the said submission and bond, and did not subscribe the same, nor none taking the burden for him; upon which submission the saids friends had given their decreet-arbitral: the living brethren and sisters of the said Sir John being confirmed executors, pursues one Beaton, a factor in Paris, for payment of twenty thousand pounds adebted by him to the said umquhile Sir John."[1]

This money was probably the ransom of Metternich.

Soon after this plea, the family appear to have become extinct, or to have lost their lands, as there is in the Chancery Office a charter to Adam Hepburn de Humbie, Knight, of the lands of

[1] Lord Durie's Decisions, folio.

Athelstaneford. It is undated, but has been granted between 1646 and 1651;[1] and in 1686, Setoun of Garmilton was retoured in lands and toun (*villa et terris*) of Athelstaneford.

The house where a marshal of France was born is still traditionally pointed out by the villagers, by whom the name of his family is forgotten now. However, a fragment of the ruined church, called the *Hepburn's Aisle*, still survives; but the place of their sepulchre has long since been appropriated, like their dwelling, by the new possessors of the soil.

[1] MSS. Registrum Hæreditarium Cart. Dip.

THE END.

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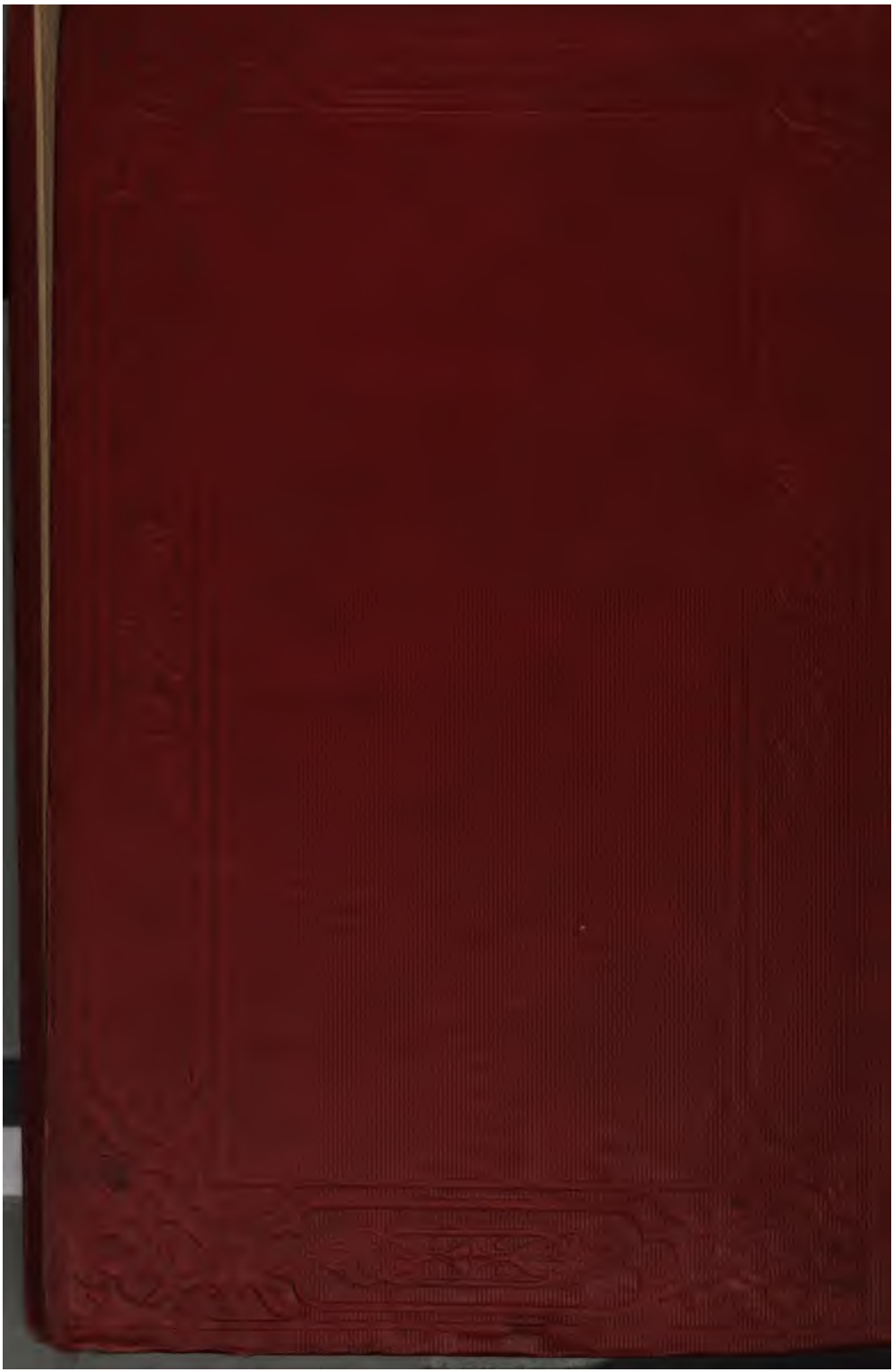
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